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Nov.r Fashions for 1843

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THE

LADIES' COMPANION,

AND

LITERARY EXPOSITOR;

A MONTHLY

MAGAZINE

EMBRACING

EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE.

—EMBELLISHED WITH—

ORIGINAL ENGRAVINGS, AND MUSIC

&

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE, HARP AND GUITAR.

VOLUME XX.

NEW-YORK:

WILLIAM W. SNOWDEN.

1844.

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THE STOLEN CHILD.

Engraved for the Ladies Companion

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THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, NOVEMBER, 1843.

Original.

THE STOLEN CHILD.

BY G. G. FOSTER.

An announcement in a daily newspaper, a few weeks since, of the arrival at Baltimore of a family of genuine *gipsies* from Europe,—the first, as was stated, of these notorious people who had ever visited America,—brought to my recollection certain events which occurred not many years back, in the vicinity of the Alleghany Mountains, in which a tribe of wanderers, strongly resembling the gipsies of England, bore a conspicuous part.

The existence of this gang of lawless desperadoes in the fastnesses of the Alleghanies was, for a long time, stoutly denied, even by the inhabitants in the immediate vicinity of their operations; but a series of the most bold and adroit robberies, executed with such skill and secresy as to baffle the keenest scrutiny, at length aroused the local magistrates to the necessity of some more vigorous and systematic researches; and, aided by the citizens of the neighborhood, a voluntary patrol was established, and the most thorough measures instituted, to discover these dreaded and secret foes of the general welfare. Notwithstanding, however, all this, thefts and robberies continued to be as frequent and as audacious as ever. When, by some act of more than usual temerity, public attention was directed to one quarter of the neighborhood, and the watchfulness of all was concentrated there, another deed of still more astounding atrocity would be enacted at a distant and unprotected point,—throwing the vigilance of the inhabitants completely at fault, and striking all with apprehension and dismay.

It was the day after the dwelling of one of the wealthiest citizens of the little village of L—— had been broken open, during the absence of the family at afternoon service, and robbed of nearly every thing of value that could be easily removed, that a hurried meeting of the neighbors congregated simultaneously at the only inn the place contained, to deliberate anew upon what was best to be done for the protection of their property. As yet, no lives had been taken by the robbers; but, from the reckless and daring nature of their acts, it could scarcely be doubted that they would not hesitate to add murder to their crimes, should occasion tempt them to its commission; and every brow was clothed with the deepest anxiety,—while the women, who clustered fearfully around their natural protectors, shared the general terror, and still further distracted the minds of father, brother and husband, with their pitiable lamentations.

Amongst those who, either by position, long residence, or natural force of character, which is ever sure to display itself unconsciously in all public emergencies, were looked up to as leading men in our heretofore quiet and peaceful village, Edward Lawton, a young lawyer from Baltimore, who had settled at L—— some four years previous to the period of which we are writing, was conspicuous. He was a young man of most exemplary character, of great skill and knowledge in his profession, and highly amiable in his intercourse with others. His wife was one of the most beautiful and bewitching creatures upon whom the sun ever shone. She was a mother, as the brilliant and joyous face of a little boy, some three years old, which constantly attended her, wherever she went, like a pictured shadow of herself in miniature, sufficiently testified; yet to see her alone, one would scarce believe that the bright season of her girlhood had more than just begun. She was such a creature as a sudden ray of spring sunshine, bursting through the shadow of the trees, as if awakened by the song of birds, would make, could you suddenly catch and condense it into a human form. Her laugh taught the soul what deep and thrilling melody lay at the heart of all things true and beautiful. Her smile was like the withdrawing of a curtain from a bright and sunny picture. The voice of her song seemed to set invisible bells ringing in the air; and her eyes echoed the deep splendor of the calm blue sky.

They were, in truth, a happy family,—that brave and noble-hearted father, with his sweet wife and child; and all the people of L——, from the highest to the lowest, loved them with a deep affection, partaking of that worship which the most untutored heart instinctively pays to the pure and lovely. The presence of Edward Lawton shed warmth and kindliness into every heart wherever he appeared; and many was the misunderstanding between his neighbors—which,

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under the advice of some in his profession, would have grown to deadly hostility,—that had been amicably and peaceably made up through his instrumentality. His wife was the idol of all. Men bowed low and reverently as she passed, and the eye of the village maiden grew brighter where she came, and the old crones and gossips forgot their tea and tattle, if she entered, and seemed suddenly young and green-hearted again, under the beautiful magic of her presence.

But her boy,—her little Edward! *He* was indeed the "cynosure" of all eyes and hearts. There was not a gray-headed grandfather in the village who did not bless him and hug him to his old heart, at least a dozen times a week,—not a dame or a mother, old or young, who did not regard him with an affection at least equal to that she entertained for her own offspring,—so had his sunny beauty and his winning and graceful ways endeared him to the hearts of all.

If the young Edward was thus the loved and idolized of all the village, he was to his mother as the very breath of life,— the sign of Heaven itself to her full and happy heart. So strong were the ties which bound him to her soul that she trembled with apprehension, and turned pale, if he was but an instant from her side. Her eyes, she said, saw nothing but darkness when he was away from her. The doting husband sometimes rallied her upon this excessive fondness; and used to tell her, with a happy tear trembling under each quivering eye-lid, that he should soon be jealous of his boy, at the rate things were going on; and that, if she could not make up her mind to ——. But at this point he was always stopped in his argument by a pair of the whitest and softest arms any were out of Paradise, thrown about his neck, and the dewey flashing of a sweet mouth, thrilling his very soul with the fragrant flame of love, and then sealing all with a kiss.

"Ah!" he would reply with a mischievous smile, while his blushing wife hid her face in his bosom, "I am no longer jealous. You may love half-a-dozen creatures like little Edward, if you will!"

A short time previous to the period of which we are writing, an incident of a peculiar and startling nature occurred to Mrs. Lawton, to which it is necessary to allude. Her husband was absent, attending court in a village some few miles distant, and she was alone with her child, trying by one innocent device and another to wile away the weary time. In the evening, just as she had sung the night-song to her little Edward, and kissed him into rosy slumbers, and had taken her seat by the open window, looking out into the bright moonlight that streamed upon the lawn, she was suddenly startled by the shadow of a man which rapidly passed the window and disappeared. Rising in alarm, she approached the door for the purpose of fastening it against intruders, when it was opened, and a tall, good-looking man stood in the entrance. His face was eminently clear and finely chiseled, yet its sharp, Grecian outline, and the curve of the lips, bespoke the reckless adventurer and the heartless libertine; and Caroline started back with an exclamation of terror, as she recognized the well known face of a young man of very equivocal reputation, who, however, managed by some means, to retain a kind of footing in respectable society in Baltimore, previous to her marriage, and who had once had the audacity to make proposals for her hand, and avow for her an unutterable attachment. His offer was spurned, with something of disgust in her manner; for pure and gentle bosoms carry within themselves an infallible touchstone, which instantly teaches its possessor to shrink abhorred from the polluted breath of the libertine. Her astonishment at his boldness, (for they were but very slightly acquainted,) found vent in words of bitterness unusual with the fair Caroline,—for the whole force of her nature was aroused at the insult which she felt the offers of such a man must needs imply. He left her with a smile,—and an oath that he would be revenged. But she saw no more of him, and he and his threat were gradually forgotten.

"Good evening, *Mistress* Lawton," said the man, boldly advancing into the room, and bowing low to the terrified woman, who retreated quickly before him towards the door of the room where slept her treasure. "I see you are somewhat surprized at my unceremonious visit; but the necessity is urgent, and time presses. So, pray be seated."

"Mr. Ashby, what mean you, sir, by this ungentlemanly intrusion? You must be aware of my husband's absence, or you would not dare thus to insult me with your presence. Leave the house, sir, instantly!"

"Not so fast, my pretty chicken!" returned Ashby, carelessly lolling upon the sofa. "I have arrived at desperate straits, owing to your ungracious refusal of me, which broke my heart, and led me into dissipation and all sorts of ungodly revelry, by which I have spent my money, and been forced, like a skilful general, to fall back into the interior for supplies. I want money, and I must have it. *You* must provide

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me. Nay, never make up that pretty mouth as if you were going to scream,—I have taken good care that there is nobody within hearing. Come, my old flame,—I don't wish to alarm you unnecessarily. Fork over the rhino, and you shall be freed from my presence. How much have you got?"

Caroline was thunderstruck; but the same natural instinct which teaches the poor simple bird to be wise and cunning in leading you away from her young, served the mother in this crisis. Rising with as much calmness as she could assume, she said,

"Your conduct, sir, is at least very unequivocal, and there is no necessity for misunderstanding you. Being completely in your power, I obey you. Rest a moment, and whatever money may be in the house, is yours."

The eyes of the villain sparkled. "That's reasonable, now," said he, "and shows that you are a sensible woman. What an excellent wife you would have made for me! But, quick! There is no time to lose. I am as anxious to avoid an alarm as you can be. Hurry!"

Caroline went to the door of her chamber, where her husband's private cabinet was placed, and camly shutting herself in, took out a pair of pistols, which she knew were always kept loaded; and, carefully cocking them, she opened the door, and, holding one of them firmly in each hand, boldly presented herself before her visitor. "Now, sir," said she, "leave the house, instantly, or your death is certain; for a mother, watching over the safety of her child, has a hand as firm and sure as the stoutest hero on the battle-field. Go—or you shall find it so."

The rascal turned pale with fear, and, with a look of mingled shame, rage and unutterable hate, turned and left the room. Caroline stood on the threshold, watching his receding form, until she could no longer distinguish it in the moonlight, and then, closing and locking the door and fastening the windows, she fell into a chair and wept in joy and gratitude for her deliverance—for she feared, and with too much reason, that had Ashby gained his point, and obtained the money, his demands would not have stopped there.

Next morning Lawton returned; and, amidst a world of tears and smiles and caresses, and a thousand pretty interruptions from little Edward, who "sept all alone wiv mamma,"—the adventure of the night was talked over—the noble presence of mind displayed by his wife duly thanked by the proud and happy husband, and a solemn promise made that he would never leave her again alone.

This incident, which had never been mentioned to the neighbors, from a wish to escape their good-natured idle gossip, was soon forgotten. On the day we have already mentioned, however, and while the meeting of the citizens was going on at the little inn, Mrs. Lawton, who had gone with the rest of the women to an adjoining apartment, thought she had caught a glimpse of Ashby, hanging about the outskirts of the little crowd, roughly disguised as a woodcutter, and apparently lurking about in the capacity of spy. A light broke upon her; and, sending immediately for her husband, she communicated her suspicions that Ashby was the ringleader of the outrages which had been recently committed in the neighborhood. Lawton agreed with her, and said he should immediately take measures to have the man arrested. "But where is Edward?" he inquired.

"In his little crib at home, fast asleep, the darling," replied the wife; and then, as if a sudden thought had struck her, she exclaimed, "Good God, Edward! Suppose *he* should have stolen our child?" and she flew rather than ran —followed by her husband, who entered his wife's chamber, in time to see her fall lifeless across the empty crib of little Edward!

* * * * *

And now, madam, if you will turn to the exquisite picture at the beginning of this number of the "COMPANION," you will see our dear little Edward, far away from his heart-broken mother, and his distracted father, clad in his holiday clothes, and jaunty hat and feather, (which the quick eye of the robber had sought as he bore him away,) and surrounded by a group, strange enough, certainly, to an American eye, yet a true transcript of a scene which actually existed, not many years back, in a beautiful ravine in the Alleghany Mountains, not far from the magnificent Susquehannah. So well has our artist done his part, and so graphically embodied the scene, that our own description of it would be superfluous, and we have accordingly cut away several pages of our manuscript. He is listening in delight to his captor, who is strumming to him, on an old fiddle, and telling him that "mamma will come pretty soon,"—while a rough-looking urchin, about his own age, is examining with delighted wonder the rich locket about his neck, and the mother, (but not wife,) looks on with a smile of vague abstraction, yet somewhat mingled with interest—as if she

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were contrasting her own unkempt cub with the beautiful stranger.

I am not going to describe in detail the encampment of these modern gipsies; as that has been already pretty well done in a book called "Paul Ulrick," I believe, which was printed (but never sold,) some years since in Philadelphia. Those who have any curiosity on the subject, may disinter this volume from the dust beneath which it is very quietly reposing, and gratify it to the full. We must on with our story.

"Come, Bessy," said the chief of this wild and uncouth, yet not unpicturesque party, "what have you got for supper? The old crones there, I see, are enjoying themselves already, and I feel a great disposition to follow their example. Here, my little hero, give me your hand, and we'll have something nice to eat, and then to bed."

Ashby had made a bold move: but the excitement amongst the citizens had warned him that the neighborhood would soon be no place for the rendezvous of his gang, and he had determined to gain possession of Lawton's child, make his own terms for its ransom, and then decamp with his booty to some other part of the country. How successful his scheme had been, thus far, we have already seen; and he waited with anxiety the approach of midnight, when he intended to seek the residence of Lawton, and make his treaty for the return of the child, if he found that he could discover himself with safety.

Upon discovering the loss of their darling child, grief and despair the most overwhelming, took absolute possession of the wretched parents. They had little doubt as to his fate—as the appearance of Ashby in the village, and his previous visit to Lawton's wife, rendered the whole affair too clear. In accents of the most piercing anguish the unhappy mother reproached herself for having left her precious charge for a single moment, while the father exerted all his eloquence to soothe her agony and inspire hopes which he could not feel. The neighbors, upon learning the sad event, flocked in a body to Mr. Lawton's, offering their services in any way he might direct. Scouts were sent out in every direction, and the bereaved father himself, accompanied by his wife and a number of faithful friends, started for the forest, determined to scour every rood of the wide wilderness ere they would give up their search.

For a long time they wandered on in silence deep and melancholy—broken but by the crackling of dried leaves, or the meeting of parted branches—the delicate mother tramping stoutly on, side by side with the foremost, with her fine neck outstreched to catch the smallest sound, and her bright eyes glittering with the intenseness of her gaze, as if she would penetrate the darkness and pluck from the innermost recesses of the forest a glimpse of the lost and beloved one.

Suddenly a gleam of light shot up from behind the brow of a hill, and a low sound of voices came borne on the night-wind.

"Hush, for your lives!" exclaimed Lawton, in a whisper. "We are close upon them, or my hopes deceive me. God grant that my child is safe!"

The mother held her breath, lest she should shriek out in the intenseness of her agitation; and creeping cautiously through the thick and tangled underbrush, that tore her tender feet, or pierced her delicate frame at every step, the whole party at length stood on the top of the little eminence, and looking down a deep and dark ravine, beheld a scene that held them spellbound and breathless.

Around a brisk fire sat Ashby and Bessy, and a gang of fierce and reckless looking men, disguised as wood-cutters. Ashby had laid aside his fiddle, and now held a bottle in his hand, from which he was trying to make a little child upon his knee, drink.

"Thank God, thank God!" at this moment wildly exclaimed the overjoyed mother, as she recognized her own darling boy, and prepared to spring towards him—but was forcibly detained by her husband, who caught her by the arm, and whispered nervously to his companions, "Stand by me now, dear friends, in God's name!"

The quick ear of the robber had detected the mother's exclamation; and, gazing through the shadow until his eye had become accustomed to the darkness beyond the glare of the fire, he detected the intruders, and sprang to his feet, bearing the child aloft in his arms.

"Advance at your peril," he shouted; "for, by the living God! if you do, the child dies on the instant. Although I am discovered, I will yet thwart you, most hated woman, and more hateful husband! Beware, I say!"

The little Edward, frightened at his position, now screamed in terror,—the other members of the robbers' party gathered round, and the mother, overcome by horror, fainted and fell lifeless upon the ground. It was a critical moment, and nobly did Lawton bear himself. Drawing a pistol from his bosom, he took dilibe-rate aim at the head of the robber, knowing that

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the quiver of a muscle might destroy a life more precious than his own heart's blood,—and fired.

Down dropped the robber, suffering little Edward to glide harmlessly to the ground, through his relaxed arms, while his comrades, crowding for a moment around their fallen leader, fled in wild panic, followed by two old women, cursing and gibbering as they went, and leaving Bessy where she had thrown herself with a scream across the body,—while Lawton, bearing his wife in his arms, rushed towards his child, who sprang with a gay laugh to meet them.

Lawton's party now divided, and went in pursuit of the fugitives, and eventually succeeded in capturing several of them, who were subsequently punished, and this "den of thieves" effectually broken up; while our "happy family," thus providentially restored to each other, returned in gladness to their desolate home, kindly taking with them Bessy and her child, and around the dear, re-lighted hearth-stone, made themselves merry and sad by turns, over the adventures and escape of the stolen child.

Original.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

BY MRS. E. M. SHELDON.

The fierce storm-spirit's wing
Sweeps darkly o'er the earth,
And clouds of sorrow fling
Shadows upon our mirth.

Our trusted ones betray,
Severed are dearest ties,
Life's joys are borne away
Like dew-drops to the skies.

And yet the path we tread,
Jehovah's bounteous care,
Above, around hath spread
With sweets that cluster there.

He gives the sun's bright beams,
Fragrance of op'ning flowers,
The murmuring of streams,
And pensive twilight hours;

The sacred sweets of home,
By true affection bless'd,
Where no intruders come,
And weary ones can rest;

And though the chast'ning rod
Boweth our spirits down—
Loved kindred go to God,
And even nature frown—

One star of changeless ray
Hath our kind father given,
To light our lonely way,
And guide to rest in Heaven.

Original.

THE HEIR OF WILTON PLACE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"Not unrejoiced to see him once again,
Warm was his welcome."—*Lear.*

CHAPTER I.

Many years have elapsed since a hoary pile, long since gone to decay, which we will designate by the fictitious name of Seaford Castle, crowned a steep and bold headland on the western coast of Great Britain. This eminence, when seen from the water, presented a wild, irregular mass of rocks, apparently piled together during some convulsion of nature, and their base being constantly lashed by a heavy surge, that sent up showers of spray over their dark and weather-beaten sides, the whole formed a picture of wild and gloomy grandeur—especially in the dim twilight or the rays of an unclouded moon, highly impressive to the imagination. There was no point, owing to the abruptness of the coast, near the foundations of the castle, where a boat could have effected a landing, even when the winds were at rest, and the ocean was calm, but on the southerly side of this sea-beaten promontory there was a small cave of clear, smooth water, capable of sheltering half a dozen fishing boats at a time. The coast here, as on the opposite side of the promontory, was bold and abrupt, except at the head of the cave, where there was a strip of hard, smooth beach, and on which the water broke in silvery ripples, even the shrill whistle of the sea-blast could be distinctly heard in the distance. Many a broad acre, subject to the most skilful husbandry of the time, with plenty of pasturage, besides forest and park, made the estate of Lord Seaford the most valuable in the country, if we except that of his nearest neighbor, Sir Andrew Wilton. The more comfortable, though less imposing mansion of the latter was situated on a spot less elevated, sheltered from the chilling sea-breeze by a thick grove of evergreens, so that when the wind was howling round the corners of the castle with a fury that might have endangered a less massive structure, the more humble edifice was snugly reposing beneath, like a bird in its comfortable nest.

Lord Seaford had always entertained the warmest friendship for Sir Andrew, and when visited by his last illness, he requested him to write to his son, who had been absent on the Continent several years, to hasten home. He obeyed the summous, but did not reach home

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'till his parent had been dead several weeks. There had, from time to time, been vague rumors, during his absence, that he was engaged in wild and lawless adventures, but on his return, all were eager to welcome the son and successor of one so esteemed and beloved as the late Lord Seaford.

In stature, he was below the middling height, and naturally of a complexion femininely fair, though, at present, somewhat sunburnt. His features, like his complexion, were handsome and delicate as a beautiful woman's, shaded with soft hair of a bright golden color; a style of beauty, which, while it took the fancy of the fair and the younger portion of the community, caused several of the older dames to shake their heads, and whisper among themselves that it was no good sign for one of the bolder sex to have the small and delicate features of a gentlewoman, and that he would one day show himself to be a kite in the dove's plumage. There was nothing, however, in his deportment to warrant such a prediction, it being in every respect, irreproachable. There was a frankness in his manners, either real or pretended, that at times approached to bluntness, in his intercourse with his own sex, while towards the other, he assumed an affability and deference, equally winning and flattering.

Sir Andrew Wilton had an only daughter, a sweet, fairy-like creature, who at the time of the young Lord Seaford's return, was just sixteen. A complexion pure as the lily, a profusion of light brown hair, eyes the color of a June sky, lips like rosebuds steeped in dew, with arms and hands of unrivalled symmetry, formed the elements of her beauty, to which great sweetness of disposition and her still child-like simplicity gave an indescribable charm.

Sir Andrew had likewise received into his family the widow of his only son, who in the pride of health, and strength had fallen a victim to sudden disease, and her child, a boy six years old. The young widow was a very lovely woman, with finely chiselled features, and a clear, pearly complexion of a hue so healthy that the absence of the rose, could not be regretted. Though scarcely above the middling height, she appeared almost stately by the side of Catharine Wilton, her sister-in-law, and her mild and quiet manners accorded with the antique style of her beauty. Among the young and the fair, she was the only one, who did not regard the young Lord Seaford with pleasure and admiration. It was probably her keen powers of discrimination, which was subsequently imputed by some to an intuitive perception, and a habit of close observation acquired by mixing freely in society, that led her to trace a chain of circumstances, of themselves slight and unimportant, which made her recoil from him with a feeling of aversion amounting to horror. He, on his part, though a professed admirer of beauty, appeared, after a few interviews, to avoid her with an instinctive feeling of dread; and he shunned encountering her clear, serene eye, as if he imagined the mask he wore, became transparent beneath its gaze. Still, although the opinion she had formed of his character, was to herself, perfectly satisfactory, it would have been no easy task for her to communicate it to another in the same clear and palpable form, and she, therefore, abstained from expressing it at all. She soon became aware that he was seeking to engage the affections of Catharine, and with feelings of alarm spoke to her father-in-law upon the subject, at the same time venturing to suggest that Lord Seaford was not a person likely to promote the happiness of his daughter. But, in his opinion, the young Lord was a desirable match for her, being the owner of a noble estate, contiguous to his own, and, as far as he was able to judge, free from that recklessness and from those habits of dissipation, common to many young men of wealth at that period. He told her that he could not think of thwarting his motherless child in an affair of the heart, and rebuked her with some harshness for what he considered her unjust prejudices. Mrs. Wilton said no more, and the beautiful girl just emerging from childhood, became the wife of Lord Seaford.

She carried gladness and sunshine with her to the old castle, and the chill and desolate apartments, which had long been conscious of no sound save that of the bleak and hollow blast as it came sweeping up from the sea during a tempest, were rendered cheerful by the taste and care of their young mistress, and réechoed again to her musical laugh; or, the unstudied melody of some sweet song.

Though the vassals of Lord Seaford had long been aware that his temper was fiery and imperious, it was many months after their marriage, before Catharine witnessed one of his appalling outbreaks of passion, and although it was not, as in many instances afterwards, directed against herself, she was overwhelmed with terror. Subsequently, the fine taste and feeling which are apt to accompany a delicate physical organization, were outraged by the frequent recurrence of his angry mood, and she shrunk from the caressing touch of the lip, which, perhaps, an hour before, she had seen covered with the white foam

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of rage, and from the glances of the eye which had appeared to emit sparkles of living fire. Her health soon began to decline, and a morbid state of the imagination ensued, bordering upon insanity, so that she sometimes almost fancied, when upon the most trivial provocation, she beheld him break into a paroxysm of fierce, unbridled rage, that she had given herself up to the power of a demon, and not to a human being. These wild fancies deepened with her physical decay, increased still more by often hearing, when alone in her chamber, when she knew that Lord Seaford had left the castle, sounds of rude and boisterous merriment. Once, on opening her window to ascertain if possible, whence such strange noises could proceed, she distinctly saw four wild looking figures, followed by a fifth, resembling her husband, emerge as if from the solid rock which rose from the water's edge, and step into a skiff fastened to a staple. Rapidly rounding the head of the promontory, they had in a few moments vanished from her sight. Diseased both in body and mind, there was something in this which strongly appealed to her superstitious fears, and from that time she was constantly haunted by a vague apprehension that her husband was leagued with beings, whose power, whoever they might be, exerted over him a mysterious and evil influence. Had there been any person of a healthy tone of mind, on whom she could have bestowed her confidence, different inferences might have been drawn, founded more on reason, and less on the imagination. But Mrs. Wilton, her sister-in-law, the only person of a strong mind unclouded by superstition, to whom she would have felt free to communicate her thoughts and apprehensions, seldom appeared where she would be likely to encounter Lord Seaford, and she herself was far too feeble to walk the mile which intervened between her present abode and the home of her childhood, or to undertake to manage one of the vicious animals that filled her husband's stable.

Lady Seaford's father, who, for several months, had been sinking under a complication of diseases, died, having bequeathed the whole of his rich possessions, consisting of Wilton Place, and several valuable appanages, to his grand-son, Frederic Wilton. In case, however, that his grand-son should die without heirs, or before he attained the age of twenty-one, the estate was to go to his daughter and to her heirs, the whole to be subject to the control of his well beloved son-in-law, Lord Seaford.

This last clause in his will, would never have existed, had he been made acquainted with the true character and conduct of his daughter's husband; which, out of regard to his declining health, had been concealed from him, without any anticipation of his investing him with so much power, in case of the lineal heir's decease. But this was an event which did not seem likely to occur. The child's health was perfectly good, and being under the control of a strong-minded, judicious mother, whose good sense led her to adopt those modes of treatment, many of which, at the present day, may be gathered from books, there appeared to be little chance, that Lord Seaford, who already began to drink deep of the inebriating cup, would survive him.

A gleam of mental sunshine alone broke in upon the troubled spirit of Lady Seaford, after the birth of a daughter. Having looked, for a long time, upon its smiling and innocent features, she requested to see Mrs. Wilton.

"Promise me," said she, when her sister-in-law appeared at her bed-side, "to be a mother to my child."

"Certainly, my dear Catharine," she replied, "if——"

"I know what you would say—I must see *him*. Let some one call him."

When Lord Seaford was told that his wife could live only a short time, he hastened to her apartment, and softened by the earnestness and pathos, with which she urged what he felt was her dying request, he promised her that the child should be committed to the care of Mrs. Wilton.

"I can now die in peace," were the last words of the young and broken-hearted wife and mother.

Lord Seaford adhered to his promise, and permitted Mrs. Wilton to take the infant, who was named Catharine, for her mother, to her own home, as it would have been equally unpleasant and inconvenient for her to have resided at the castle.

CHAPTER II.

"Look o'er thy head Maximian!
Look to the terror that o'erhangs thee!"
Beaumont & Fletcher.

Several years passed away, and Frederic Wilton, sole heir of the Wilton estates, had grown to be a fine, intelligent boy, and of a daring and adventurous spirit far beyond his years. Already he had learnt to scale many a bold cliff and precipice, whence he delighted to watch the waves breaking into foam against the rocks, and to listen to their hoarse music. Nothing could tempt him from these, his favorite haunts, when released from his studies, except the pleasure of

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directing the footsteps of the little Catharine, who made healthful by her out-door sports, was one of the most buoyant and beautiful children that ever revelled on the green sward, or by the blue and sunny sea.

The head of the cove already alluded to, where the sea broke in ripples on the hard, smooth sand, was his usual place of resort, when Catharine was his companion. Within a natural excavation of the rock, extending a few feet, he had made a seat and covered it with moss and concealed the rough sides with beautiful shells, he had collected on the shore. Here, alike sheltered from sun and wind, Catharine, the summer she was four years old, established her favorite play-house, and while amusing herself with her dolls, Frederic would sit near, busily employed in endeavoring to construct a tiny schooner after the fashion of one, that had a few months previous, anchored in the cove, and remained nearly a week.

The schooner, whose crew consisted of a set of swarthy, uncouth looking men, who spoke a foreign language, occasioned considerable stir among the inhabitants of the place. Some imagined that she was a pirate, and consulted Lord Seaford relative to the propriety of procuring a warrant to arrest the crew, but he laughed at their suspicion, as being highly absurd and ridiculous, and to give his opinion the greater weight, entertained the officers of the vessel at his own table.

Frederic was busy one morning at his nearly compleled task, and Catharine, weary with her play, had fallen asleep, when looking up, he beheld opposite the entrance of the cove, a vessel that appeared to him to be the same finely built schooner of which he was attempting a miniature copy. A spy-glass, which he kept in Catharine's play-house, through which he loved to watch the arrival and departure of the fishing-boats, was the next minute in his hand, and bent upon the dark-hulled vessel. A minute's observation assured him that it was the same, and a thrill of pleasure passed through his frame, when he saw that she was bearing down towards the cove under a full press of canvass, her stern sprinkled with the white foam she threw up before her, like the breast of the panting war-horse, when in the heat of battle. His next thought was of the swarthy, savage looking crew, and though he feared them not himself, he knew that their appearance would frighten Catharine. He therefore gently awoke her, and telling her it was time to return, led her home, and then hastened back to watch the approach of the schooner. By this time, it was so near as to be distinctly seen with the naked eye, and it was not long before reaching the entrance of the cove, she shot like an arrow through the deep but narrow opening. Instead, however, of making for what was considered the most commodious place of anchorage, she bore down towards a point, where not far distant, the rocky precipice projected some forty or fifty feet into the water. This precipice, from which shot up the turrets of the castle, as if they had been a part of it, rose perpendicularly, like a huge buttress from the floor of the ocean, except on one side, which though sloping steeply, did not enough so as to prevent art from assisting nature in the formation of a few rude steps, which enabled a person to scale the rock to about mid-height, where there was a kind of shelf more than a foot wide. At the bottom of this steep and imperfect stair-way, was a boat secured to an iron staple inserted in the rock. The attention of Frederic had been riveted upon the schooner, when suddenly he heard the voice of his uncle, Lord Seaford, speaking to the captain of the vessel, in a language to him unknown. He was standing on the shelf of the precipice just described, and the next moment rapidly descending the steps he sprang into the boat, and steered for the schooner, which had furled her sails and was lying to, within a short distance. He was received on board, and he and the captain immediately descended to the cabin, where having conversed in low but earnest voices, fifteen or twenty minutes, they réappeared on deck.

"You say that is the boy, who stands on the beach, eyeing us so intently," said the captain, addressing Lord Seaford.

"Yes."

"A smart, bold looking little fellow. What if we should initiate him into the mysteries of our craft, instead of disposing of him in the manner you propose?"

"No, no," replied Lord Seaford, "he is old enough to remember, and should he be spared, he will give me trouble hereafter. A deed done, as the proverb says, has an end."

"True," replied the captain, "but I should rather he had been a puny, sickly looking brat, such as I expected him to be, from his being subject to no control except a mother's. Instead of that, he is the finest, most spirited looking boy I have seen this many a day. If I could have the training of him, in five years from now I could trust him with a separate command."

"Once for all," said Lord Seaford, "I tell you that the agreement we made in the cabin, must

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be adhered to, to the letter. Promise me this upon oath, as I will not now, after what you have said, otherwise trust you."

"Take my written oath, if you please," he replied, and taking a piece of paper from his pocket-book, he rapidly wrote a few words with a pencil, and handed it to him.

"That will do," said Lord Seaford, "but pencil-marks are easily erased. Will you write the same with ink?"

"Yes, with my blood, if it will the better content you. Carlos, go to the cabin and bring me a pen."

As he spoke, he drew from his belt a small dagger, the haft of which was richly inlaid with jewels, and punctured one of the veins of his wrist. By this time the boy had arrived with the pen, and handed it to the pirate captain, who wrote in bloody characters the oath to murder with his own hands the beautiful and innocent boy, who, fearless of danger, stood regarding them from the beach.

"That is well," said Lord Seaford. "Remember, if you violate, there will be no safety for you on sea or land. I have others in my pay bold and daring as yourself,—they will have orders to take care of you."

"I am content it should be so. Let us now lure him on board, for we have no time to spare. In a few months, if we are in luck, we shall be here again with plenty of rich merchandize to deposit in the subterranean store-room. I will go with you myself, and persuade the boy to come aboard."

This was a task achieved without difficulty. Frederic, as has been suggested, was a spirited, adventurous boy, and felt no alarm at the idea of going on board of the beautiful vessel in company with the captain, who could speak English, and addressed him with a familiarity which at once overcame a degree of shyness, occasioned by his secluded manner of living. The only objection he felt to going, was because Lord Seaford urged his doing so, for, of late, he had begun to regard him with a distrust which might have been termed instinctive, his mother having ever carefully avoided instilling her own prejudices into his mind.

After examining the novelties that presented themselves on deck, he was invited by the captain to descend to the cabin, where he engaged his attention by exhibiting to him many choice weapons, and explaining their use. When again permitted to go on deck, objects on shore were swiftly receding.

"Where is my uncle?" he inquired.

"He has been gone this half hour," was the reply.

A wild, piercing cry of anguish escaped him, and bursting into tears, he threw himself on the pirate captain's neck, and entreated him to return to the shore.

"That I cannot do," he replied, "so you may as well leave off crying, and make yourself content."

When Frederic saw that he was not to be moved, he suddenly checked his tears, and placing himself in a situation where he could behold the spot containing his mother and Catharine, though his heart was almost breaking, he maintained a proud silence. Objects on shore had long been blended into one undistinguishable mass, yet he moved not, and it was not until darkness had come down upon the waters, that in obedience to the command of the captain, he followed him to the cabin. The captain pointed to a settee, and telling him that he might rest there, seated himself at a table spread with maps and charts. He kept a watchful eye upon Frederic, who, by his restlessness, showed that he did not sleep. The pirate began to grow impatient, but it was nearly midnight, before the boy's deep and quiet breathing told him that the moment to cancel his oath had arrived. The jewel-hafted dagger was by him on the table, and first examining its keen and glittering edge, he drew near the sleeping boy. He looked very beautiful asleep, his red lips slightly parted, and his dark brown hair clustering round his fair, open brow. The dagger was firmly grasped in the pirate's hand, but while he stood hesitating to strike, Frederic, whose slumbers were evidently uneasy, suddenly awoke, and starting up, uttered a cry of terror.

"Oh, I am glad it is you," said he, throwing his arms round the pirate's neck. "I dreamed that my uncle stood by me with a knife, and was going to kill me."

The better and more generous feelings of the pirate's nature were touched by the confidence with which Frederic regarded him, and from that moment his life was safe.

CHAPTER III.

"You have cause
(So have we all) of joy; for your escape
Is much beyond your loss.—*Tempest.*

It was a bright day in summer, twelve years after the incidents of the preceding chapter, that a vessel with all sails set, was seen bearing down towards the cove near Seaford Castle.

"It is the finest-built schooner I have seen these dozen years," said a middle aged man,

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addressing his younger companion, and taking the spy-glass from his eye.

"A dozen years, did you say?" inquired the young man.

"Yes, it is twelve years ago this very month, since a light-built schooner, with a crew of as desperate looking fellows as ever I set my eye on, anchored in the cove, and remained nearly a week."

"You mean the pirate vessel, don't you?"

"Hush! If it should come to Lord Seaford's ears, that you called her a pirate vessel, you would stand little chance of being appointed skipper to the new fishing-boat."

"There is no danger of its coming to his ears, and if it did, it is no more than the truth. Every one that knew any thing about such matters, believed the schooner to be a pirate, and the same that old Ben Hanscom saw carry off the little Frederic Wilton; and if the truth could be found out, I believe Lord Seaford would prove to have been at the bottom of it."

"I tell you, Martin, that you must learn to carry a more prudent tongue in your head. Let us think no more about that business, and watch the schooner."

"Let her be from what quarter she will, she knows the soundings, for see, she is making for the best place of anchorage in the cove. Hand me your spy-glass a minute—I want to bend it on the fellow who stands at the stern."

"I have been looking at him, and he is as smart a looking chap as I have seen this many a day, and as trim built as his own schooner, for I have no doubt but that he is both captain and owner of her."

By this time the vessel had cast anchor, and a boat being immediately lowered, the young man who had been the subject of their remarks, and two others habited like common sailors, sprang into it, and rowed towards the head of the cove. In a few minutes the keel grated upon the hard sand, and the young man jumping out, told the others to return to the vessel. The two men, who had been lounging on a heap of dry sea-weed, piled in a hollow of the cliff, which was in deep shadow, finding that they had not been observed by him, suspended their conversation, and continued to watch him with great curiosity.

He was tall, and his dress composed of blue broad-cloth of the finest texture, was exactly fitted to his remarkably fine form. His hat, which was set jauntingly on one side of his head, fully revealed his features, which, though sunburnt, were eminently handsome. Nothing could be finer than the manner in which his black, glossy hair clustered round his brow, and the expression of his dark, deep-set eyes, while his rich, red lips, with their fine, spirited curve, gave to his countenance a look of masculine boldness and energy which first impressed the persons who were watching him, with the idea that he was the commander of the vessel. On nearer inspection, they began to imagine that he might be some still higher personage than the captain of a schooner, his linen being ornamented with lace ruffles, and one of his fingers being encircled by a ring enriched with a gem, which they took to be a genuine diamond. His stockings, were evidently silk, and his shoes of Spanish leather, were cut so low as to display to advantage the arched instep of his small foot, similar, according to the chronicler, to that of Henry II., the first Plantagenet of England.

The first thing he did, after touching the shore, was to take a look into the grotto which had been Catharine's play-house. Every thing was in the same situation as when Frederic Wilton was enticed on board the pirate-vessel, except that the moss-covered seat, that used then to accommodate a large wax doll and her family, during Catharine's absence, was now strewn with several neatly bound volumes. At this moment, his ear caught the tones of a sweet and earnest voice.

"Oh, aunt Wilton," it said, "what if *he* should be in the vessel. How well I can remember him, although I was only four years old when he was carried away. Do not you think it possible he may be there?"

"No, Catharine," was the reply. "If his life has been spared, we should have heard tidings of him long before now."

She had scarcely finished speaking, before the young man sprang lightly into the path by which they were descending, stood before them. Twelve years of absence had not wrought such an alteration in his features but that the mother knew her son.

"I knew that you were my mother by your voice," said he, after the first gush of emotion had passed away, "for its tones have ever been with me. It has warned, soothed and comforted me, and at length, again lured me to these shores."

"Innocent as when you left them?" said his mother, a cloud of doubt and anxiety settling on her brow, as she recalled to mind the supposed character of the vessel which had conveyed him away.

"With perfect truth, I can say,—yes. The pirate-vessel soon fell in with a British ship-of-

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war, sent in search of her, and was taken after a sharply contested engagement, in which the captain and two thirds of the crew were slain. The schooner was carried into port, converted into a merchantman, and I am now the commander."

As he was making this explanation, his eyes frequently turned towards Catharine, who, beautiful as an unfolding rose-bud, was just hovering on the verge of womanhood. There still lingered on her fair brow the innocence of early childhood, and her eyes, when she smiled, were the same sunny hazle, but there was, at times, a thoughtful earnestness in their clear orbs, as they half veiled themselves beneath their dark lashes, which showed that many of the richer and deeper feelings of her heart, that had slept like the waveless waters of the fountain, were beginning to be stirred. He felt that it was not the same affection gushing back upon his spirit with which he used to regard her, which now pervaded his heart,—it was a new impulse,—more exalted and more fervent, yet far more fervent, yet far more tender.

As they walked towards Wilton Place, Frederic inquired for Lord Seaford. Before his mother had time to answer him, a person on horseback was seen hurrying towards them. He checked his horse to tell them that Lord Seaford was taken in a fit, and that he was going for a physician. Catharine turned pale, and said that she must hasten to her father.

"No," replied Mrs. Wilton, "I will go first, and if best, I will send for you."

"We will wait here," said Frederic.

In fifteen minutes, Mrs. Wilton returned much agitated. When she arrived at the castle, Lord Seaford had already breathed his last. The two men, she was afterwards told, who witnessed the arrival of the schooner, hastened to inform him, and described to him the appearance of Frederic, and his meeting with Mrs. Wilton and Catharine. When they mentioned this last particular, they remarked that a purple flush suddenly overspread his countenance, and he was instantly seized with a fit, supposed to be apoplexy, which, in less than half an hour, terminated fatally.

A few weeks subsequent to his decease, on opening a small box, which Mrs. Wilton imagined contained some papers belonging to her late sister-in-law, she found letters addressed to Lord Seaford, by a notorious outlaw chief, by which it appeared that he had himself shared his adventures and his crimes, and continuing the intercourse after he had taken possession of his paternal domains, permitted him to deposite the rich spoils, which were the price of blood, in a vaulted cavern beneath the castle.

Frederic Wilton found too many attractions at home, to feel desirous to again tempt the dangers of the sea, he therefore resigned the command of the schooner to the first mate.

In twelve months from the time of Wilton's return, Catharine, the heiress of Seaford Castle, exchanged her mourning weeds for bridal robes, and became the happy and beloved wife of the heir of Wilton Place. Mrs. Wilton fully shared their happiness, and as she looked back on the past, she could now, with a smile, behold the cloud that had so long and so darkly hovered over her, flitting away in the distance, its skirts tinged with the golden sunshine, which brightened the moral atmosphere of her and her children's home.

Original.

THE BRIDAL PARTY.*

I.

Come, hasten! let the burning gem's
Blaze in the shadows of her hair,—
Held they the wealth of diadems,
It all were well expended there.

II.

And bind her arm in golden clasp—
Oh, clinging bracelet! soon to be
Forgotten in a thrilling grasp,
Will leave that arm no longer free.

III.

The morning sun—how bright his beams
Fall sparkling o'er the joyous erath—
Ere night, mayhap, in threatening gleams,
The sullen tempest leaps to birth.

IV.

Thus may not *thy* fair day o'ercloud—
But evening steal in calmness on,
And when with age thy head is bowed,
Still softly beam thy setting sun.

V.

And when thy brow with time is sere,
And white thy locks with winter's snow,
Oh, may *his* hand be ever near,
To cheer ye onward as ye go!

VI.

Oh, happy voyagers! how bright
The swelling tide seems rolling now!
How bravely flusheth up the light
Around thy frail, adventurous prow!

VII.

God speed ye, trusting ones! May wind
And wave and sky propitious be,
To waft your precious freight of love
Safe o'er life's dark and trackless sea!

EPHEMERON.

* Illustrative of the second plate.

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Original.

THE COVERED DISH;

OR, JACOB SNYDER'S TEMPTATION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LAFITTE,' 'CAPT. KYD,' 'QUADROON,' ETC.

"Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

How fortunate mankind are to have such broad-backed progenitors as Adam and Eve, to lay all their evils and misfortunes upon! Men are ever complaining, and always love to refer the causes of real or imaginary sorrow to the conduct of others, rather than to their own. Such a man was old Jacob Snyder, the gardener at Laurel Hill, the princely seat of the opulent Colonel Le Roy. Never had a man in Jacob's condition of life more cause to be thankful or less reason to grumble at the disbursement of the gifts of Providence. The situation of Laurel Hill was most commanding, embracing a wide view of the hundred spired city, the majestic bay of New-York, with its beautiful green or castellated islands, and the far blue ocean, dotted with an ever moving, an ever charming fleet. On the summit of the hill, in the midst of an extensive area of gardens, lawn and grove, stood the tasteful mansion of the proprietor, a spacious manor-house of stone, ornamented with galleries and verandahs, with a noble terrace, extending along its front, adorned with gigantic vases and statues. South from the house, extending over many acres, spread his handsome garden, containing every variety of fruit-tree and flower, and producing the most luxurious esculents for the table. This garden, with its shaded walks, its beauteous patches of lawn, its fountain of marble in the midst, which sent forth living streams to water the whole, its spacious beds of vegetables and pastures of rare plants, its teeming vines and blushing plum trees, was altogether a perfect paradise in itself. But the most interesting feature of the garden was the cottage of the gardener, placed at the south side, so as to command all the converging alleys, and give Jacob a ready supervision of the whole. I stood on a little grass-plot, a fine old elm grew one side of the door, and pots of blooming flowers formed walks up to its front. Vases of roses and rare East Indian plants half hid the gothic windows, and graceful creeping vines trelliced the whole! It was one story, white as snow, with gothic ends and windows, and a tasteful portico in front. It was the sweetest little cot in the world. It seemed to smile with rural happiness. In the door, as one peeped in, could be seen in the hall comfortable settees, covered with smooth, black leather, and set off with rows of bright brass nails. In the very door stood a large square arm-chair, a deep, old fashioned receptacle, in which Jacob used to love to sit at evening with his pipe in his mouth, and gaze forth upon his hortal empire, his good wife, a neat, tidy lady, with a respectable ruffed cap, a needle-case and scissors at her belt, and spectacles on her nose, seated near him, knitting his winter hose; while on one side of her purred a large Maltése tabby cat, and on the other side of him reposed his old dog, Growler. Surely, there never was a man who had less reason to complain of his lot than Jacob Snyder. His master, Colonel Le Roy, was one of the kindest and most indulgent gentlemen, and Jacob was a great favorite with him. He often came into the garden and stood by him as he removed a plant, or propped a leaning stalk, and discoursed with him in a free and affable manner about his craft, the secrets of vegetable nature, and the other mysteries of horticulture, which it was supposed Jacob knew better than himself. Moreover, Jacob had not a hard duty in his garden, for he kept under him three assistants, on whom devolved the heavier portion of the work. Seldom it was that Jacob took a spade in his hand, except to dig about a rare and favorite plant, or remove one to a more congenial soil and situation. His salary was more than enough to support him with comfort, and enable him to enjoy many of the luxuries of life; and none of the little indulgencies which his years craved, was he ever under the necessity of denying himself. Colonel Le Roy sent him his pipes and tobacco, and once a year made him a present of a new waistcoat, and his dame of a new gown. Nothing was wanting to make Jacob Snyder, the gardener of Laurel Hill, happy, but a *contented mind!* This he had not. Yet there was nothing he could desire. His wife had, in the course of their forty years' marriage, duly presented him with sons and daughters; four of whom, three sons and a daughter, were now living; two of the sons well to do as industrious mechanics in the city, each with a family of pretty children; the other son assisting him as his head gardener, married to an excellent wife, and having a beautiful daughter seventeen years of age; while his daughter, a maiden of thirty-six, lived at home as house keeper, making a most useful and necessary member of his household. Sundays he would have all his children and his grand-children at home, to pass the day, going away as evening set in, and such days the two old people felt were blessed! and Jacob thanked God in his evening prayer for

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all his mercies! Yet Jacob was not content with his lot. He always discovered a thorn somewhere in every thing! There was a worm, or mildew to mar all around him. Yet he was not an ungrateful or peevish man, nor insensible to all his blessings. He knew and felt they were blessings, and that he was undeserving of them, yet he could not help feeling that his lot would have been far happier than it really was, if it had not been for Adam's sin! The truth and secret was, Jacob was a *lazy* man! He would have been glad to sit all day in his old leathern arm-chair, his head laid back and smoking his pipe, with somebody to wait on him, while he surveyed through the clouds of smoke indolently rolling about his head, the delightful prospect of his garden.

It was one fine early autumn evening, the month was September, and the day was the Sabbath. Jacob's children and his grand-children, save one, had just parted from him, and he sat in his door with his short Dutch pipe in his mouth, listening to Jennette Snyder read the Bible; while the old lady sat beside him in a low, quilted rocking-chair, with a Bible of very large print, laid open on her lap, with her finger and spectacled vision following the maiden. She was a bright-eyed, rosy lass, with a lip of love, and, as Jacob used to say, with a cheek like a peony in a cluster of lilies. Her hair was confined by a virgin fillet, passed across her forehead, and in it was entwined a wreath of fragrant and most delicate flowers. Her dress was a simple white gown, beautifully fitting her full matured bust, and the whiteness of her neck was relieved by a narrow riband of black silk velvet, to which pended a small jet cross. A moss rose-bud was modestly stuck in her bosom, and a gold ring set with an emerald, graced one of her fingers. Her face wore a very sweet expression, made lovelier still by the look of subdued and holy gravity with which she kept her eyes dropped on the sacred page before her. She sat in the door-step while she read, occasionally lifting her eyelid to glance at a bird flying and singing by, or pausing as Jacob made some comment upon the text. She had began that Sabbath morning to read the Bible through to them, and was now, for the evening prayers, commencing the third chapter in Genesis. As she read in a clear, reverent and softly modulated tone, becoming a reader of the sacred volume, it was delightful to listen to her. And thus she read, while the blush of the crimsoned west as the sun was going down, was reflected from the page:

"1. Now the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made. And he said unto the woman, 'Yea, hath God said, "Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?"

"2. And the woman said unto the serpent, 'We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden:

"3. 'But of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, "Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die."

"Stop, dear," interrupted Jacob, reverently removing his pipe from his mouth, while he spoke; "that seems to be to me, wife, a very easy command to obey. God, who was the great proprietor of the garden of Eden, had a right to make any regulations for Adam, his gardener, to follow he chose, just as—you are not listening, Jennette, never mind the robin, let him sing, it's Sunday, and I have noticed the birds always sing louder and more merrily on Sunday than they do on week-days! But, as I was observing, wife, just as if my good master, Colonel Le Roy, should say to me, 'Jacob, I have made you my gardener; but there is a particular tree in my garden which I do not wish you to pluck any of the fruit from, but the fruit from all other trees you may pick for your own table as well as you do for mine.' Now don't you suppose I would obey my master? Certainly I would. But suppose he had said to me in addition, 'If you do touch the fruit, you shall be dismissed from your place;' would not this, wife, have been reason enough for me to let it alone? I am really surprized and quite ashamed of Adam."

"Don't speak so of a Bible man, Jacob," said the dame reprovingly. "Perhaps you might ha' been tempted and took the fruit just as he did! there's no knowin'! this is a mortal wicked world, and we are all poor weak sinners."

"And what made us sinners and the world wicked, but Adam's disobedience? I know well enough I could resist now, myself, sinner as I am, the Lord forgive my sins! while Adam fell without any excuse."

"It was a pity," ejaculated the old lady, shaking her head; "a mortal pity."

"I wish I had been in Adam's place, I'd not have acted as he did, I am well convinced; if it hadn't been for him I should have been in my master, Colonel Le Roy's place, and he would have been—been—no not in mine—for there would have been no gardeners! Nobody would have to work; all mankind would be happy just like the birds in the air, that neither dig nor delve, but their Heavenly Father feedeth them; or the lilies of the field that neither sow nor spin; yet are clothed in a manner that Solomon in all his glory could not equal. But come, Jennette, read on, dear!"

"4. And the serpent said unto the woman, 'Ye shall not surely die:

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"5. 'For God doth know, that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened; and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil."

"Ah, me, yes! they did learn what evil was sure enough, poor creatures," sighed Dame Snyder.

"And it was one of your own sex, woman, that was at the bottom of this, after all. Do you suppose if my master should point out a tree—say that Sutton pear-tree—and tell me I should not touch it on penalty of forfeiting my place, I would go near it, if I saw that branch that is bending with its rich load of fruit ready to break, if *you* should coax and entreat me to prop it up 'till you was hoarse, or cried your eyes about it, and called me names! Not I! I'd see it rot down first."

"Well, Jacob, I on'y hopes you'll never have the trial put on ye," said the old lady, wiping the rim of her spectacles.

"I shouldn't be afraid to abide it! But God, not man, spoke to Adam, and he had every reason to obey a command coming from such a source. Come, Jenny, dear."

"And when the woman saw that the tree *was* good for food——"

"The woman! Ah, good wife, you have much to answer for on your side," said Jacob, complacently.

"——, and that it *was* pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat; and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat."

"Not I—not I—I wouldn't have eaten if *I* had been the husband! Oh, poor weak Adam! I wish I had been in your shoes," said Jacob, with animation, puffing long and strong at his pipe. "Well child!"

Jennette then read on, 'till the ninth verse, without being interrupted by her grand-father's commentaries.

"9. And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, 'Where *art* thou?'

"10. And he said, 'I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked; and I hid myself.'

"11. And he said, 'Who told thee that thou *wast* naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat?'"

"Now it comes to guilty Adam! How my old flesh would ha' trembled if I had eaten of the Sutton pear-tree, and Colonel Le Roy should have come into the garden and called to me in that terrible way! Poor Adam—but it was his own fault, and he who sows the bitter must not expect to reap the sweet. Proceed, child! Let us hear what Adam said;" and Jacob trimmed his pipe, and drew a long and placid puff.

"12. And the man said, 'The woman, whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree and I did eat.'"

"Hear that, grand-papa," said Jennette, looking in his face and smiling archly, "how Adam, to get the blame off his own shoulders, accuses poor Eve!"

"Yes, child; it would have been more manly to have taken the blame to himself. But nothing better could be expected of him, if he would eat fruit he was told not to touch. And you observe that he not only accuses Eve to shield himself, Jennette, but he upbraids even God himself: for he says to him in reply, as if with a sort of haughty reproof, 'the woman whom *Thou* gavest to be with me,' as if God was to blame for giving him the woman! Ah, dear! it is a bad matter all around. Now go on, Jennette!"

"13. And the Lord God said unto the woman, 'What is this, that thou hast done?'——"

"Now, what says the woman, Jennette! Listen wife," cried Jacob, with a quiet smile in his eye.

"——And the woman said, 'The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat.'"

"Yes, there she has a hole to creep out of as well as Adam. But she wan't half so bad as he, as Adam had accused his own wife, and Eve accused a serpent, and the really guilty one of the three! But go on reading, grand-child!"

"14. And the Lord God said unto the serpent, 'Because thou hast done this, thou *art* cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field: upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life:

"15. 'And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed: it shall bruise thy head and thou shalt bruise his heel.'"

"Yes, yes," said old Jacob, shaking his head very gravely; "that has been fulfilled to the letter: I never see a snake but I feel all my wrath and hatred in my bosom rise against him! How true it is they always bite us on the heel, and we always kill them by smashing their heads. But Adam was a bad gardener of Eden, or he would have kept it free from serpents, and such varmint. But then when the gardener disobeys his employer, what else can be expected of him! Well, child, let us hear."

Jennette read the next verse, which was replied to only by a heavy assenting sigh from the old dame, and she continued,

"17. And unto Adam he said, 'Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree, of which I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it; cursed *is* the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life.'"

"Now it falls upon his head! Oh, Adam, Adam, what a deal of mischief has come of eating one apple!" said Jacob, with a groan from the bottom of his heart.

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"18. 'Thorns also, and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat of the field:'

"19. 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, 'till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou *art*, and unto dust shalt thou return.'"

"Ah, dear, dear! Adam, Adam," heavily sighed the old gardener, taking his pipe from his mouth, and knocking the ashes out; "what evil hast thou entailed on thy children and descendants after thee. Yes, the very ground is cursed for thy sake! and our very eyes show it to be so! Look into the fields when they have lain fallow a year, when man ceases to dig and delve in them for a spell, and what thorns and thistles and rank weeds spring up! Nothing but work, hard work, toiling and sweating from morning 'till nigh, keeps the earth from being overrun with this fearful curse of God upon it for Adam's sin! Now, how man has to struggle and hoe and dig his way through this miserable life. Let him cease his exertions, and he perishes of starvation. His own necessities compel him to be the involuntary instrument of fulfilling the curse, 'that by the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread!' Oh, Adam, Adam! what evil hath come of thy childish indulgence of the fruit of one tree, when out of the ground God had 'made to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food.' Pity, pity thou couldst not have restrained thy appetite. What a pleasant garden of a world this would have been, if thou hadst! no digging and dikeing, no delving and planting, no grafting and pruning, no hoeing and spading, no watering of plants, and building of hot-houses, but all the world would have been just like Eden before the curse! Oh, Adam, Adam," and he added, turning to his wife, and glancing at Jennette, "oh, Eve, Eve!" Thus grumbled old Jacob, as he sat in his arm-chair, with his pleasant garden before him, the blue skies above him, the pleasant evening wind lifting his white hair upon his temples, and all nature calm and lovely in its Sabbath repose; for Christ's obedience had softened the curse, which else earth could not have borne!

Jennette, at a nod from her grandfather, read on:

3. Therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken.

"Yes, if it had not been for Adam, wife, only think of that!—if it had not been for Adam, there would have been no tilling of the ground, —no such a thing as a spade, hoe or rake! I should never have been a gardener digging all my life."

"But you don't dig now, unless you choose, Jacob," answered the pious old dame. "God has blessed you in laying up a store, and we ought to be thankful."

"That is well enough to say, wife. I may not have to work so very hard now, but then I can't forgive Adam for making me to live a life of hard labor and toil and sweat, 'till I was fifty and upward! He's got forty years good hard work to answer for!"

"You mustn't talk in that wicked way, of a man of God's own make, Jacob. Adam was wicked, but God did not curse him, but only the ground."

"Well, well, dame, perhaps I'm wrong. Come, Jennette, let us hear what was done to Adam after."

24. So he drove out the man: and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden, cherubims, and a flaming sword, which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life.

"This is the end of the chapter, grandfather," said Jennette, looking up into his face, and by the expression of her countenance, asking if she should close the book.

"Shut it up, child! It is getting to be twilight," he said, putting aside his pipe; "now we have seen the evil of disobedience, and how one sin leads to another in this chapter. Seven deadly sins were committed one after the other! First, Eve sinned by listening to the serpent, and doubting God; she sinned a second time in plucking and eating the apple,—or rather, some think it was a nectarine or Sutton pear she ate; she sinned a third time in tempting Adam; the fourth sin was committed by Adam in yielding to the temptation; the fifth, by his lying, and saying he hid himself because he was naked; the sixth by his laying the guilt upon Eve; the seventh, by Eve's laying it upon the serpent, instead of frankly confessing her disobedience of God's command, repenting and asking to be forgiven! Ah, it was a sad, sad thing. Oh, Adam, Adam!"

Jacob sighed, and slowly shook his white head, looking as if he thought, compared with Adam, that he was the very pillar of confidence and trust. He then rose from his chair, and standing up, with his hands folded together reverently, after the fashion of good old Presbyterians, while Jennette, who was a Methodist, kneeled humble by his feet, he offered up the evening prayer. The sun was sinking behind the hills in the rosy west; a bird was singing its sweet vesper hymn from a hawthorn before the door, a thousand varied flowers lifted their tinted lips to drink the falling dew! Nature was full of beauty and of praise! The voice of old Jacob rose tremu-

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lously upon the calm air, we trust an acceptable incense to the Father who, dwelling in Heaven, regardeth the inhabitants of the earth beneath, and noteth even the fall of a sparrow, and numbereth the grey hairs of age as silently, one by one, they fall to the ground, like the sands of the glass of Time! He humbly blessed God for all his mercies, and thanked Him that He had given him integrity and firmness sufficient to enable him to withstand all temptations to disobedience like that by which weak Adam fell!

Jacob ended his evening worship, and soon afterwards, with his family, retired to a repose sweeter and less care-heavy than usually falls to the lot of man.

* * * * * *

The ensuing Monday morning Jacob was in his garden setting out some very valuable bulbous roots which Colonel Le Roy had received from the West Indies, and which he was anxious to preserve; he therefore had given them in Jacob's charge, with directions that no one should attend to them but himself. It was about eleven o' clock, and the sun was warm, and Jacob, although he had his coat off, perspired freely, and during his work, gave utterance to many a groan. At length he stopped, leaned on his spade, and wiped the sweat off from his forehead and face with his red bandanna handkerchief.

"Ah, yes, yes, this all comes of Adam's sin!" he sighed, looking as indignantly virtuous as if he could be trusted with a hundred gardens of Eden, each containing a forbidden tree. "Here I am digging the ground with the sweat of my brow, according to the curse! Oh, Adam, Adam, if I had been in your place, I should never have eaten that apple!"

Colonel Le Roy, who had come into the garden to see how Jacob was getting on with the plants, heard him say this from a walk which was separated from the bed in which Jacob was a work, by a thickset hedge, and approaching him, said smilingly,

"What is that you say, Jacob, about father Adam?"

"I was saying, sir," said Jacob, touching his hat brim, and passing his handkerchief across his forehead, "I was saying that if it had not been for Adam, I should not be digging and delving as I have to do now, and have done all my life."

"Do you think you would have acted differently, then, Jacob, if you had been in Adam's place?"

"Certainly, sir," replied Jacob, with a slight look of contempt, as if he had been insulted by the doubt implied in the question; "*I* should never have touched the forbidden fruit. I have no such curiosity to know what I am forbid to know. If I had been Adam, sir, the world would have been another sort of a world than it is."

"I am glad to hear you express such confidence in yourself, Jacob," said Colonel Le Roy with a smile; "but as you can never have the trial, it can never be doubted but what you could withstand the temptation."

"Not a bit of a doubt, sir! Nothing but an apple! I am sure of myself, sir! Do you think if you should place in the hot house, under a glass, a rare plant, and forbid me to touch it, I would put finger or eye on the glass; not I, not I; even if you told me the merest touch of it would give me a knowledge of the good and evil properties of all plants that grow on the earth! Not I, not I."

"That would be a greater temptation to you, Jacob, than Adam's was to him. But as he fell, and so brought sorrow and toil upon all of us, we must try, by obedience to God's commandments, to convert the curse he has entailed upon us into a blessing."

With this excellent observation, Colonel Le Roy, after a few moment's watching the mode in which Jacob set out the bulbous roots, and giving some directions as to their management, left him, and returned to his house, his thoughts involuntarily dwelling upon the subject of his conversation with his old gardener.

* * * * * *

A month elapsed after this conversation, and it had quite escaped old Jacob's mind; but not that of Colonel Le Roy. One morning he sent for him to come to his library. Jacob appeared, and standing in the door with his old white, broad-brimmed hat in his hand, awaited respectfully his commands. Colonel Le Roy graciously invited him to be seated, and then said in a careless tone,

"Jacob, I am going from home for a few days with all my family, and would like to have you stay in the house and take care of it for me. At this season you have little to attend to in the garden, and as you are fond of reading and looking at landscapes of gardening, you can pass as much time in my library as you choose. And, as I wish my servants not to be idle, and things to go on just as they do when the family are at home, I shall have the same table set every day for dinner with courses and dishes just as if I was here myself. It is my wish that you should dine here every day alone with your wife, and my servants are instructed to wait on you as

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they do upon me, and to attend to your every wish. Recollect this is not to do you any honor, but because I wish to keep my servants in their regular routine of discipline, as well when I am absent as when I am present."

"Yes, sir," answered Jacob, who had listened with satisfaction, and yet with no little surprize at this request of his master. It seemed, however, so plausible to him, that he thought it necessary only to give his brief assent to it. This arrangement, moreover, just suited the indolent and ease-loving temper of old Jacob, and as he bowed and said, "Yes, sir," visions of luxurious laziness floated before his imagination.

"Very well, Jacob; dinner is now ready, and you must go in and dine with me, as I leave home after dinner, and I wish you to be a little initiated into your new position."

"Yes, sir," answered the happy Jacob.

"During dinner, Jacob's eyes had several times rested upon a small, silver-covered dish standing in the centre of the table. Every other dish but this,—and there was a very great number,—had been uncovered, and he had been helped to a portion of their contents, but he noticed that Colonel Le Roy never directed his eye towards this, nor paid any more attention to it than as if it was not on the table. Jacob conceived it must contain something very choice, to be reserved last, and so went on eating what he had before him with great zest, but ever and anon glancing at this dish. At length every thing was removed from the table, the cloth even taken away, yet this dish carefully replaced, still covered, by the servants. Jacob thought, as he drank the wine his master poured out for him, that the dish would soon be uncovered, and he should be helped to a part of what was in it. To his grief and regret, he saw Colonel Le Roy about to rise from the table without touching it, when, thinking he had forgotten it, he ventured to speak and modestly remind him of it:

"Oh, that dish, Jacob! yes, yes; I am glad you spoke. It is a custom with me, always to have on my table, one dish not uncovered, to whetten the appetite, while it defeats curiosity and so inculcates a healthy lesson. You will, of course, find this dish placed on the table every day while I am gone. It has never been uncovered by any one, as I have always enough other dishes to gratify the palate without it. You will therefore remember not to uncover it."

"Oh, yes, sir," said Jacob, with confidence.

"Every other dish on the table you may freely partake of; but this I strictly forbid you to uncover or meddle with."

"Yes, sir," answered Jacob, wondering in his heart what the dish could contain.

"Very, well, I will now leave you in charge 'till I return, which will be in a very few days."

Thus speaking, Colonel Le Roy took his departure, leaving the trusty Jacob in command of his household.

The table was arranged for dinner the next day in a more sumptuous manner than the preceding day, and Jacob sat down to his luxurious banquet. The servants were respectful and attentive, and he ate from this dish a little, and from that a little, 'till his soul was filled with good things; yet he could not help occasionally casting his eye at the covered dish he was forbidden to touch. So he ate his dinner, and took a lordly nap after it in the library.

The second day the banquet was more sumptuous than the day before, but he had less appetite; for, stopping often to look at the covered dish, and wonder what was in it, quite lessened his appetite for the other dishes. He left the table this day earlier than the day before, and couldn't sleep so well after.

The third day there was still a more luxurious feast spread before him; but he could hardly touch any thing for dinner, to know what was in the deep dish, regularly placed on the table each day by the servants, and yet so mysteriously kept covered! He ate but little, and left the table with a longing glance at the interdicted dish.

The fourth day he scarcely touched any thing the assiduous servants offered to him. He sat before the sumptuous feast with a melancholy look. He could see nothing but the covered dish in the midst of the table. Poor Jacob! he had began to be the victim of insatiable curiosity! He pined in spirit, and his bowels waxed faint within him! He loathed every thing before him! He angrily forbade the solicitous servants to lift the covers of any more dishes! "What," felt he in the depth of his soul, "what are dishes to me, which I can cover and uncover, eat or not at my pleasure, when I see, every day a dish placed before me, the cover of which I am forbidden to lift!"

Thus Jacob loathed the banquet his master had provided for him, because he had withheld from his use one single dish in the midst of the table!

The fifth day, Jacob sat at the untouched feast with folded hands and an unhappy brow. The servants would have uncovered the dishes, but he sternly forbade them to do so, and commanded them to quit the room and leave him to himself, for he felt ill and wanted nothing. For

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a long time he sat moody and discontent. At length he spoke:

"What is all this feast to me, so that I am forbidden to enjoy but a portion of it? Why is that dish placed there to destroy my appetite and make me wretched! If I only knew what was in it—I should be satisfied—I wouldn't care to eat of it! What harm in the world would it be just to ascertain!"

Jacob's eye brightened at the thought he had conceived, and he looked round the room carefully. He was alone. He rose up and locked the doors, and once more seated himself at the table.

"Yes, what harm would it be now for me just to lift the cover half an inch, and peep in! No one can see me! My master would never know it! I will just lift the cover and take a hasty peep under it, and put it right down again! Who would ever know it? What harm would it do any body? I shall never be happy or have any appetite for all these good things I am losing every day, if I don't! Yes, I'll just take one look and that's all!"

With this resolution to yield to the temptation before him, Jacob raised himself in his chair, and with a happy look at the idea of having the mystery of the dish, which had made him so unhappy, solved by a mere motion of his hand, he stretched his arm across the table, and smartly raised the cover!

Instantly, before he could clap it on again, a snow-white rabbit sprung out of the dish upon the table, and then leaped to the floor, the terrified Jacob after him. Away bounded the little animal, now darting here under a chair, now there beneath a sofa, putting Jacob, who had clapped the cover quickly on again frightened at what he had done, almost out of his wits. In vain Jacob crushed his hands and knees beneath the chairs and table, rolled over and over on the carpet in his anxiety to capture him! The rabbit was too nimble for him, and at length by springing into a niche successfully eluded all his attempts to secure him. Jacob stood looking up at him, out of breath, and trembling at the consequences of this untoward result of his curiosity.

"If I'd only known it was a live rabbit, I would have let it alone," he said, with shame and affright, wiping great drops of perspiration from his forehead. At this moment, he heard the voice of Colonel Le Roy, on the front gallery upon which the long dining-room windows opened. Shaking with fear, and overcome with shame as the parallel between his own case and Adam's irresistibly forced itself upon his mind, he sunk down upon his knees and clasped his trembling hands together as well as he could for their shaking. Colonel Le Roy appeared at the window, and throwing it hastily up entered, followed by his wife, daughter, and all the servants of his household. His eye was not long in falling on Jacob.

"Ah, how is this, worthy Jacob? What hath happened? Your dinner untouched, and you kneeling and shaking like an aspen."

"I—I—heard you coming, sir," said Jacob, casting a side glance at the rabbit up in the niche, to be sure he had not been seen, "and I thought—I thought it might be—might be robbers!"

"Oh, you did, did you, Jacob,—well you see we are not. Ah, I see you have not touched the dish I forbade you to meddle with."

"N—n—no, sir," replied the honest and trusty Jacob, casting a miserable look towards the spot where it stood.

At this instant, the pet-rabbit, finding it had nothing further to fear from its pursuer, leaped confidently down upon Colonel Le Roy's shoulder, and perched there.

"Ah, what is this!" cried he, in an angry voice; "Jacob, have you told me a lie?" And his master, who had witnessed all that transpired from the window, approached the table and raised the cover of the dish. It was empty as he well knew. "You have disobeyed my command, I see, sir, and uncovered this dish!"

"Oh, oh, oh! yes, sir. I did!" cried Jacob, wringing his hands, and hanging his head.

"And could you not be satisfied with partaking of the numerous dishes set before you, without touching this which I had reserved for purposes which I did not see fit to communicate to you, and had strictly forbidden you to meddle with. Go, to your own house, old man, and when you would reflect upon Adam for eating the forbidden fruit, recall to mind the Covered Dish."

From that day, Jacob Snyder became a happy and contented man, and never spoke of Adam's transgression without remembering his own temptation and fall.

Moderation in Disputes.—When we are in a condition to overthrow falsehood and error, we ought not to do it with vehemence, nor insultingly and with an air of contempt: but to lay open the truth, and with answers full of mildness to refute the falsehood.—*Hierocles.*

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Original.

LOVE AND WHALING.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"Nothing of him,——
But doth suffer a sea-change."

"She that will not, when she may,
When she *would* she shall have *nay*."

MARIAN, or, as she was usually styled, May Morton, was decidedly the beauty of N********, and in order that you may know, gentle reader, the full value of such commendation, let me just whisper in your ear, that the little town of N********, though but a minnow compared with the huge leviathans of cities which stretch themselves along our Atlantic shore, was famous throughout the Western world for its whale-ships, and its beautiful women. By the way, there seems to be a singular affinity between whale-oil and love-locks, rosy lips and blubber, for it is a fact that those portions of our country which send forth the most hardy seamen, are always noted for their wealth of female loveliness. I dare say my friend Doctor ****, would theorize about the matter, until he had proved to his own satisfaction, that as health is the first requisite of beauty, the same climate which nerves the rugged frame of man would be likely to add brilliancy to the personal charms of the gentler sex. However, it required no effort of reasoning to prove that May Morton was the loveliest girl in N********. She did not in the least resemble a city belle, with a waist like a willow wand, a complexion whose pallor shows the price she pays for the pleasure of exhibiting her *mignon* foot, and features, whose early-shapened outline betrays the hardships of days and nights of pleasure-hunting and beau-fishing. May Morton's form was rounded into the perfect symmetry of health, her foot was arched like an Arab's, and her step had an elastic grace which no art could teach. Her complexion was superb, and, as to her hair, one would suppose she had been born in Russia, where such magnificent *chevelures* are common enough to make us fancy that Jack Frost carries crimping-irons in his icy hands. May's hair curled naturally, (no small advantage, to a dweller by the sea-side, where the fogs which relaxed and crisped the ringlets of less favored damsels, only gave a closer curve to her glossy tresses.) It curled naturally, but not in the independent style which one is sometimes called to admire, where each individual hair sets up for itself, until the unfortunate head resembles nothing so much as a bundle of notes of interrogation. Rich in color and luxuriant in quantity, May's hair dropped its thick heavy volutes over her neck and brow, with a grace and freedom that all the skill of a French *perruquier* would have failed to control or improve. The great charm of May's face was its frank, joyous expression. Her features were not regularly beautiful, but they were so perfectly adapted to each other, and there was so much beauty of coloring, such a happy combination of light and shade, and through all there beamed such heartfelt cheerfulness, that nothing could be lovelier.

May Morton might have been as good as she was beautiful. She was cheerful, good-tempered, kindly and affectionate; while her mind was of that *mediocre* class, which is, after all, the most womanly, and the best adapted to the exigencies of life. She was exactly the sort of person whom circumstances usually educate, and, who according to the standard which Love places before them, may be elevated to intellectual companionship, or degraded to a mere household drudge. But May had one serious fault, or, at least, one weakness of character, which produced all the evil effects of a positive fault. May Morton was a coquette.

There are certainly two species of coquetry; one is the offspring of egotism and vanity,—the other merely the exaggeration of a natural desire to please: the first is an engrafted vice,—the last only an ill-trained nature: the one is like an ugly excrescence on some fair and stately tree,—the other is only the overgrowth of a luxuriant vine, which expends in putting forth branches and tendrils, the strength that should have enabled it to bear fruit in its season. And different as are those varieties of the same error, are the feelings with which we are apt to regard them. We turn with contempt from the warped and deformed stock, while we admire the free grace and beauty of the wild vine; and not until the summer is over, and the leaves have fallen, do we remember that the fruit has not budded, to repay us for the loss of that which charmed the sight.

May Morton was a coquette,—there is no disguising the fact,—she was a consummate coquette. But her's was not the engrafted vice. Coquetry was in her an in-born, inbred idea. She lived but to please, and from the time, when, as a rosy-cheeked child, she first learned to deny a kiss in order to have it stolen amid a game of romps, until the period of her triumphs among the sensitive hearts of men, she had been a thorough coquette. It was the profound remark of one who has sounded many a depth and shallow of the human heart, that "the most

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successful coquette is she who for the time, is perfectly sincere." It was a deep truth, for, disguise it as we may, we cannot give to art the semblance of simplicity; perhaps for the same reason as would make it difficult for a masquerader to conceal himself under the scanty garb of a Sandwich Islander; since we can scarcely arrange the voluminous folds of falsehood so as to personate the *naked* truth. There is an atmosphere surrounding artificial people, in which genuine feeling cannot exist, and therefore it is that a cold, heartless, calculating coquette rarely succeeds in producing a deep and permanent impression. But the case is very different with the class of coquettes *au naturel*. "They are not false but they are fickle,—they are true to the *object*, false only to the *subject*,—true to their desire to please, false only to the person pleased:" and such an one was May Morton.

She had enjoyed the opportunity of rejecting more than half the beaux of N********, and it is an undeniable fact, that, whatever be a woman's charms, she never obtains the chance of *frequent refusals*, except by coquetry. Men will not proffer the noble gifts of heart and hand, unless they have been encouraged to believe they will be accepted; and although vanity, blind passion, or ungovernable impetuosity may lead one or two or three, to risk the chances without waiting to calculate the probabilities, yet a woman never receives *many* offers without the compromise of her womanly dignity. "He comes too near who comes to be denied;"—there is a loss of moral purity in this frequent and close contact with passionate love; and though *virtue* may still remain, the delicate and instinctive modesty,—the blush of the soul,—fades from the character for ever.

May was in the habit of forming sudden and violent partialities. A new man, or one, who by chance, developed some new trait of character, was always a prize to her. She would yield herself up to the humor of the moment, and while the whim lasted, nothing could be more fascinating than her manners towards the victim. She knew that she was beautiful, and although she had never read the minute instructions which a certain sparkling writer frequently offers to incipient belles, she yet perfectly understood the art of managing her attractions. She had superb eyes,—large, soft, liquid, as if a tear lurked under the heavy lids, and of that expressive color, which is so blended of grey, and hazel, and black, as to be perfectly indescribable. Their form and setting, too, were as remarkable as their color. They were perfectly oval, but at the same time full,—not like the sleepy looking, almond-shaped eyes so immortalized by Lely; they opened widely when she chose to display their splendors, but usually they were half hidden beneath their magnificent lids. I never saw such eye-lids,—firmly cut, white as ivory, with a delicate tracery of blue veins crossing but not darkening their surface, and bordered both on the upper and under side, (a rare beauty,) by long, black, curved lashes,—they were in themselves as expressive as the actual eyebeams of most women. Well;—May would drop these beautiful screens over her full eyes, cross her hands demurely on her lap, incline her head a little to the right side, and seem to be looking intently at the proud curve of her beautiful foot, which was allowed to peep out from beneath her dress. In such an attitude she was a study for a painter; nothing could be more natural or more full of simplicity. But on a sudden, when she felt the look of some enthralled victim burning upon her brow, she would raise with a quiet but quick motion those veiling lids, and the start of surprize and delight with which the beholder would meet the flash of those glorious eyes, amply rewarded her for her pretty artifice. Yes; May was a consummate coquette.

Among May's numerous suitors, were two who seemed to distance all other competitors, and they were so entirely dissimilar in character, that they really formed no inapt personifications of man's twofold nature. Tom H——, was an admirable specimen of the animal man. He was upwards of six feet high, with a finely developed form; broad-shouldered, deep-chested, straight-limbed, strong as a giant, and decidedly handsome. His features were boldly but symmetrically chiselled, his close-curling hair concealed the defects of a high but unintellectual brow, his eyes were black and sparkling, his teeth brilliantly white, his lips full and red, and although his somewhat protruding mouth, and the massiveness which spoiled the lower part of his face, gave an expression which nearly approached to "all we hate," yet Tom was a remarkably handsome man. He was, as I have said, a really noble animal, while his good nature, and rough courage were exactly the qualities we should have expected in such a person. I need hardly add that Tom was a sailor; for, in a place where every *he-creature*, either was, had been, or expected to be a whale-fisher, it would be folly to suppose that he could be any thing else. Indeed, the male population of N———, was made up of owners of whale-ships, captains of whale-ships, and crews of whale-ships; while the young fry all looked forward to

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the time when they should occupy one, or perhaps all of these positions.

There was only one exception to this general rule,—one only rebel in this principality of whales, and he was found in the person of May Morton's second favorite. Louis W——, was one of a large family, all whom had suffered "a sea-change;" for his father had been the most expert of captains, his brothers were all skilful mariners, and his sisters were all married to "*fish-like*" men. He might have exclaimed in the language of his favorite poet, "Oh, flesh, how art thou fishified!" for all his tribe seemed to have found "parmeceti, the sovereigntest thing in the world." They were a burly, rugged, unrefined set of people, while Louis was as delicate in person as a woman. Rather under middle size, with a slight figure, hands small and white, and long taper fingers, that seemed only fit to handle the pen or the distaff, the first impression which his appearance produced was that of effemmacy. But one glance at his fine countenance was sufficient to change that hasty-formed opinion; for, without a single feature which could be called handsome, yet the soul which beamed in his noble face made him almost beautiful. A quiet, grave, reflective expression, was his most habitual one, but upon any excitement, his dark, deep-set eyes became as lustrous as stars, and a smile of ineffable meekness curved his pale lips, while his mobile brow and the rapid vibrations of his thin and flexible nostrils, gave a vividness to his countenance, which added great charms to its usual spirituality. Unfortunately for Louis, his position was ill-adapted to his peculiarities of character. Among a set of rugged and hardy men who prided themselves on the physical qualities of strength and agility, he was not likely to meet with much appreciation. His love for quiet study, his abstracted habits, his shy and reserved manners, made him rather an object of half-contemptuous pity, among the sturdy spirits by whom he was surrounded. His father lamented his degeneracy, while his brothers despised it, and he was obliged to struggle with all sorts of difficulties, before he could obtain the privilege of devoting himself to intellectual pursuits. Alone and almost unaided, he had slowly and laboriously fitted himself for college, and at an age when most men are thinking of quitting academic seclusion, Louis was just prepared to enter upon it.

Louis had at length overcome all obstacles by his zeal and perseverance, and looked forward to entering college at the ensuing term, when accident brought him into close contact with May Morton. He had heard of her beauty, but his studies had kept him so entirely out of society that he had never happened to meet her. He had heard, too, of her coquetry, but the tale was like idle gossip, to which his poetic mind never inclined, and when he first beheld her bright and bewitching loveliness, he was fascinated on the instant. May was not ignorant of him also, and, when she saw him, the thought crossed her mind that there would be both triumph and pleasure in exciting an interest in the heart of the passionless student. She approached him with a feeling of vague curiosity, which soon deepened into interest. There was something in the earnestness, the high-mindedness, the unworldliness of Louis, which touched the better nature of the wayward girl. His delicacy of sentiment his clearness of perception, the sense of a higher existence, which pervaded his whole character, started, astonished and pleased her. As usual, she endeavored to adapt herself to his taste, but it was with a feeling of timidity most unusual to her. Perhaps this very doubt of her own powers gave unwonted softness to her manners, and imparted new interest to her beauty. Certain it is, that she succeeded in her attempts, and Louis was steeped to the very lips in love before he knew that he was even approaching the mingled stream of sweet and bitter waters.

Now came the moment of trial to May's coquetish temper. There was something so new and fresh in the character of her lover that her feelings were deeply interested. She was conscious that she had enjoyed unwonted pleasure in listening to the moving accents of eloquent utterance from the lips of one to whom the world of heart and mind was open. She half believed that her emotions were such as only love can awaken, and yet, the spirit of coquetry triumphed. She could not resist the temptation of trying her power; she could not forego the opportunity of triumphing over her intellectual lover as she had often done over less unworldly suitors. There was another weakness, too, at work. She was a little ashamed of the *personnel* of her gifted admirer. She wished again and again that Louis possessed the figure of Tom H——, or that Tom could only talk like Louis. In the midst of a gay party, Tom was decidedly favored, for he was the most eligible beau, when she was disposed to display herself to advantage; but in the moonlight walk or the quiet *tête-a-tête*, she infinitely preferred her poetic lover. Tom ministered to her vanity, but Louis to her better nature, and she played off one against the other in a way which was calculated to give pain to

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both. Again and again did Louis leave her with a saddened spirit; again and again did Tom swear he would not be put off and on, like a half-worn glove. But the next time she met Louis her soft, sweet murmurs and gentle voice would sink into his heart and he was as madly in love as ever; while she had only to give Tom a kind look, or lay her little hand on his sturdy arm, to bring him again at her feet.

But May was not now playing false, she was only undecided. Her pride was at variance with her good feelings. Had she seen Louis in his proper sphere, admired and appreciated by intellectual people, she could not have hesitated an instant, but amid the stalwart and sturdy sailors, who surrounded him in N———, he certainly appeared deficient in manliness and courage. Her prejudices of habit and education, led her to admit his rival's claims to admiration, while her higher principles which occasionally broke forth in brief and sudden gleams enabled her to see clearly that there were better things than animal courage and physical beauty. Still, she could not bear to own a preference to the man, who, she well knew, was an object of ridicule to half the rough youths in N———. Besides, there was a poignancy in the present contest between the two rivals which peculiarly suited her wilful and wayward fancy.

"I'll tell you what it is, May Morton," said Tom H——, one day, "I won't stand this much longer. By the powers, I'd rather spend my life in chasing Mocha Dick, the old white whale who has balked every fellow that has pulled oar after him for the last ten years, and shakes off harpoons as if they were pin-hooks, than play off and on in this way with a girl that don't know her own mind. Why can't you say at once whether you like me or not?"

"You never asked me, Tom," was the demure reply.

"Pshaw! you know very well you never give me a chance; you always dodge the question. Tell me now, in plain words; will you take Tom H—— 'for better for worse?' You can't find one to love you better, and you may fare worse in looking farther."

"You are going to sea next week, Tom, are you not?"

"Yes, and that's just why I want to know what you mean to do."

"Suppose I promise to give you an answer when you come home, Tom?"

"By the Lord, that beats all: no, no, May, that won't do: after tossing about on the ocean for two or three years, and thinking of you all the time, I may come home just in time to attend your wedding with some land-lubber—no—tell me now whether you care any thing about me."

"I will give you my solemn promise, Tom, to remain unmarried, nay, even unengaged until you return, and then I will answer your question: will that suit you?"

Tom was by no means pleased with these terms, but as he could make no better ones with the wilful girl, and as her blandishments at last succeeded in reconciling him to her whim, he was forced to content himself with the hope held out to him in the future. Could he have looked into May's heart, or threaded the labyrinths of her scheming brain, he would not have been quite so resigned to her will.

Three days before the sailing of the good ship Ann, (of whose hardy crew, Tom H—— was rather a favorable specimen,) it was understood that Louis W—— had obtained a berth in her. Nothing could exceed the surprize which this strange resolution occasioned. But the young student listened quietly to the wondering remarks of his neighbors, parried their coarse jests about his slender frame, and delicate habits, and diligently went on with the arrangements necessary for his voyage. Nobody could imagine what had induced him to abandon his long-cherished hopes of literary advancement, for the hardships of the sea. There was one person, however, who could have solved their doubts. May Morton could have told why Louis had donned the garb of an "old salt," instead of the Freshman's robe. She knew how she had listened to his tales of knightly valor and love in olden time; —how she had avowed her belief in the existence of modern chivalry;—how she had breathed a half-sorrowful wish that she might yet meet with such devoted faith;—how she had hinted at her romantic dream that she should yet find one who would sacrifice his dearest hopes and peril life and limb in the fulfilment of some desperate vow, for her sake;—how she had dwelt on her reverence for manly courage;—how she had depicted in glowing colors the dangers of those who "go down to the sea in ships," and do battle with the monsters of the deep;—how enthusiastically she had extolled the daring boldness of Tom H——; in short, how she played upon the love, the pride, the ambition, the jealousy of Louis; until, in the wild fervor of passion, he had flung himself at her feet and vowed to do her bidding, even if his life were the sacrifice. Then it was that she told him, as frankly as her wayward nature would allow, of all her doubts and all her yearnings;—then it was that Louis learned

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to believe himself beloved, although the pride of woman's heart was still unsatisfied in the lover. The consequence of all this was exactly what May desired. Louis resolved to show that the powerful will of a strong mind can do as much as mere animal courage could effect; and with the same heroic self-devotion as might have led a knight to the battle-field for his ladye-love, did he assume the garb of a mariner, and devote himself to an enterprize as distasteful as it was dangerous.

May Morton had played a strange game, but it was perfectly consistent with her character. She loved Louis as well as she was capable of loving any one; she admired his talents, although she could, by no means, fully appreciate them; she was proud of having inspired affection in such a heart; she liked his poetic wooing; but she had been so long accustomed to associate her idea of manliness with merely physical qualities, that she could not understand the superiority of moral courage. She fancied that by arousing him from his dreamy, student-life, and affording him more practical views of existence, she should do him a service. She inly resolved that if he were found equal to the exigencies of his new position, she would reward him with her heart and hand, while her insincere pledge to Tom H—— was intended to conciliate him, so that Louis might find a friend, or, if need were, a guardian amid the unaccustomed perils of the sea. She had too often 'kept the word of promise to the ear, and broke it to the hope,' to care much about her double dealing with the honest sailor. All succeeded as she wished; with a heart as full of pride as sorrow, she bade adieu to her lovers, and witnessed with bright though tearful eyes, the departure of the white-winged ship, which bore away two true and faithful hearts.

But how did May pass the long and weary months of absence? how did she occupy the time while her lover was tossing on the wild waves, and facing the hardships of the sea? by what gentle and tender penance of the heart did she repay his self-sacrifice and devotion? The question would scarce be asked by one who had read the nature of a coquette. With such a woman, love is not the religion of the heart,—the tried and trusted faith of the affections,—the undoubted creed by whose doctrines her whole life is to be regulated. May's look into the future, did not prevent her enjoyment of the present, and feeling that her destiny was in a manner fixed, she gave herself up to the pleasures and triumphs of the passing moment, unconscious and regardless of the moral infidelity of which she was guilty.

It would require a more nervous hand than mine to describe the perils and adventures of a whaling voyage. From the time that Louis set foot on the deck of the ship which was to be his home for two long years, he was a different being. Never had he pondered a truth in philosophy with more earnestness than he now studied the minute details of sailor-life. He applied himself to his new and harsh duties with a resoluteness of purpose which is ever ennobling and invigorating to the soul. His strength of will was brought to bear upon the daily duties of external life, and, as if by magic, the abstracted student was transformed into the active and efficient mariner. The energy of a mind which never slumbered, was transformed into the feeble body, and nobly did the youth evince the superiority of mental and moral force over physical defects. In the dangerous but exciting pursuit of the whale, Louis was ever foremost, and *fourteen* of these huge monsters of the deep, harpooned by his single hand, attested his daring and his skill. Fortune seemed to throw in his way opportunities for indicating his manliness of character. During nearly the whole voyage, Tom H——, who had, on all former occasions, been noted for his rash bravery, was disabled by slight accidents, which impaired his usefulness, without endangering his safety; while Louis, notwithstanding his apparent feebleness of frame, was able to distinguish himself in every encounter.

Louis had won for himself an enviable reputation among the hardy seamen who were now his companions and rivals, when a sudden stop was put to his success. While engaged in the pursuit of a whale of the largest size, the animal, infuriated by his wounds, turned like a stag at bay, and heading the boat, (to use a technical phrase,) drove it before him with frightful velocity, then, suddenly, while the sea was lashed into a whirlpool of foam by the fierce blows of his enormous tail, he expanded his huge mouth, and seized the frail bark in his iron jaws. Fortunately for the little crew, it was the creature's last spasmodic struggle for life. The boat was ground to fragments by his fearful death-grip, but, at the same instant, the monster plunged headlong into the abyss of waters, and, again rising to the surface, floated a lifeless carcass on the ensanguined waves. The boats, which are always kept in readiness for such accidents, rescued the sailors from their imminent peril, but it was to the strength and perseverance of Tom H—— that Louis owed his safety.

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When lifted into the boat, he was found to be senseless, and bleeding from several deep wounds in the neck and shoulder. In seizing the boat, the jaws of the whale had partially closed upon the writhing body of the young sailor. Fearfully close had been the contact, for a slight gash on the cheek, showed the first touch of that adamantine grasp, while deep and dangerous wounds on the right arm and breast, bore witness how narrowly he had escaped a frightful death.

"By the Lord! but this comes pretty nigh making a Jonah of one's self!" was the exclamation of the merry Tom H——, as he bore his friend and rival to the distant ship. But Louis was insensible alike to jesting or sympathy. The severity of his injuries, and the ill effects of the half-drowning which he had suffered, were not to be easily removed. Weeks elapsed ere he was considered convalescent, and even then he was unable to do seaman's duty during the remainder of the voyage.

Weak, sick, and only half attended, (for in the busy world of a whaleship, there is little time for the ministry of kindly cares,) Louis was thrown entirely upon himself and compelled, in despite of his resolve, to indulge his introversive habits of thought. As he lay amid the distracting sounds and noisome swells of his floating prison, visions of the green earth, with its wealth of beauty, and perfume and music, came before his dreamy senses, until, like the maddened tenant of a slave-ship, he could have flung himself upon the waste of waters, with delirious longing to be borne by its wild surges to some peaceful shore. In the vague dreams of fever, came those half-formed schemes which had so charmed his youth;—the lofty visions of awakening intellect;—the noble purposes of developing usefulness;—the angel-winged fancies of poetic inspiration;—the beautiful creations of mental power;—the rainbow-tinted hopes of future renown; and while their unreal splendors gave a momentary brightness to his dreary existence, their transitory gleams but added deeper darkness to the reality in which he felt himself enchained.

And how then did the image of his loved and lovely one appear? Did May Morton stand before him in the vagueness of his dreams, pale and beautiful with womanly tenderness? Did he look forward with the impatient yearning of hope deferred, to the moment when he should claim from her hand the reward of his chivalric devotion? or did the hours of stern reflection bring back the resolves of his higher and nobler nature?

"There is a glory of the sun, another of the moon, and another of the stars," thought Louis; "and even thus has God allotted unto every one on earth his duty and his station. I have despised the voice of the oracle within my own soul; mine eyes have been gifted with power to behold the glories of inner life, but I have turned from its pure delights to the sordid pursuits of outward existence. Instead of turning to account the talent with which I was entrusted, I have flung it away like a worthless thing, and sought to win another in its stead. What account can I give of my stewardship? I have despised the noble gifts of mind, and have prized at higher value the thews and sinews of animal life: verily I have my reward."

A few months later saw the good ship Ann cast anchor before the town of N——, and there was genuine feeling hid beneath the anxious manner and flushed cheek of May Morton when she heard the tidings. None but those who have witnessed the return of husbands, brothers, friends, of whom for months, it may be, years, the winds have brought no tidings, can imagine the excitement which attends the return of a whaleship to its port of clearance. With mingled pride and tenderness May awaited the visit of her two suitors. Rumors of the prowess of Louis soon reached her ears, for such news flies rapidly in a place where community of interest makes community of feeling; and she knew that in the little world of N——, Louis was now a hero. She thought of his gentle wooing, of his impassioned tenderness, of his deep, fervent love; and the softness of remorseful affection crept over her heart, as she remembered the fearful risks at which he had sought to purchase her regard. An impatient restlessness to greet him, now took full possession of her, and it needed all her woman's tact to conceal her unquiet feelings. A letter was handed her. She read:—

"I have done your bidding, beautiful May;—I have been a wanderer on the seas, and have given battle to its monsters, and I have won deep and honorable scars in the conflict. I have perilled life to fulfil my vow, for even the spear may fail before the scale-armor of the Leviathan. And now, sweet May, as a reward for my faith and knightly trust, let me pray you to listen to a tale of olden times.

"There was once a bold, brave knight, and he dearly loved a lady fair and beautiful, it may be, as yourself, lovelicst May; ay, fair, and it may be, as wayward and distrustful. She would fain try the courage of this trusty knight; and how think you she compassed this end? There was a show of wild beasts in the amphitheatre,—a fierce conflict between the savage denizens of the forest; and nobles and dames, the flower of chivalry, and the bloom of beauty were seated to witness the array of brutal strength. A lion, untamable and cruel, fresh from his native wilds, was traversing the arena, lashing his tail in fury as he awaited his antagonists, who growled in impotent rage from their grated barriers. At this moment,—do not despise the legend, gentle May; you were wont to love my tales of chivalry,—at this moment, the fair and proud lady flung into the arena her pearl-embroidered glove, and bade him who loved her best among the assembled crowd, to win it back, as he would deserve her favor. There were those near who had worn her colors in the field, and who had bound her scarf

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around their gallant hearts, but all now looked aghast at the certain death to which the calm and lovely ladye doomed them. Then arose her own true knight,—he who had loved her so long and well,—winding his cloak around his left arm, while his right hand grasped his trusty sword, he descended into the arena. The fixed gaze of his fearless eye awed the savage beast as it prepared to spring upon its victim. He walked calmly to the spot where lay the silken glove, bending on his knee in all fealty, he lifted it from the earth, pressed it courteously to his lips, and then raising it on the point of his sword, laid it at his ladye's feet, as she sat bending in breathless eagerness over the tapestried balcony. He left the arena with a stately step, unharmed, and amid the plaudits of the multitude; but *he looked upon that lady's face no more.* He had proved himself worthy of her love; but *the prize had lost its value.* Do you read my tale aright, dear May?"

* * * * * *

Years have passed away since these things happened. Louis W—— is now the poet-pastor of a people who love him as their spiritual father; his lovely and gentle wife, a woman chosen by his better and holier nature, is as good as she is beautiful, while but for the scars which still remain on his body, (those of his heart have long been healed,) the tale of perils past would be to him but as a dream. A career of honor and usefulness has been his, and he is now enjoying the peace which the world cannot give.

May Morton has long been the wife of the good-natured but coarse-minded Tom H——, and her appearance as a fat, comfortable-looking, somewhat florid-faced matron, does credit to her husband's kindness. Some half dozen young giants who call her mother, engross all her cares, and the bewitching coquette of early days is entirely lost in the busy, bustling household drudge of middle life.

Original.

THE ROSE AND THE TOMB.*

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

THOU that dwell'st within my shadow,—
To the rose thus said the tomb,—
Love's flower! that here in freshness
Bloom'st alone, amid the gloom—
Thou that clingest to the sepulchre,
Like a fadeless memory;
What dost thou with the early tears
That the morning sheds on thee?
And the rose, low breathing, answered,
I distill a perfume here;
And I give its honied fragrance forth
To the solemn atmosphere.
And thou, dark tomb! discover
What dost thou, amid thy walls,
With the pale and silent guests that throng
Thine ever open halls?
And the tomb said, of the beautiful
That to mine abode are given;
For each pulseless form I yield, oh! rose!
An angel soul to Heaven.

* From the French of Victor Hugo.

Original.

THE ROMANCE OF CAROLINA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE YEMASSEE," "THE KINSMEN," ETC.

THE HUGUENOTS IN AMERICA.

WE have a very correct, but somewhat spiritless history of the Huguenots, in Europe, from the pen of Mr. Brouning; but a history of the Huguenots, in America, is yet to be written. Few subjects might be made more interesting. Whether as regards the singular and eventful circumstances which marked their fortunes in the new world, or the great names which they have given to our history, they certainly deserve, and will, hereafter, doubtless receive the attention of the historian. Their settlements in Carolina, as well after as before the coming of the English, are marked equally by the sad vicissitudes which they were made to suffer, and the religious firmness of their endurance. It is not so generally known that their colonies on the continent of the new world are almost coeval with those of the Spaniards. These colonies were suggested by the active genius, and at length commenced by the persevering energies of Gaspard de Coligni, Admiral of France, and one of the great leaders, with the yet more celebrated Condé, of the Protestant party in that country. Coligni, with that sagacity which distinguished him very far above his more renowned associate, very soon discovered, after the elevation of Charles VI. to the throne of France, that the future security of the Huguenots was at an end in that country. The phrenzied hostility of the King, and the colder but more malignant hate of the Queen-mother, were conspicuous to his eyes, in spite of the hollow compromises and deceptive truces, with which the Protestant leaders too frequently suffered themselves to be drawn; and, availing himself of the interval from open war, occasioned by the treaty of Longjumeau,—that treaty, ludicrously styled by the Huguenots, *la paix briteuse et malassise*, in allusion to the lameness of one of the plenipotentiaries, (Buin,) and the seignorial denomination of the other, (Henry de Mesmes, Lord of *Malassisse*)—he addressed himself to the task of establishing colonies of Protestants in America, in which, should circumstances require it, their brethren in France might, at any future time, find refuge. Charles was readily persuaded to a measure which promised to relieve him of subjects who were equally dangerous and hateful, and an expedition was fitted out for Brazil in 1553, which failed. Coligni was not discour-

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aged. Florida, claimed equally by Spain, France and England, lay derelict; and, on the eighteenth day of February, 1562, he despatched John Ribault, with two vessels, well-manned and provided, in quest of places fit for settlements in that region. Landonniere, in his narrative of this event, gives a somewhat different coloring to the objects, as well of Coligni, as of the monarch. He writes,—"my Lord Admiral of Chastellon, (Coligni,) a nobleman more desirous of the publique than of his private benefits, understanding the pleasure of the King, his Prince, which was to discover new and strange countries, caused vessels fit for this purpose to be made ready with all diligence, and men to be levied meet for such an enterprize." This is merely courtly language. There is no doubt among historians, not only that the settlements originated with Coligni himself, but that they were devised for the object mentioned; and he simply made use of a pretext, which seemed plausible enough in that age of new discoveries in strange lands, the more readily to persuade the King to a measure upon which, otherwise, he would never have embarked. But it does not need, in carrying out our purpose, that we should linger upon this question. Let us follow the adventurous navigators while they prosecute their voyage to the west. We pass over the minor discoveries made by Ribault,—how they entered rivers, to which they gave French names, set up pillars marked with the arms of France, and exercised all those ceremonies and formalities, by which, in those days, the discoverer in heathen lands, asserted for his sovereign the rights which his discovery was supposed to confer. The narrative of this progress is interesting from its very simplicity, and, but that ours is not a history, we should be pleased, here and there, to gleam from its black-letter pages, the pleasant anecdote of picturesque detail. At length, however, carrying out the real object of the Huguenot leader, they choose a site, suitable, as they imagine, for an infant settlement, and at the mouth of a mighty river, large enough to float "the arguzies of Venice," to which they gave the name of Port Royale,—they cast anchor. On a fertile island in this river—the exact spot being, at this day, a subject of doubt and controversy, a fort is built, "in length but sixteene fathome, and thirteene in breadth, with flankes according to the proportion thereof." Twenty-six were caused to remain in this fort, under the command of one Captain Albert, and, provided with the necessary stores, as well of defence as of necessity, the little colony, thus set down in the wilderness of the red man, is abandoned for the time to its doubtful fortunes.

It will be our purpose to pursue their fortunes, and pluck, if possible, from the unwritten history, the detailed events of their melancholy fate. Sad enough will it have been, even if no positive evil shall befall them,—that severance from their comrades,—that separation from the old homes of their fathers in *la belle France*,—that lonely abode on the verge of "ocean's grey and melancholy waste," on the one hand, and the dense, dark, repelling forests of Apalachy on the other,—doubtful of all they see,—apprehensive of every sound that reaches them from the wilderness, and filled with no better hope than that which springs up in the human bosom, when assured that all hope is cut off,—the hope which is brought by necessity and despair. Cheerfully enough, under these circumstances, did this little colony, under their new commander, enter upon their lonely duties. Ribault, before leaving them, made them a speech full of encouragement and exhortation. He insisted very much on the importance of the trust confided to their hands,—on the honor and profit to themselves in the event of the enterprize turning out successful, and, drawing his illustrations from Greek, Roman and Turkish history, he showed them how they might each come to the highest social destination, only by doing their duties honestly and with valiant hearts. To Captain Albert he addressed a special charge, exhorting him to wisdom and moderation in his government,—an exhortation, which, we regret to say, seems to have fallen upon unheeding senses. The simple sentence which records the leave-taking, is touching from its very simplicity. "Having ended his exhortation, we tooke our leaves of *each* of them, and sayled toward our shippes, calling the forte by the name of Charles, and the river by the name Chenonceau. Wee hoysed our sayles about ten of the clocke in the morning: after wee were ready to depart, Captain Ribault commanded to shoote off our ordinance, to give a farewell unto our Frenchmen, which failed not to do the like on their part. This being done, wee sayled toward the north."

The colonists, thus left by their countrymen, proceeded diligently to make themselves as secure as possible in their new abodes. They strengthened and completed their fortifications, maintained a good watch upon the surrounding neighborhood, and, in the loneliness of their position, and their desire to increase their knowledge of the strange country in which their present lot was cast, they became anxious to see the

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natives, even though they should make their appearance in the guise of enemies. A fortunate chance enabled them to persuade an Indian hunter, upon whom they came suddenly in the woods, to visit them in the fort, where he was well treated, dressed in a shirt, and presented with sundry trifles. These won his heart, and through his means an intimacy was effected with several of the neighboring chiefs. Visits were interchanged and gifts;—the simple savages brought their stores of maize and beans to the strangers, and a friendship was struck up in a very short time between the parties. It is not difficult to win the affections of an inferior people, where the superior is kind, and regards the ignorance of the other with indulgence. The French have been more generally successful than any other nation, in gaining the affections of the savage, and Captain Albert's policy did not vary from that which usually distinguished his countrymen. Their intimacy at length grew to such a degree, that, in the language of the old Chronicle from which we draw, "all thinge were common between them; in such sort, that the good Indian King, Andusta, did nothing of importance but that he called our men thereunto." It was while such was the condition of things, that the tragical events took place which furnish the materials for the following tradition.

GUERNACHE, THE DRUMMER.

One of the handsomest and finest fellows of the little colony of Frenchmen, was a drummer of the band, named Guernache. Sprung from the lowest origin, Guernache, but for his want of education, might have been deemed born among the highest circles of the court. He was of tall and noble figure, and of carriage so elegant and graceful, that he was an object of admiration, even among Frenchmen, who generally possess so much elegance and grace. Besides, he was a fellow of the happiest humor, all good nature and merriment, whose eye spoke in gaiety, and whose whole soul was ever on the alert to seize on the passing pleasure, and force it to the purposes of those around him. Never was fellow so fortunate in finding occasions of merriment, and happy was the Frenchman who could procure Guernache as a companion in his labor. The task was sped, the toil was unfelt in which he shared; he had no enemy, and he might readily select his companions where he pleased. His success was not confined to his own countrymen. He found equal favor in the sight of the graver Indians. He was a fellow of great agility,—had belonged in France and Italy, to a company of strolling players, and his skill on tight and slack rope, if we are to credit old stories, would have put to the blush the far inferior performances of Herr Cline and the Ravels in modern times. It was through his means, and partly by his ingenuity, that the Indian was first brought to the fort, through whose agency the intimacy was effected with his people; and during this intimacy, Guernache proved, in various ways, one of the principal means of confirming the favorable impressions which the Indian had received on his first visit to the Frenchmen. Nothing, indeed, could be done without Guernache, and, at length, the simple savages, ignorant of the social position which the drummer held among his own people, would send to invite him to their feasts, without considering the claims of any body else. Guernache had only to carry his violin with him,—for he was an excellent musician,—to secure the highest degree of favor; and it was not long before he had such another class for dancing on the banks of the Edisto,—of such uncouth forms and figures,—as would have startled, with never-lessening wonder, the courtly nymphs of the Seine and the Loire. King Andusta, though of advanced years, was yet emulous of the Parisian movement, and man and maid, the agile and the awkward, were all to be seen, in promiscuous figure, and strange contortion, under the palms and oaks of *Grande Riviere*, whenever it was permitted to Guernache to make his appearance among them.

At first, this permission was readily granted by Captain Albert. His policy, being to secure the favor of the Indians, it was deemed fortunate that so excellent an agent as Guernache should be found among them. But Albert was a very small person, of a mean nature, though the cadet of a noble house. It was, indeed, because of this distinction, that the command had been conferred upon him. Effeminate in his habit, low and mean of person, he was not only querulous and tyrannical in his nature, but he was deficient in resources. His mind was narrow and full of prejudices, and he very much insisted, as small persons are apt to do, on the nicest observance of social etiquette. He soon became jealous of the degree of favor which Guernache had found among the savages, and though a sense of policy still prompted him to suffer his visits to the Indians, either on his own or their application, he yet lessened the frequency of these permits, or accorded them ungraciously.

It so happened that Guernache's popularity among the savages, male and female, had enabled him to effect a conquest over the affections

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of one of the latter; and, after the informal fashion of the country, the drummer had made the girl his wife. She was a beautiful creature, scarcely more than sixteen, tall and slender, and so naturally graceful and agile, that it needed but little of his instructions to make her a dancer whose movements would not have misbeseemed the most courtly theatres in *La Belle France*. Monaletta,—for that was her name,—was an apt pupil because she was a loving one, and she heartily responded to that sentiment of wonder, common among the savages, who could not contain their surprize, that the Frenchmen should place themselves under the command of a man, so mean of person as Albert, when they had among them so noble a figure as that of Guernache. But, in taking this girl to wife, Guernache kept his secret. Whether he was apprehensive of the ridicule of his comrades, or feared the diminution of his influence among the other Indians, by an avowal of the truth, it is very certain that he succeeded in persuading her to keep the secret also. It did not lessen, perhaps, the pleasure of his visits to the settlements of Andusta that the peculiar joys which he sought were to be stolen. It may be stated in this place that, in order to prevent certain abuses among his men, Captain Albert had interdicted the visits of all Indian women to the fort,—an interdict, however, which Guernache was not likely to offend against, as a peculiar, but natural jealousy, had already prompted him repeatedly to deny this privilege to Monaletta, by whom it had been frequently solicited.

Things stood thus, when, one day, a messenger from King Andusta came to Charles Fort, bearing a special invitation to the Captain, and as many of his men as he thought proper to bring,—but particularly Guernache—to come and attend with them the "feast of Toya." This was a great religious festival of the Indians, and seems to have taken place sometime towards the close of the summer. It was, in all probability, the feast in which they celebrate, after the laws of national religion, the maturing of their little crops. At all events, it was a great occasion with the Indians; and, as the Frenchmen were naturally anxious to acquire as much knowledge of their customs as possible, Captain Albert, readily acceded to the invitation, and prepared to attend the rustic revels of Andusta. Taking with him a fair proportion of his little band, and not omitting the inimitable Guernache, the Captain of the French embarked in his pinnace, and sailing up the river, soon reached the spot where Andusta made his habitation. The King met him at the landing, and gave him a hearty welcome; mats were spread upon the floor of the royal wigwam, upon which the French were seated, and attended with a deference and bounty not unbecoming royalty. There they slept that night, and the next day preparations for the great festival were began. It would be difficult to say to what end were the ceremonies of the Indians. As we have no explanation of their fables, so we fail to perceive the motive of many of their fantastic proceedings. The difficulty which is ours, was not less that of Albert and his Frenchmen, who were compelled to behold them with a curiosity which did not appear likely to be soon satisfied. The place where the feast was to be kept, "was a great circuit of ground with open prospect and round in figure." Here they beheld "many women round about, which labored by all means to make the place cleane and neat." "All they which were chosen to celebrate the feast, being painted and trimmed with rich feathers of divers colors, put themselves on the way to go from the King's house towards the place of Toya: whereunto, when they were come, they set themselves in order, and followed three Indians, which, in painting and in gesture, were differing from the rest: each of them bore a tabret in their hand, dancing and singing in a lamentable tune, when they began to enter into the middest of the round circuit, being followed of others, which answered them again. After that they had sung, danced and turned three times, they fell on running like unbridled horses through the middest of the thickest woods. And then the Indian women continued all the rest of the day in tears as sad and woful as was possible: and in such rage they cut the arms of the young girles, which they lanced so cruelly with sharpe shells of muskles that the blood followed, which they flang into the ayre, crying out three times, 'He Toya! He Toya! He Toya!'"

These ceremonies, though perhaps not more meaningless in the eyes of the Christians, than would have been our most solemn religious proceedings to the Indians, provoked the laughter of the Frenchmen,—a circumstance which seems to have given offence to the Indian King, and this displeasure was further heightened by a proceeding of Captain Albert. It appears that one portion of the ceremonies was required to be conducted in secret, and with no little mystery. There was a part of the woods, a deep thicket, assigned to the Iawas, or priests, as a place for these mysterious offices. This was the sanctorum, the consecrated place—set apart to their Holy of Holies—not to be passed or penetrated,

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except by the sacred feet of the High Priests, in actual ministry before the altar. In order to prevent the Frenchmen from penetrating to this spot, Andusta, at the proper moment, had them all gathered within his dwelling, where they were treated with marked kindness and distinction. But as it was evident to Albert, that the King had something to conceal, so he resolved if possible, to possess himself of the secret; and, holding a brief consultation with his men, he proposed that one of them should steal forth, and finding his way to the forbidden spot, place himself in such a position as would enable him to make the discovery. To this proceeding, Guernache, whose greater intimacy with the Indians led him properly to understand the great importance which they attached to secresy in their religious ceremonies, apposed himself; and, arguing with the frankness and honesty of his character, warned his Captain that the measure would be attended with great hazard, and, if detected, would seriously offend their entertainers. But, already disposed, from the circumstances previously mentioned, to regard Guernache with dislike, Albert, resented this counsel as so much impertinence—rudely commanded the Drummer to remember who he was, and not thrust his undesired opinions upon the consideration of gentlemen. This rebuke effectually silenced the poor fellow, who sunk back into his place, and offered no further suggestions. Still, though thrown away upon Albert, the counsel of Guernache was not without its effect upon others, and the proposition was received with coldness, until a young man, one Pierre Renaud, anxious to find favor in the sight of his Captain, and possibly too curious to make the discovery himself, to regard the risk which he incurred, boldly volunteered to gratify the desires of the Chief. Notwithstanding the surveillance maintained by Andusta, "one of our men made such shift that by subtle meanes he gotte out of the house of Andusta and secretly went and hid himselfe behinde a very thick bush, where, at his pleasure he might easily descry the ceremonies of the feast." We will leave Renaud thus busy in his espionage, while we rehearse the manner in which the venerable Andusta proceeded to treat the rest of his company. A substantial feast was provided them, consisting of venison, wild fowl and fruits. Their bread stuffs were maize, betatas and certain roots sodden first in water and then prepared in the sun. A drink was provided from certain other roots, which, though slightly bitter, our complaisant French did not find unpalatable. They ate and drank with a hearty relish, which gratified the Indians, who lavished upon them a thousand caresses. The feast was succeeded by the dance. In a spacious area formed by groups of stately oaks and palms, cedaas and other trees, they assembled, men and women, all in their gayest caparison. The men were painted from head to foot in the most brilliant colors, and not unartistically. Birds and beasts figured upon their breasts, and huge reptiles encircled their arms and legs. From their waists depended a light garment of white cotton. Some of them wore head-dresses consisting of the skins of snakes, which, stuffed, and coiled upon the crown, were made to thrust out their forked and fearful jaws in a manner equally frightful and natural. The women were habited in similarly wild, but in much gentler, taste. They were not often painted. A rather scanty robe of cotton concealed in some degree, the bosom, and extended to the knees. Around the necks of some were strings of native pearl, stained somewhat by the action of fire which had been employed to extricate them from the shell. Pearl also mingled ingeniously with the long tresses of their straight, black hair, trailing with it in not unfrequent instances to the ground. Others, in place of pearl, wore neck-laces, tiaras and armlets, formed entirely of the numerous varieties of little shells by which, after heavy storms, the low and sandy shores of the country were literally covered. Strings of the same shell encircled the legs, which were sometimes of a shape to gratify the nicest exactions of the civilized standard. Their forms were very erect, their movements agile, and their eyes, black and bright, shone with a fire that seemed happily to consort with their dusky but not unpleasing features. Well, indeed, with a pardonable vanity might they call themselves the Daughters of the Sun. These were the women, whose descendants afterwards, as Yemassees and Seminoles, became the scourge of so large a portion of the Anglo-American race.

When the Frenchmen beheld this brilliant assembly, and saw what a pleasant show the young women made, they were delighted beyond measure. Upon which, Captain Albert commanded Guernache to take his violin and furnish the music, while the rest danced. But Guernache excused himself, alleging the want of strings to his instrument; but his true objection was that he had been commanded by the Captain in a manner offensive to his pride. Such performances made no part of his duty, and it appeared to him that the object of his commander seemed only to degrade and humble him. Albert spoke to him testily, and with

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brows that did not seek to subdue their frowns; but Guernache remained firm and did not seek, either by word or look, to pacify the person he had offended. Meanwhile, the Indians produced Indian music, which consisted of a drum formed by stretching a raw deerskin over the mouth of a huge gourd; while numerous girls carried in their hands other small gourds, filled with shells and bits of flint, with which, as they danced, they kept time so admirably, as might have charmed the most exquisite musician of Europe. Thus provided, they awaited the summons of their partners to the area, shaking their tinkling gourds at intervals, as if in pretty impatience of the delay. The Frenchmen were not slow in seeking partners, and, at a word from their Captain, they advanced, each seeking for the girl who pleased him most. Now, it so happened, that Captain Albert had set his eyes upon no other than Monaletta, not only as one of the loveliest girls present, but on account of her being the niece of King Andusta, himself. She stood apart from the rest, stately and graceful as the cedar, not seeming to care for the merriment in which all the rest were now engaging. Not thinking to be refused, Captain Albert offered her his hand, and it was with a feeling of equal astonishment and indignation, that he heard her say in a broken French,—for she had been diligently tutored by Guernache—"No dance wid you—dance wid him!"—and speaking these words, she crossed the floor with all the bold imprudence of a true, loving heart, to the place where stood, with a most melancholy look of apprehension, our sorrowful and discontented Drummer. She put her hand upon his shoulder, and looked up into his face with an expression which said volumes—which said every thing. She had seen the look of hate and anger given her by Albert, and she joyed in the opportunity to rebuke the one with her frown, and console the other with her sympathies. It was an unhappy error. Bitter was the glance which the mortified Captain now cast upon the pair as they stood apart. The eyes of Guernache now turned from his sweetheart—his wife—to his commander. His look was one of deprecation. But it met with no answering kindness. A few stern words smote his ears.

"Go to the pinnace, Guernache—remain in her. Away!"

The poor fellow turned off from Monaletta, in obedience, but he could not forbear saying, reproachfully as he retired, to his superior:

"You push me too hard, Captain Albert!"

"No words, sir. Away!" was the stern response. The drummer disappeared. With his disappearance, Albert approached Monaletta, and renewed his application for her hand, only to meet with a more decided rejection than before. He looked to King Andusta,—but an Indian Princess enjoys a degree of social freedom which the same class of persons in Europe, with all their power, would sigh for and supplicate in vain. Andusta said nothing,—did not interfere,—and Albert had the farther mortification of gathering from his countenance, that his proceedings towards Guernache,—who was a general favorite,—had very much lessened him in the regards of the monarch. It was, therefore, in no very pleasant mood with himself and those around him, that Albert consoled himself with the hand of an inferior partner in the dance. Jealous as well as querulous in mind,—the characteristics so very often together,—he was fond of dancing, and enjoyed the sport quite as much as any of his companions, but his soul, stung and dissatisfied, was all the while brooding over its petty hurts, and devising ways of revenging itself upon the offender by whom its mortifications were first occasioned. Upon this bitter cud did he chew all the while that the dance was in progress, and in utter despite of all its merry and soul-freeing occurrences. But this festivity was destined to have an interruption as singular as unexpected. While the merriment was at its highest, terrible screams of fright and anguish alarmed the assembly,—screams that seemed, to the Frenchmen, to issue from an European throat,—accompanied by wild cries, whoops of wrath, which as certainly came from the throats of infuriated savages. The music ceased,—the dance was arrested,—the Frenchmen rushed to their arms, and boldly prepared for the worst, fully believing that they were environed by treachery,—that they had been beguiled to the feast only to become its victims. While their suspense was greatest, the cause of the uproar made itself known, as, bursting through the thick woods by which they were surrounded, like a wounded deer, came at full speed, the spy, Pierre Renaud, who had volunteered his services to watch the Indian priests at their secret ceremonies. We have seen that he reached, without discovery, a place of concealment. But here his good fortune failed him. He was detected, "squat like a toad," in his place of watch, and the Iawas fell upon him with the sharp instruments of flint with which they lanced and lacerated their own bodies. With these they inflicted upon him some very severe wounds. They would have slain him, for their rage was unmea-

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sured; but being a fellow equally vigorous, light-footed and active, he broke away from them, and took to his heels. They followed him, howling with rage and fury, and calling upon the warriors whom they encountered, to stay and slay the fugitive. But his good genius favored his flight. He was not, it seems, destined for such a death. He out ran his pursuers, and contrived to dodge those whom he by chance encountered, until, making his way to the scene now occupied by his comrades, he sank down, panting and exhausted by loss of blood and fatigue, in the midst of them. The Iawas made their appearance a moment after, full of sacred fury. They demanded, with loud outcries, the blood of the impious individual by whom their sacred retreat had been violated. They called upon Andusta, and appealed to their people, in a style of savage eloquence, the effects of which were soon evident, in the inflamed features of the young warriors. Already were they to be seen slapping their sides, tossing their arms in the air, and otherwise lashing themselves into a fury like that which filled their prophets. King Andusta looked confounded, unwilling to give the word for war, yet unable to resist the clamors of the priesthood. He, too, demanded the blood of the offender at the hands of Captain Albert, though he urged the demand without any show of violence, and evidently with some reluctance. The French were firm—they surrounded the fugitive,—arms in readiness; and though seriously disquieted and apprehensive of the result, Albert was man enough to resolve that the agent of his own unwise curiosity should not be molested. But the clamor increased with the conviction, derived from his deportment, that no redress was to be given them. By this time the Indian warriors had prepared their arms. More than an hundred of them surrounded the little band of Frenchmen, who were but thirteen in number. Bows were bent, lances set in rest, javelins lifted and sunk down, among the several parties. Already was to be seen the heavy club, or hatchet of stone, lifted and waving in the hands of some more furious savage—and nothing was wanting but a single blow to bring on the general massacre,—when Guernache, darted in between the opposing ranks, attended by the faithful Monaletta, and, with a grand crash upon his violin, now in good order, followed by a sudden, rapid gush of the merriest music, instantly produced a revulsion of feeling among the savages, as complete as it was sudden!

"Ami! Ami! Ami!" was the cry from a dozen voices. This was one of the French words which they had first acquired; and the conduct of Guernache, and their regard for him, had made its application to himself a thing of general usage. Time was gained, and this, in an outbreak of the sort described, is all that is necessary to stay the arm of slaughter. Guernache played out his tune, cut a few ludicrous antics in which Monaletta joined him, and the priests clamored for their victim in vain. The faithful drummer had probably saved the party from massacre,—for they were completely surrounded by the savages. The subsequent work of pacification was easy. The Iawas received some presents of gaudy costume, and the warriors some bells and gewgaws. Albert, with his comrades, retired in safty to his pinnace.

But the Evil spirit raged within him, and the prompt fidelity which Guernache had shown, and without which, in all probability, a battle would have taken place between himself and the Indians, instead of inducing his gratitude, provoked his fury, as it mortified his pride to perceive that the savages made more account of his drummer than himself. He rebuked Guernache sharply for presuming to leave the pinnace against his orders, and even spoke of punishing him for this disobedience;—but the murmurs of some of his own officers, and, perhaps, a little lurking feeling of shame, in his own bosom, prevented him from committing so disgraceful an act. But the feeling of hostility only rankled the more from suppression, and he soon contrived to show Guernache, and, indeed, every body beside, that from that hour, he was his most bitter and unforgiving enemy. With a little and malignant spirit, he contrived, in various ways, to make the poor fellow suffer from his hatred. He subjected him to duties the most humiliating and troublesome, and stinted him of all such privileges as were conceded to his comrades. But, all this would have been as nothing to Guernache, if he had not been denied the privilege of visiting, as before, the residence of his princess. Albert refused him permission to go to the territories of Andusta, professing to be afraid that the priests might take vengeance upon him, for the misconduct of Pierre Renaud. But this pretence deceived nobody any more than it did Guernache. Little did the petty tyrant imagine that Guernache had a peculiar source of consolation for all these sufferings. His comrades treated him with a warmth of affection studiously proportioned to the ill-treatment of his Captain—assisted him in the severe labors put upon him, gave him company in the performance of his lonesome duties, and soothed him by the expres-

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sion of an almost unanimous sentiment of sympathy, which did not always withhold the most severe denunciations of the commander's tyranny. But a greater source of consolation than this, was found in the companionship of his young and high-spirited, loving and lovely, Indian Bride. Denied to see her lover at the village of Andusta—which was probably that now known among the Carolinians by the name of Coosawhatchie,—she followed him to Charles Fort, and, without suffering herself to be seen, she lurked in the neighboring woods, until Guernache came forth, unattended, for the purpose, as was his frequent task, of cutting and procuring wood. Then it was that she rushed into his arms, and poured forth the full volume of her ardent attachment upon his breast—conducted him to the dense umbrageous retreat where her own hands had raised a rustic shelter, and declared her purpose of living there for him, in preference to living among her own people. An Indian woman is quite as much at home in the woods as an Indian warrior—acquires her resources of strength, dexterity and skill in his company, and, from similar necessities,—can build her own bower at night, raise her own fire, and, armed with the same weapons, can bring down the same game with a spirit and a success fully kin to his. It was no privation for Monaletta to take up her abode where Guernache found her. Shall it be wondered at if, under existing circumstances, the delighted lover seldom slept within the limits of the fort. At midnight, when all was dark and quiet, he went over the walls, except when his turn of duty required him to watch within;—and such of his comrades as knew his secret, were too much his friends to betray him. Captain Albert wondered at his cheerfulness,—wondered that the irksome duties which he thrust upon him, and the frequently harsh language by which their performance was acknowledged, seemed to produce none of the effect intended. He neither grew sad nor sullen. His violin still resounded merrily at the instance of his companions, and his hearty laughter still rang through the encampment, smiting ungraciously upon the ears of his base-minded commander. In vain did this person increase the annoyances of his subordinate. His tyranny contrived daily some new method to make the poor fellow unhappy; but, consoled by the peculiar sources which he had of sympathy, the worthy drummer bore up cheerfully under the pressure of persecution, resolved, if it became no worse, to wait patiently for the hour of relief upon the return of Ribault with the promised supplies from the colony.

But, however docile, his patience and forbearance availed him little. It did not tend to mitigate the annoyances he was called upon to endure. It so happened that, under a necessity of seeking farther supplies of provisions, Captain Albert,—taking with him some fifteen of his men,—set forth on a voyage of trade and discovery, to the country of King Ouade, (on the River Belle,) by whom they were received with great courtesy, and a long oration. Some idea may be had of the degree of civilization to which the people of Ouade had attained, from the brief description which the old chronicle affords, of the dwelling and domestic decorations of this Indian monarch. "His house was hanged about with Tapistrie of feathers of divers colours, the height of a pike. Moreover, the place where the King took his rest, was covered with white coverlettes, embroidered with devises of very wittie and fine workmanship, and fringed round about with a fringe dyed in the colour of skarles." After freely providing the Frenchmen with "mil and beanes," filling their "pinnesse"—this generous Indian "cased them to bring him sixe pieces of his Tapistrie, made like little coverlettes, and gave them to our men with so liberal a minde, as they easily percieved the desire which he had to become their friend." Albert acknowledged this liberality by making presents of reaping-hooks and other trifles, which the savages esteemed to be sufficiently valuable; and, after an affectionate leave-taking, he prepared to return to Fort Charles. Here they arrived only in season for a sad catastrophe. It was dark when they reached the landing, and some hours were employed, after night had set in, in storing away, in their granary, the newly acquired provisions. Fatigued by their labors, they were no sooner over than the soldiers surrendered themselves to sleep, from which they were suddenly aroused, at midnight, by the dreadful cry of fire. The fort, the tenements in which they slept, the building which held their stores, the granary which contained their provisions, were all a-blaze, and great were the surprize and consternation of the Frenchmen. Their military stores were saved,—their powder and munitions of war,—but the "mil and beanes," so recently acquired, were destroyed, and their dwellings were swept in ashes to the ground. This event led to the partial discovery of the secret of our drummer. Guernache was was not within the fort when the alarm was given, but was discovered approaching it by those who were bearing forth the goods as they were rescued from the flames. Among these was Pierre Renaud, a person who not only bore him no

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good will, but one who was a sycophant and mere creature of the governor. Overjoyed at the discovery which he had made, this base fellow, who was the same that had undertaken the espionage upon the Indian priests in their secret ceremonies, immediately carried the story to his master, and when the first confusion of the fire was at an end, Guernache was taken into custody, and a day assigned for his examination as a criminal.

Meanwhile, at the first intimation of the disaster which had happened to the Frenchmen, the good King Andusta made his appearance at the fort, with a numerous train of followers, who, at his exhortation, and under his direction, turned in with such hearty good will to the work of rebuilding, that, in less than twelve hours, they had almost repaired the losses of the Frenchmen. New houses were built, new granaries erected, and among the fabrics of this busy period, it was not forgotten to construct a keep,—a close, dark, heavy den of logs, designed as a prison, into which our poor drummer, Guernache, was thrust, neck and heels, as soon as the Indians had taken their departure. He was brought forth for trial, a little after, on a variety of charges,—disobedience of orders, neglect of duty, insubordination and treason. Under the latter charge was classed the burning of the fort, which the furious commander was pleased to lay at his door. To all these, Guernache pleaded 'not guilty,' and none of them were proven. But he was silent on the subject of his absence from the fort on the night of the fire, and the circumstance being suspicious in itself, he was remanded to his dungeon to await the farther caprices of his captain.

Now, it so happened, to increase the farther danger of Guernache, and give occasion to Albert to exercise his hate against him, that Monaletta, truly loving, impatient that he came not as was his wont, drew nigh to the fort, and maintained such a close and cunning watch upon it, upon those who came and those who went, that she soon found an opportunity of speech with one Lachane, otherwise affectionately called *La Chere*, by the soldiery. Lachane was a sergeant, a good soldier, brave as a lion, yet so good-natured and gentle withal, that he was beloved by every body. There was a particular friendship existing between himself and Guernache, and he had more than once striven to meliorate the condition of the other, when in his power, under the persecutions of Albert. Guernache had made Lachane his confidante, and the stout sergeant could have told, had the other allowed him, on what business he had gone from the fort the night of the conflagration. When Guernache was finally committed to the dungeon, Lachane became thoughtful in what way he could best communicate the reason of his absence to Monaletta, and, being often upon the watch, he at length espied her from the fort, on one of the occasions when she stole out of the woods to look. He made signals to her, and she drew nigh to the fort, and, day by day, he gave her to understand the condition of affairs with the prisoner, to whom he also bore all necessary intelligence, and every message from Monaletta. But the impatient and devoted woman was not satisfied with this, and, in an evil hour, Lachane was persuaded to admit her within the fort, and into the dungeon of Guernache. When could a generous Frenchman withstand the solicitations of the sex, particularly when, in so doing, he served his friend, and gratified a truly loving heart. Under the cover of night, he conducted her to the prison of her husband. Before the dawn he conducted her forth in safety. The offence was repeated more than once, but not always with the same fortunate results. Something in his conduct awakened the suspicions of the same Pierre Renaud, whose active hostility to Guernache has already been shown, and who bore the unenviable reputation, in the fort, of being the captain's spy upon the people. This fellow having noted the previous movements of Lachane, instituted a watch upon him, and had the malignant satisfaction of seeing him, one night, enter the dungeon of Guernache accompanied by another. Though it was after midnight when the discovery was made, he well knew that the intelligence would be too grateful to Albert to make him scrupulous of arousing him at any hour; and taking care to avoid detection in proceeding to the captain's quarters, he made him acquainted with all that he had seen, and much more that he only suspected. Albert immediately arose, but fearing to make too precipitate a movement, and unwilling, by a premature alarm, to give the offenders an opportunity to place themselves in a situation to defy scrutiny, some time was lost in making arrangements. The sentries were doubled by Renaud with singular secrecy and skill. Indeed, in all matters requiring no virtue superior to cunning, he was a most admirable proficient. Such of the soldiers as he conceived to be most particularly bound to him, were awakened, and placed in convenient positions for observation and action,—for Albert and himself, with the consciousness of what they merited, suspected nothing less from the people under him than treachery and

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insurrection. Thus, with every thing prepared for the explosion, Captain Albert, in complete armor, made his appearance upon the scene.

Meantime, the proceedings of Renaud had not gone on without, at length, commanding the attention, and awakening the fears of so good a soldier as Lachane. Having discovered, on his rounds, that the guards were doubled, and that the sentinel at the salley-port had not only received an addition, but that the former, by whom Monaletta had been admitted, was changed, he hurried back to the dungeon of Guernache, and whispering his apprehensions to those within, endeavored to hasten the departure of the woman. He was arrested, while thus engaged, by the commandant himself, who, followed by Renaud and two other soldiers, suddenly came upon him from the rear of the building, where they had concealed themselves. Lachane was taken into custody, the alarm given, torches brought, and Guernache, with the devoted Monaletta, were dragged forth together from the dungeon. She was wrapped up closely in a cloak of Lachane, but when Renaud waved a torch before her eyes, in order to discover who she was, she boldly threw aside her disguise, and stood revealed to the eyes of the astonished Albert. Upon seeing her, his fury knew no bounds. The secret was fully revealed, and, remembering the indignant refusal of the woman to dance with him, and the preference shown to Guernache, he formed a resolution to revenge himself upon her with all the venom of a mean and malignant soul. He commanded the willing Renaud to have her lashed from the fort. At this, the sullen spirit of Guernache shuddered and yielded. He appealed, with trembling accents, to the captain in behalf of the woman. "She is innocent,—she is my wife. Her only error is in loving a wretch so worthless as myself."

"The lash! the lash!" was the only answer of the tyrant.

"Do not! do not! Lay the accursed lash upon *my* back, but spare her. Remember, Captain, she is a woman,—a Princess,—closely related to King Andusta!"

Such were the entreaties and suggestions of the truly wretched man. But they were met only by scorn and denunciation. The servile ministers of the tyrant appeared, armed with thongs, and, at the word of Albert, the lash descended upon the uncovered neck and shoulders of the unhappy woman. With the first stroke, she bounded from the earth with a dreadful shriek,—a shriek of mingled horror and entreaty. To this moment, neither she, nor indeed any of the spectators but Guernache himself, and perhaps Renaud, had imagined that Albert would really put in execution a purpose so equally cruel and impolitic. But when the blow fell, when her feminine,—almost childish shriek rent the air, the long-suppressed fury of Guernache broke forth. He had struggled long at endurance. He had borne much,—much more than human nature is at all times fitted to endure. But, in the pang of that humilating moment, all restraints of prudence were forgotten or trampled under foot. He flung himself loose from the men who held him, and, darting upon the fellow by whom the blow had been struck, he felled him to the earth by a single stroke of his Herculean fist. But he could do no more. In another instant he was grappled by a dozen arms, and borne to the earth, in which position he lay, writhing and groaning, while the woman of his heart, driven by repeated strokes of the lash, was expelled from the enclosure. With that first shriek, which spoke rather more for her mental horror at such a degradation, than the physical pain which it inflicted, she expressed all her suffering. The rest of the torture she bore in silence, as if, witnessing the agonies of Guernache, she was resolved to bear any degree of torture, rather than increase them by her complaints. Abandoned to herself when expelled from the fort, she had barely strength to gain the cover of the woods, when she sank down in exhaustion,—nature kindly interposing insensibility to save her from the feeling of pain which she could no longer endure and live.

Guernache, in the same moment, was brought before the judgment seat of Albert. He had resisted the execution of the laws,—he had used violence against the officer of justice. In these acts, all the former offences were assumed as established against him, and to the horror of many, and the surprize of all, he was doomed to expiate his faults, by death, and upon the gallows,—a sentence that was carried into execution almost instantly. The friends of Guernache, and they were numerous, were so much confounded, so much stunned by the event,—there had been no apprehension of it, and no concert among them to prevent it,—that they could only look on the terrible proceeding in a mute and self-reproachful horror. The poor Monaletta started from her stupor, only to behold the form of her beloved one waving in the wind from the degrading tree, in front of the fortress. That night the body disappeared, and with it, Monaletta;—but long afterwards the Frenchmen shuddered to hear a voice in the wind which resembled that

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of their brother soldier, followed by the piercing shriek of a woman, which reminded them of that dreadful one of the Indian Princess, when first smitten by the lash of the ruffian. Thus endeth the legend of Guernache, the Drummer, and the lovely Monaletta. But thus ends not the story of Charles' Fort, and of the petty tyrant who commanded there.

[*To be continued.*]

Original.

BIRTH-DAY OF A DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Those days have fled away, my love,
Those simple days, and sweet,
When slumbering on my breast you lay,
Or cradled at my feet,—
Or, with a thousand new-born wiles
Still made the nursery fair,
And I ne'er had felt a joy so pure
As that you planted there.

'Tis true, that many a dear delight
My earlier years had known,
Parental love's idolatry,
And the wild harp's thrilling tone,
Yet still they faded as a dream,
A scarce remember'd speech,
Before that lesson of the soul
Which you were sent to teach.

You were my teacher, though a babe,—
Of lip, and ear, and eye,
By kiss, or tear, or murmur'd tone
Of inwrought melody;
By hopes and fears, from Heav'n that flow'd
With such a gushing tide,
That I bless'd you in my heart's deep core,
With all a mother's pride.

And sweet one, I remember well,
As though yestreen it were,
When the third summer's opening bloom
Had made your features fair.
How every morn, with fairy feet
Close to my chair you drew,
To win from pictur'd page,—a thought,—
The lilly's drop of dew.

But all those childish days are o'er,
And youth is on your brow,
And musing by my side you walk,
A meek companion now.
And what the future hath in store,
Of life's eventful task,
We may not lift the veil to see,
Or frame the words to ask.

Yet well we know, the Hand Divine
That sav'd your infant years,
Hath power to keep you to the end,
Through sunshine and through tears;
So onward—onward—full of hope,
My daughter, hold your way,
And take that wisdom for your guide
That cannot lead astray.

And when our parting hour shall come,
Be near,—beside my bed,—
And speak those words of christian faith,
Which I to you have said,—
Sit down upon my lowly grave,
And nurse a violet there,—
And that our home may be the same,
Uplift the earnest prayer.

For sure the strong and hallow'd love
Which in our hearts was sown,—
Should ripely bear that spirit-flower,
Whose root is by the Throne,
Which drinketh of the living stream,—
And of the cloudless ray,—
And 'neath our dear Redeemer's smile,
Can never fade away.

Original.

THE PILGRIM.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

I.

Pilgrim o'er life's shifting sand,
To a brighter, better land,
Loiter not upon the road,
Linger not upon the way,
Onward press to thine abode,
Though all earth should bid thee stay.

II.

Wealth may bid before thee shine,
All the treasures of the mine;
Pilgrim, count them all but dross;—
If they turn thy steps astray,
Golden gain will prove but loss,
Linger not upon the way.

III.

Pleasure to thy lip may lift
Every sensual charm and gift;
Pilgrim, taste not, if to taste
Be to bid thy heart delay,
Sinful gain is double waste,
Linger not upon thy way.

IV.

Power may set before thine eyes
Sceptres, crowns and pageantries;
Pilgrim, tarry not for them,
If thy soul their price must pay;
Seek a heavenly diadem,
Linger not upon thy way.

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Original.

COUNTERFEIT PRESENTMENTS.—NO. IV.

BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI, ESQ.

"Quid rectum, sit apparet,
Quid expediat, obscurum,"
LIB. TRAN:

What is plain to be seen
Has no curtain between.
(A very judicious remark.)
What is very obscure,
(A fact equally sure)
Remains, as it were, in the dark.

THE ELOPEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

CHAPTER I.

It was morning, in the neighborhood of Belgrave Square—that is to say, fashionable morning, very considerably past mid-day, when calls are orthodox, and belles and beaux emerge from their respective beautifying retreats. Untenanted carriages dash along in one general round of unsubstantial etiquette, visits are paid by proxy, an inch or two of enamelled pasteboard representing frequently Dukes, Earls, or Marquisses, perhaps, fully as well as they represent their individual constituency, West End. Morning is a period of factitious politeness and unreal industry; every body is supposed to be out, but every body is known to be at home.

Sir Henry Templeton, of Templeton, one of the wealthiest Baronets of England, the deeds of whose ancestors, are they not registered in that sublimest of works, Debrett's Peerage? sat within his splendid library, so called from the fact of its containing an unlimited number of books. But what they themselves contained, was matter of profoundest mystery, both to him and to his household. A *moiety* of the diurnals, the Times, the Morning Post, and hebdomadally, the Bull, comprised the staple of this "fine old English gentleman's" literary labors. Be it observed, that he was too good a Tory to cast a glance over the pages of any paper emanating from the opposition; being one of those who like some one else to do their thinking, he confined his opinions to those of the leader of his own party.

He has just got to the "*hear! hears!*" and "*great cheerings*" with which the imaginative reporters had introduced an unpretending speech of his own, which, until this moment, he has been under the disagreeable impression had been a lamentable failure. Imagine his surprize when he finds his half dozen scarcely intelligible phrases, swollen into a goodly column of well rounded, nicely perioded, polysyllabic English, garnished with a Miltonic quotation, and classically tailed up with a line and a half from Homer.

"Well," said the Baronet, and not without a pardonable glow of vanity, at the contemplation of his eloquence, "those reporters certainly have long ears. I had no idea in the world that I made, or could make, so sensible a speech: but I suppose I did. In point of fact, I must have been rather luminous—Latin, too, by Jove! I didn't know that I could recollect so much."

In the full bloom of his *amor propre*, a footman entered and announced "Lord Ledleigh."

"At home."

In the interval between the announcement, and the appearance of his lordship, as he is a stranger, perhaps I had better give you the benefit of a descriptive introduction.

The Lord Ledleigh, but newly arrived from All Souls College, Oxford, is a tolerably fair specimen of the reputable portion of England's young nobility. Rich, without ostentation, generous, without extravagance, prudent, without parsimony, and learned, without pedantry, his title lent him no lustre that his virtues did not pay back with interest.

Hoping, dear reader, that you will not repent of the acquaintanceship, behold him,—he enters,—do you not agree with me in saying that he looks the very impersonation of that oft desecrated phrase, a *noble*-man?

The greeting between Ledleigh and Sir Harry is hearty and sincere. The last new singer having been discussed, and the last liaison deplored, with some slight embarrassment Ledleigh broke the primary object of his call.

"Sir Harry," said he, with almost startling abruptness—"you have a ward?"

"Egad, Ledleigh, you're right there," replied Sir Harry, with a good-natured chuckle, "nor would you have erred had you said, two."

"Yes, yes, I know," rejoined the Viscount. "But—ah!—I—the fact is, there's no use in mincing the matter, I have taken a most insurmountable interest in one."

"Lucy?"

"No. Arabella—pardon me, I mean Miss Myddleton."

"I'm sorry for that, Ledleigh," replied the Baronet, "very sorry, for I like you."

"Why? why?" eagerly interposed the other. "Is she engaged?"

"No, not exactly that: but——"

"But what? do, for pity's sake, relieve my suspense."

"Upon my soul, Ledleigh, instead of being a neophyte in love, one would suppose you an

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amorato of some years' experience. Ah! in my day, people never married head over heels—but you don't want to hear any thing about that—seriously, I should like to give you encouragement if I could, but you don't know the wild wayward gypsy Arabella. Would you believe it, she's a perfect little Chartist, an absolute leveller, sneers at a title, and declares that if she ever do marry, it will be with some son of toil, some honest yeoman. By Jove, I don't know whether it's that fellow Bulwer, with his cursed empty love-in-a-cottage balderdash, who has turned her little brain topsey-turvey or not, but she absolutely and positively restrains me from presenting any body of the suitor order, who is tainted with, as she rather Carlyleishly calls it, the adventitious possession of hereditary worthlessness. I'm very sorry, by George, I am—but now there's Lucy, couldn't you transfer your cart-load of affection to her?"

Ledleigh, who fortunately had not heard the last morsel of mercantile philosophy, suddenly exclaimed, "she objects to a title?"

"In toto."

"Full of romance?"

"Brim."

"Do *you* object to my trying to influence her?"

"Not in the least. But, by Jove, I can't introduce you."

"I don't ask you, if I have your consent. I'll manage the best myself."

"That you have, Led, my boy, and my best wishes for your success. But what do you mean to do? By Jupiter, I don't think you'll ever get her to consent."

"Nous verrons."

CHAPTER II.

Lucy and Arabella Myddleton were orphans, with good, though not great fortunes—both left to the strict guardianship of their uncle, Sir Henry, the deed expressly premising, that, in case either married without his consent, her fortune was to revert to the other.

There was but one year difference in their age. Arabella was the elder, but being a blonde, with exceedingly beautiful young looking hair—glossy hair—looked many years younger. Lucy on the contrary was a beauty of a severer nature, a magnificent brunette, with large lustrous eyes of the darkest hazle, and hair like raven's wing. Their dispositions were as opposite as were their complexions. Lucy was a proud, high souled creature, with a step as stately as a pet fawn, and a sort of regnant look, that plainly kept familiarity aloof; while Arabella was all life, spirit, elasticity, and wildness. The very soul of joy beamed from her sparkling eyes, and mirth itself dwelt within the ringing echo of her laugh. So that, although Lucy attracted every eye, by the majesty of her appearance, and the swan-like gracefulnesss of her deportment, yet Arabella won every heart, by the yielding sweetness of her temper, and the gladsome smile that played for ever on her lips.

Two or three mornings subsequently to that on which the conversation mentioned in the last chapter took place, as Arabella was leisurely strolling through the conservatory, which opened with glass doors on to the drawing-room, she perceived a young man plainly but elegantly dressed, with his collar thrown back a la Byron, displaying a throat of womanly whiteness, climb up the trellis-work, and jump at once through the open window. Her first impulse was to scream; but perceiving that the stranger was remarkably handsome, and moreover as she was in the act of reading Zanoni, her susceptible heart was predisposed for any romantic incident. Seeing that his attention was directed toward a bust of Byron, which ornamented the conservatory, and that she was as yet unperceived, she quietly waited the denoument.

Ledleigh, for 'twas he, approached the bust with reverence. Giving his hair the conventional thrust back from his forehead, and flinging himself into a theatrical attitude, he exclaimed, elocutionally—

"Oh, thou undying one, upon whose ample brow high intellect doth sit enthroned, from whose expressive eye the lightning of the soul, the fire of genius, seems incessantly to flash, upon whose every lineament the mighty hand of nature hath irrevocably stamped the evidence of an immortal mind—spirit of poesy, my soul doth kneel to thee!"

What an exceedingly nice young man! thought Arabella, as he with increasing fervor proceeded—

"And thou wert of that tinsel throng, men bow, and cringe, and fawn on and call *lord*. I cannot call thee so thy genius lifts thee higher; than the highest pinnacle of rank could e'er attain. I'll call thee what thou wert, a man, spurning the gauds of title—an inspired, an independent, but ah, most persecuted man!"

These sentiments so entirely coincided with those of the romantic Arabella, that forgetting the time, place, ignorance of the individual she addressed, every thing except the glow of enthusiasm which his words had kindled, she flung Zanoni aside, and rushed forward, exclaiming—

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"He was! he was. You're right, sir, he was a persecuted man."

Ledleigh started with well simulated astonishment, exclaiming in a faltering tone, "Miss Myddleton, here,—I—pray you pardon. I——"

"Don't apologize, I pray," said the rapt girl, "go on, sir, go on, vindicate the character of that sweet poet—but——" Suddenly recollecting herself, and blushing deeply, she continued, "I beg your pardon. You are a stranger—at least, I do not remember having had the pleasure of an introduction."

"Alas, never," exclaimed Ledleigh, sighing profoundly.

"But that I *have* seen you before, I am certain."

"Many a time, and in many a guise hast thou observed me—nor didst thou know, that all those varied forms contained but one devoted heart."

"Indeed! what mean you?"

"As at the balmy twilight hour, the other eve you walked, a mendicant sailor you did encounter, with leg of wood, a pitiable patch across his face—'twas I. I asked for charity. You gave me six-pence, but the coin was naught compared with the sweet sigh of sympathy which hallowed the donation. In menial garb for months I've waited on thee, paid by a look, enchanted by a smile. At Beulah-Spa, a gipsy I did personate, and as I gazed upon thy beauteous palm, I promised thee what from my soul I wished, and still do wish, a long, a joyous, cloudless, sunny life."

"I don't recollect the sailor, or the gipsy," said Arabella, feeling, as he spoke, in a strange incomprehensible flutter, for his voice was sweet, and his manner peculiarly impressive.

"Sweet lady," he continued, "will you deign to pardon the presumption of one, who, although a simple unit from the presumptuous herd, yet dares to utter his aspiring thoughts within thy hearing?"

"How like Claude Melnotte he speaks," thought Arabella, rather flatteringly, it must be confessed, still it was sufficient to show that Bulwer was a piece of golden colored glass, within the windows of her soul. "Would it be too much, sir," said she, in that matter-of-fact way, which romancists frequently fall into, as the exception, "would it be too much to inquire who, and what you are?"

The question was almost too abrupt for Ledleigh, too earthly, now that his imagination was abroad upon the wings of fancy. However, with a still more extensive respiration, he replied:

"Madam, to be frank with you, I'm a gentleman; but alas, the spirit and plaything of hard destiny, which, had it emptied all its store of woes upon my head, makes ample recompense by now permitting me to speak with thee. Oh! let the soft music of thy voice, steeping my soul in melody, bid me not despair. 'Tis strength of love alone that lends me boldness, for I feel, I know, that I am unworthy of you. The possession of a poor cottage-home, where love might make its rosy dwelling, but where lordly riches enter not."

Arabella felt strangely excited. Here was the realization of her every wish, untitled, wealthy only in abundant love. She hesitated, and in accordance with the veracious proverb, in that moment's unguardedness, Cupid, the vigilant, abstracted her heart for ever.

Ledleigh was crafty enough not to prolong this introductory visit, which was meant but to show Arabella that she had a devoted adorer. Affecting to hear an approaching footstep, he cried in an agitated voice—

"Some one comes! Oh, do not send me away without a ray of hope to light existence."

"What can I say?" replied the really agitated Arabella.

"What, you do not hate me?"

"No."

"You'll let me see you again?"

"No."

"I must, I must. Oh, say but yes. Remember the happiness or misery of a life depends upon your answer."

Arabella was most imprudently silent; for Ledleigh construing it advantageously, exclaimed—

"Oh, thanks, ten thousand thanks for that forceless eloquence. And now, for a time, farewell, my first, my only, everlasting love, farewell." And hastily opening the window, he withdrew, the same uncomfortable way that he had entered, leaving Arabella in a fearful maze, but whether of joy or apprehension, she hardly knew, herself. But the chord of sympathy had been touched, and still vibrated to her very heart—for she acknowledged that of all men living, he was the only one for whom she had ever felt the slightest approach to a sentiment of love.

Now would she laugh at the absurdity of being so taken with a mere stranger, and suddenly find her recollection dwelling on his features—thus struggling like a bird in the net of the fowler. Slow and silently she returned to the drawing-room, hearing, as she went, the loud hearty laugh of her uncle, in the library, little thinking that she had furnished him with matter for such

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uprorious mirth; for Ledleigh was at that moment relating to Sir Harry the success of his first interview, and the tears rolled down the old gentleman's crimsoned cheek, as he listened.

Next day, Arabella was very busy at her toilette, and Lucy curious to know what could so occupy her attention, crept stealthily over and peeping over her sister's shoulder, beheld the half-finished likeness of a remarkably nice looking young man, with beautiful dark hair, and brilliant eyes. Pulling down the corners of her mouth with a good-gracious-me sort of expression, she quietly returned to her chair, and said nothing—sensible girl!

CHAPTER III.

For several weeks had those secret interviews, —so secret that they were known to the whole household,—transpired, and Arabella, who tolerated them at first, from the mere caprice of a romantic disposition, soon began to look forward to their coming with what one might call a heart-hunger. The truth was, she loved Ledleigh, the,—as she imagined,—poor, unfriended youth, with an affection the most ardent and overwhelming, and now, for the first time, a shade of gloom dimmed the radiance of her brow, as the thought incessantly arose before her, that Sir Henry could never, by any possibility, be induced to countenance a match so unworthy. Many a time did she determine to throw herself on her knees before her uncle, and try the unequal contest of woman's tears against man's will, but as often did her heart fail her, at the full certainty of refusal, and the consequent dismissal of Ledleigh.

Poor Arabella's perturbation of mind, and uneasy demeanor, as one might suppose, were matter of pleasant observation to Sir Henry and Lucy, who, in full possession of every item that occurred, could construe every look and action of her who thought herself the very focus of mystery, the very incarnation of romance.

It was now near the time on which her lover usually made his stolen visits, and Arabella, making some trivial excuse, rose, and with a beating heart, sought the conservatory, sir Henry and Lucy stealing quietly after, and ensconcing themselves within a seeable, though not a hearable distance,—reasonable encroachment upon the precincts of Eros, King of Hearts.

Not long had Arabella to wait. With a mysterious glance around, and with a noiseless, stealthy step, Ledleigh approached.

"Dearest love," whispered he, most tenderly, "again am I in the presence of my soul's ray, again the cheering influence of those beaming eyes imbue my seared and withered heart," for as he was making love medicinally, he was no homœopathist. "Oh!" he continued, with a glance of unspeakable affection, "how have I languished for this blissful hour; a blank, a void, a dull, cheerless nullity has been the intervening time since last we parted, and were it not that thy bright image ever dwelling here within my heart of heart shot through my breast a ray of joy, and kindled hope within my soul, despair and death had, ere now, claimed their victim."

Now Ledleigh thought, at first, that by enacting these scenes of high wrought and overcharged romance, he would disabuse the mind of Arabella, and thereby induce her to listen to him in his real character, but he was much mistaken, and but little knew the page he had to study; for as the purest, deepest love had taken possession of her enthusiastic young heart, she looked on all he said or did, as the perfection of their kind. Oh, bounteous dispensation of the heart's disposer, that so inclines and tempers each to each, that to its own choice the enraptured soul can find no parallel! What, a short time since, even in the midst of her romance, she would have deemed absurd, now in the very soberness of her reflective moments, her partial heart found full excuse for, and why? because his was the expression of a true and sacred love, although in an exaggerated mask.

"The sun will warm, tho' it do not shine."

This interview lengthened out to an unprecedent extent,—outstaying even curiosity, for Sir Henry and Lucy were tired off in about half an hour,—brought a definite issue, which may be inferred from the following conversation which took place in the library a short time after.

"Well, Led, my boy,—my gay deceiver, how do you get on, eh?"

"Famously!"

"Does she surrender at discretion?"

"No. Most indiscreetly."

"How so?"

"Be in the drawing-room, but not in view, at twelve o'clock to-night, and you shall see."

"Why, zounds! You don't mean that you're going to—"

"Gretna Green, by the Lord Harry."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared the Baronet. "Give me your hand; by Jove, that's capital. An ELOPEMENT EXTRAORDINARY, a young lady running off with a Viscount and ten thousand a year, and thinking that she's throwing away a good fifteen thousand, to unite her fate with a cottage-keeper's grow-your-own-vegetables sort

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of a fellow,—ha! ha! ha! try that port! it's too good, by George it is." Whether the Baronet meant the wine or the joke, was doubtful, and immaterial.

The evening wore on, and all around wore an aspect of abstraction. A sort of mysterious atmosphere seemed to envelope the place; never were the girls so silent, and never did the Baronet go off into so many unaccountable explosions of laughter, without condescending to explain the various witticisms. At last Arabella rose, and, as was her custom, before retiring for the night, embraced her sister and her uncle. There were tears in her eyes as she gave Lucy a long, long kiss, but when she approached Sir Harry, something again appeared to tickle him amazingly, for it was full five minutes before he subsided sufficiently to receive his ward's affectionate salute.

"Good night, you little,—pooh! hoo! ha! ha!" and off he went again.

"What *can* be the matter, uncle?" gravely inquired Lucy, with the slightest possible smile resting on her proud lip.

"Nothing, child, nothing; a good joke I heard to-day, that's all; a capital joke; but come, 'tis foolish to laugh so much," and with an altered, and now serious countenance, the good, kind-hearted old gentleman kissed Arabella affectionately saying, "God for ever bless you, my pet; good night," and she retired.

Some two hours after, the lights being all out in the drawing-room, save one small lamp, and Lucy and Sir Harry, with a cambric handkerchief stuffed into his mouth, snugly concealed behind the ample window-curtains, a soft step was heard gently approaching, and the little fluttering run-away crept into the apartment. It was as much as the Baronet and Lucy could do to restrain their emotion, as they saw the seeming giddy child fling herself upon her knees, and burying her face in her hands, burst into an agony of tears.

A few moments after a signal was heard. Hastily wiping away the pearly drops from her eyes, Arabella started to her feet, threw a note on the table, and snatching up from thence two miniatures, one of her uncle and the other of her sister, kissed them fervently, and then placed them in her bosom.

Ledleigh joined her, and it was with much and earnest persuasion that he at length induced her to accompany him. They went out, and as they crossed the garden, Arabella thought she heard either a smothered laugh or a sob, or both.

Crack went the postilion's whip, and off they dashed, northward, at the rate of twelve miles an hour. They need not have been in so great a hurry;—nobody followed them.

CHAPTER IV.

Gentle reader, oblige me by filling up the hiatus as your imagination may point out, and skip with me three weeks. Having done so, now let me show you the interior of a small, but for the life of me, I cannot say comfortable cottage in Devonshire, the humble residence of Mr. and Mrs. Ledleigh. He is sitting on a chair, dressed in a game-keeper's sort of fustion jacket, cord continuations, and high leather gaiters. A gun rests on his arm, and a magnificent pair of thorough-blooded pointers recline at his feet, with mouths all agape, and tongues quivering, in proof of recent exercise. Seated opposite to him is his sister, the Lady Emma Ledleigh, her noble contour but ill concealed beneath a maid-of-all-work's coarse habiliments. You may hear Arabella in the adjacent small garden, singing like a very bird, and as happy as one. Now for our story.

"Well, brother mine," rather pettishly exclaims the Lady Emma, "this notable scheme of yours don't promise much success. Just listen to that extraordinary wife of yours, warbling away as though this were a palace, and not an odious, unendurable hovel."

"Patience, Emma love," replies Ledleigh, "all will yet be as I wish. I have noticed, already, *moments* of discomfort; they'll soon swell to *hours*, hours to *days*, and then for my lesson; depend upon it, we shall soon contrive to make her feel uncomfortable."

"Do, do, for gracious sake," replied the petted child of fortune, who undertook this matter as much from the excitement of novelty, as for brotherly love; and now the former had passed away, the latter scarcely sufficed to keep her to her promise.

"I have commenced already," replied Ledleigh, "by placing a brick across the chimney, and see the result," as a puff of smoke clouded into the room.

"Oh! delicious," exclaimed his sister, clapping her hands, "she'll never be able to endure that; hark! she's coming; I must return to my *place*, in the hope of soon changing it;" and the Lady Emma, or rather, as she is now called, by the familiar term *Mary*, vacated the parlor for the poor kitchen, heartily sick and tired of her *situation*.

In bounded Arabella, radiant with happiness, and all aglow with health. "My own, own hus-

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band," she exclaimed, "never did I in my wildest dreams, anticipate the fulness of joy that now inhabits my soul."

"My beautiful, my wife!" ardently responded Ledleigh, "happiness is but a fleeting shadow, and its opposite may obtrude itself even amongst these rosy bowers."

"How! you look sorrowful, my Ledleigh; dear husband, has any thing happened to vex? any light word of mine? Oh, I would not bring the slightest shadow of a cloud upon thy brow for million of worlds," tenderly exclaimed Arabella, the mere alteration in his tone chasing her smile away upon the instant.

Ledleigh, with difficulty obliging himself to go through with his design, said—

"The fact is, dearest, I am rather close pressed in the pecuniary way, just at present. I owe a trifle; my creditor has been here, and—"

"Pay him! pay him, certainly. I will, myself," energetically cried Arabella, but suddenly checked by the thought, for the first time in her life, of being without the means.

"But no matter," rejoined Ledleigh, "that I can put off, but present wants must be supplied; dinner is imperative. I must away and try and shoot some game, if his lordship's well-stocked grounds be not too closely watched."

"Are you obliged to leave me, Ledleigh?" said she with a small pout.

"Else we have no dinner," he replied. Giving her an affectionate embrace, he left her, to digest this her first practical lesson, in the comforts of "Love in a Cottage," and, to say the truth, poor Arabella felt, at this moment, very far from happy; the leaves began to drop from the roses, and the concealed thorns to make themselves seen and felt.

It was in this mood, that on sitting down to reflect, a puff of smoke descended the chimney, covering her in a black cloud of soot. Putting her hands over her eyes, she screamed for Mary, several times, stamping her pretty little foot in positive anger. At last, with the characteristic listlessness of her *rôle*, the Lady Emma crawled into the room. Wiping her hands in her apron, she drawled out, "Did you call, mum?"

"Call, mum," replied Arabella, with rather a dangerous expression of eye,—"I did *call* enough to waken the dead."

"If they weren't too far gone, I s'pose, mum," provokingly rejoined the maid-servant.

"No impertinence!"

"What do you please to want, mum?"

"Why, don't you see?" said Arabella, pettishly.

"See what, mum?"

"The chimney."

"Yes, mum."

"It smokes."

"Law, *do* it mum? well so it *do*, a little, I declare," said she, as another volume of sooty vapor swept into the place, "but don't take on, mum," she continued, "it always do smoke when the wind is in one direction, and it generally almost alway is, so that you'll soon get used to it."

"Good Heaven," said Arabella, "I cannot endure this; I must go out into the air. Come here, put my collar straight."

"Can't, mum."

"Why not?"

"Cos my hands is all black-leaded," said the lady-servant, going out of the room with an internal consciousness that matters were progressing to a climax.

And now poor Arabella began seriously to deplore the dark prospect which rose before her imagination. Her little feet went pat pat upon the uncarpeted floor, and if she had been asked, at that moment, how she felt, she would have replied, decidedly miserable; but her true woman's heart soon conquered every discomfort, and she said within herself, 'tis my Ledleigh's fate; if he can endure it, so shall *I* without a murmur: so that when he returned, instead of finding her as he supposed he should, in sorrow, her beautiful face greeted him with smiles more gladsome than ever.

It was some days before Ledleigh could make up his mind to bring matters to a crisis. He was becoming himself rather fatigued with his rustic life, and so with a view to investigate the state of Arabella's feelings, he one morning seated her beside him, saying,

"Now, dearest love, that you have had some experience in this our homely country-life, tell me frankly, how do you like it? Does it come up to or exceed your expectation?"

"Ledleigh," she replied in a tone of earnest seriousness, "I married *you*, and not your station, swearing at the holy altar to be yours, in health or in sickness, in joy or in sorrow. If I can shed one ray of happiness upon your onward path, though ne'er so humble, 'twill be my glory and my pride."

"But now," continued he, "were I to find myself within a somewhat better sphere, were fortune to bless me with increase of means—say,

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now that by some strange freak a little were to fall to me."

"Ledleigh, husband," replied Arabella, with enthusiasm, "I *would* not love you *less* were you a beggar; I *could* not love you more were you a king."

"I'd like the former's chance, before the latter," smilingly rejoined Ledleigh. "Heaven reward your sweet disinterested love. I *have* a somewhat larger and more commodious house; it has just been put in order at some little cost, we shall remove there, dearest, after dinner. 'Tis but a short walk from this. Now for our meal, Mary!"

In vain they called, Mary had incontinently vanished, and with her all hope of dinner.

"Never mind," said Ledleigh, "we *may* find something at the other house."

"I hope so," gaily responded Arabella, "for I am furiously hungry."

Delighted at the anticipation of being anywhere out of the atmosphere of smokey chimneys, Arabella put on her little plain straw bonnet, and taking the arm of her husband, sallied forth. In a few minutes, they came within view of a splendid castellated mansion, situated in the centre of a spacious park, with herds of deer browsing here and there, upon the velvety grass.

"Goodness me, what a lovely place," said Arabella, as they entered, "may we go through here?"

"As often as you please, dearest," replied Ledleigh, "the owner, I think I may venture to say, will not interdict you."

"Indeed, then I shall take many a walk beneath the shade of those find old elms," replied Arabella.

"I hope so, most sincerely," replied Ledleigh, "and I too: and then we *might* fancy this delightful place our own, and stroll about, as though we had a right."

They now neared the entrance to the castle, and Arabella perceiving that the marble steps were lined with servants in rich liveries, shrunk timidly back. But what was her surprize to find her husband walk directly toward the group!

"You are not going in there, Ledleigh," she cried, in a voice of alarm, a sensation akin to fear, creeping over her.

"Yes, dearest," he replied, "I know some persons connected with the household. Indeed, I believe you have met them occasionally; so come, fear nothing."

In a sort of wondering maze, Arabella entered, and leaning heavily on the arm of her husband, traversed the statued hall, and noble picture gallery. As she neared an inner apartment, a sound proceeded from it, that made her thrill with vague indefinite anticipation. It was a peculiar laugh. She could have sworn that she knew it, and she was right. A pair of large folding doors flew indolently open, and in a rich, but elegantly appointed room, mellowed by the soft light of a gloriously tinted window, Arabella almost fainted with overpowering excitement, as she beheld rushing forward to embrace her, Sir Henry Templeton and her sister Lucy. Scarcely had she recovered the shock of pleasurable surprize, when the grandame Mary, splendidly attired, flung her arms round her neck, exclaiming,

"Dear sister, let me be the first to welcome the Viscountess Ledleigh to the domain of her husband. His, by right of heritage, her's by right of conquest."

Arabella gave one glance of unutterable love at her *lord*, through eyes made brighter by tears,

That came not from a soul-cloud charged with grief,
But were from very over-brightness shed,
Like heat-drops falling from a sun-lit sky.

Original.

TO MY MOTHER.

MOTHER! far climes and wilderness wide
Sever me from my birth-place—yet my heart,
O'ergrown like an uncultivated waste
With rank and thrifty weeds that mock the eye
Of weary traveller with hope of verdure, holds
In the deep bosom of its secret shades
A fountain full of tenderness for this.
Friends have been riven from out my heart of hearts
Love has grown cold upon the fire it lighted—
Hopes have been blighted by the winds that bore
Their blossoming fragrance unto Heaven; and storms,
Fiercer than thunder-gusts, have swept
The garden of my heart into the gulf
Of maddened desolation—yet for thee,—
In the still holiness of twilight's hour,
When comes each spirit-star to woo the night,
And the queen Moon goes up unto her throne,—
I steal to some lone spot; and while the wind
Floats o'er my fevered temples, deem
'Tis thy fond breathing—and my soul goes back
To merry days and happy nights, when thou
Thy watch wert keeping o'er my sinless years.
Mother, I love thee still! The grosser earth,
That chokes up other springs which once o'erflowed,
Hath concentrated in that love for thee
The perfect sum of my affection's wealth
Into one intense passion, which comes out,
When slumber the tired sentinels of my thought,
And keeps its vigils in the holy silence. F.

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Original.

THE BURNING.

BY REV. WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

A lady in F, New-Hampshire, who has been made to drink deeply of affliction, was lately summoned, on a fair Sabbath morning, to witness the burning of her dwelling; and in that calamity to behold all that was left of her little possessions, swept away. The neighbors, unable to prevent the complete loss of her property, stood and gazed and sighed, unmindful of the bell which called to afternoon worship. She, as usual, attended church; and by her calm demeanor and absorbed spirit, showed that the sanctuary is the place where sorrow may find its healing, as well as where joy may express its gratitude.

—

This is my story; need my verse
On such instructed grief to dwell?
Or to the heart, in lines, rehearse
What every heart might love to tell?

In my mind's eye, I see her stand,—
Her soul subdued, yet all unbroke—
Receiving from her Father's hand,
Herself a child, a Father's stroke.

By stern affliction, years before,
Led gently down the humble vale;
Where pilgrims drink of heaven the more
That earthly streams of comfort fail.

Her mansion, wrapt in cruel flame,
Which leaps and darts in fiery glee;
A fierce devourer none can tame,
The mother's eye is bid to see.

The mother—on whose slender arms,
Pale, drooping flowers, her daughters lean;
To shield from life's unnumbered harms,
To guide through wastes, as yet unseen—

Beholds depart what trial spared;
Sees hopes, that lingered, turn to dust;
And yet, for wo by woes prepared,
The storm but drives her to her Trust.

The neighbors strive, yet all in vain,
Their feeble strife with giant Fire;
The slave set free, will despot reign,
And show how grovelings may aspire.

They gaze, nor heed the bell that calls,
Entreating, to the house of prayer;—
She hears, and on her spirit falls,
Like balm, the invitation there.

In my mind's eye, I see her kneel
Where hope is strengthened from above;
Those trickling tears her joy reveal,
For that her trial comes in love.

For she is taught in Sorrow's school,
On heaven, alone, her feet to stay;
And takes, for her's, the Psalmist's rule—
In grief or gladness still to pray.

Original.

'TIS THEN I'LL THINK OF THEE.

BY WILLIAM RUSSELL, JR.

I.

I'll think of thee, when o'er the spirit steals,
Hopes, such as only live in youthful hearts;
When melancholy to the soul reveals,
That Pleasure smiles a moment, and departs;
When broken seems the spell which Fancy wove,
Ere clouds had gather'd o'er life's changing sky,
And *I* had learn'd how wild the passions rove;
That they but live *a moment*, droop, and die;
When sorrow's streamlets from the heart gush free,
In saddest hours *'tis then*, I'll think of thee!

II.

I'll think of thee, while in the festal hall;
When all is blissful, light, and joyous there;
Each gentle smile—each look will but recall,
Fond thought of *one* more gently, bright, and fair:—
When snowy fingers wake the slumb'ring string,
And strains, as sweet, as seraph-lips e'er breath'd,
Make the sad spirit mount on blithesome wing,
And break the shrine with which 'till then 'twas sheath'd:
In hours like these, when hearts are light with glee,
And glance meets glance, *'tis then I'll think of thee!*

III.

I'll think of thee, when Autumn's chilling blast,
Moans hoarsely, 'round the craggy mountain's top;
When frost-king on each leaf his blight hath cast,
And ripen'd fruit from off the branches drop;
When music in the leafless wood is hush'd,
Save the low murmur of the silv'ry rill;
When flow'rs are dead, which once in beauty blush'd,
Upon the grassy carpet of the hill;
When summer's gone, and frost is on the sea,
And verdure's dead, *'tis then I'll think of thee.*

Buffalo, Oct., 1843.

Original.

TO A PLANT AT SEA.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Hold up thy head, thou timid voyager!
Vex'd by the storm-clouds, as they darkly roll,
And by the fiercely tossing waves that stir
Thy slender root, and try thy trembling soul;—
Sad change from thy sweet garden,—where the dew
Each morning glisten'd in thy grateful eye,—
And where no rougher guest thy bosom knew
Then quiet bee,—or gadding butterfly;—
It grieves me sore, to see thy leaflets fade,
Wearing the plague-spot of the sickening spray,
And know what trouble I for thee have made,
Yet still bear on,—meek partner of my way,—
For in thy life, I keep the flowery chain
Of home and its delights, here, on the lonely main.

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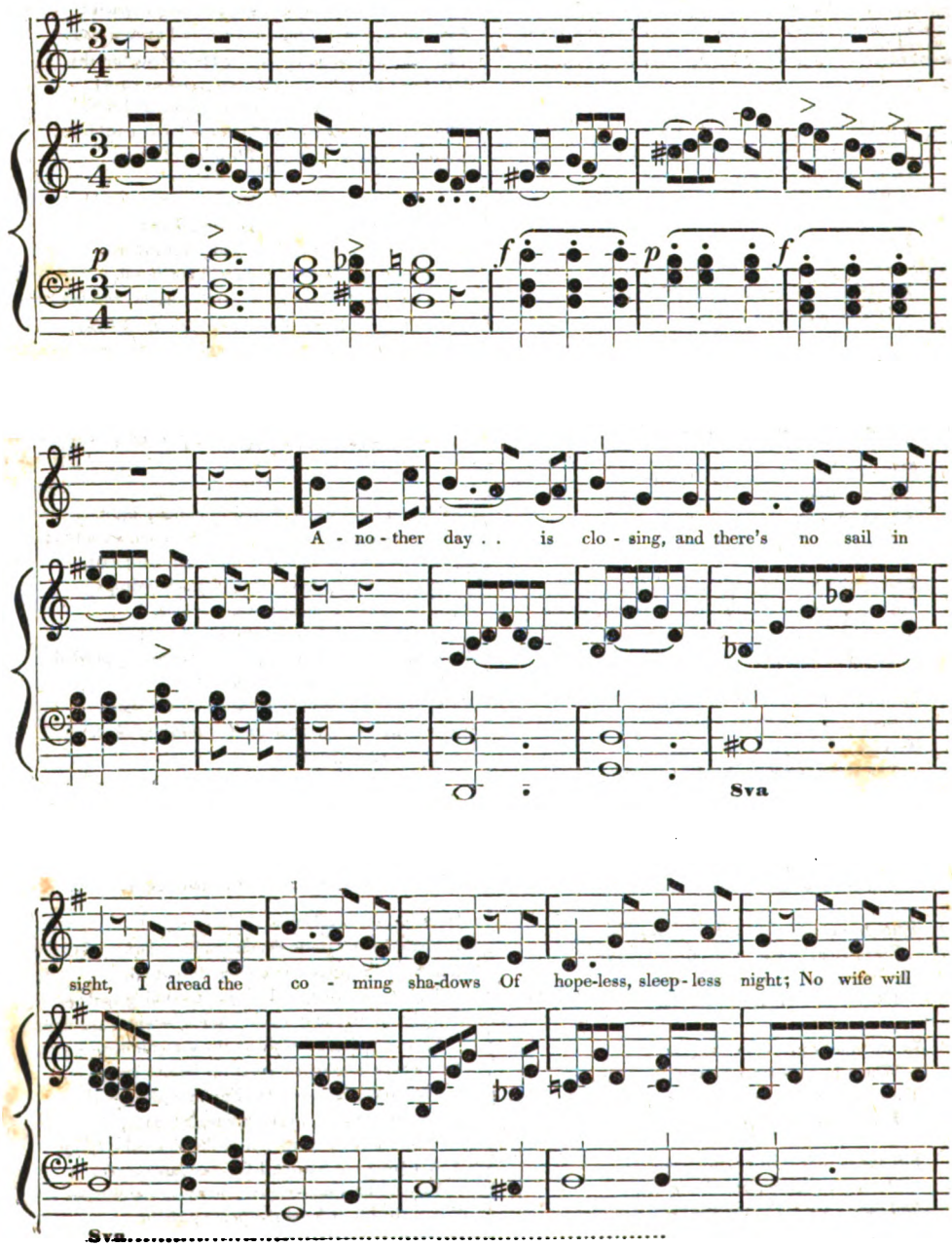
THE DESERT ISLE.

WORDS WRITTEN BY BY T. HAYNES BAYLEY—MUSIC COMPOSED BY C. E. HORN.



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watch my slum - bers, No friend my name will bless, No chil - dren throng a -

round me To sue for a ca - ress, No chil - dren throng to sue for a

Sva.....

ca - ress.

2

When darkness veils the ocean
I kindle yonder pile;
But no eye marks my beacon—
No stranger seeks the isle:
Alas! my weak hand trembles
When thus I try once more
That chance of preservation
Which fail'd so oft before.

3

Yet once again it blazes,
Reflected in the deep—
Ah! would those flames could waken
My lov'd ones where they sleep:
But 'twill not guide them hither,
My beacon burns in vain—
And I shall never listen
To words of love again.

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Original.

CALUMNY.

BY THE LATE SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Ah, what avails the shield of truth,
The charm of virtue, beauty, youth,
Against that fiend deform'd, uncouth,
Whose wounds no lenient balm can close?
Assailed by Slander's venom'd tooth,
The sensate mind must droop, forsooth,
And wither like a canker'd rose.
Yes, they who ever felt the pang
Of calumny's inveterate fang,
Must own that minstrel never sang
Of all the wars from guilt that sprang,
Of deeper, dreader, deadlier foes.

Oh, thou, who hast been thus betray'd
By secret foes, in ambush laid,
To plot and stab beneath the shade;
Whose viewless shafts have mock'd the aid
Of Virtue's buckler, to evade
The cruel, pointed, venom'd barb,—
Know, hapless wretch! whoe'er thou be,
There is between thyself and me,
A sighing chord of sympathy;
For I have also felt, like thee,
The cureless wounds of Calumny,
Who kiss'd and stabb'd,—for he,—for he
Had stolen honest Friendship's garb.
But what, alas, avails complaint?
Be man more holy than a saint,
Be lovely woman "chaste as snow,
And pure as ice," they still must know
The keenest pang of human wo,
The rankling wound of Calumny.
But hear a Saviour's accents mild,
"The persecuted and reviled
Are blessed,"—saith the Lord.
Then still, in conscious virtue clad,
"Rejoice and be exceeding glad,"
"For great is your reward."

Original.

SONG.—THE INCONSTANT.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"Not false, but fickle."

Drink to thy Ladye;—ay, fill high the bowl
To the Cynthia that rules o'er the tides of thy soul,
To her whose light hand wanders over thy heart,
Bringing out the rich music its chords can impart;
Ay, drink to her now, lest a new love awake
Ere thy lips meet the wine-bead that swells but to break.

Drink to thy Ladye; but breathe not her name,—
That draught quenched already a fast-waning flame;
When next at the banquet thou pourest the red wine,
Thy love will be pilgrim at some newer shrine;
Another will weave thee a fresher rose-chain,
To be worn a brief moment, then flung off again.

Original.

LATTICE-PEEPING.

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN, U. S. A.

Butterfly! butterfly! minion of light!
Floating like gossamer fast from my sight!
Tell me, come, whisper, e'er further you rove,
Have you met as ye journey'd the smile of my love?—
"Wherever thy mistress, she stood not, I ween,
This morn as I past, at the lattice of green:
For I peep'd at each crevice, but naught could I see,
Save the fair mignonette and the sweet scented pea."

Humming-bird! humming-bird! gentlest of wing!
Sipping the sweets from each delicate thing!
Say, ere you sail to your nest in the grove,
Have ye heard at the lattice the voice of my love? —
"That I've peep'd at each casement the morning breeze knows,
For it bow'd to my kisses the tulip and rose;
But naught have I heard at the porch of thy fair,
Save the buzz of the bee as he whizz'd through the air."

Butterfly, butterfly! fading in blue!
Humming-bird, humming-bird, sipping the dew!
Bring ye no word of my mistress to-day?
—Swift o'er the hill to yon cottage, away!
There, where the pœrny and prince's red plume
'Neath her soft culture have blush'd into bloom,
Hover around her and flutter above,
'Till you catch through the lattice a peep of my love.

Fort Ontario, N. Y., Oct.

Original.

AGE.

BY MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

A shattered wreck on a stranger-strand—
A waif of the laughing wave,
An exile's form in a dreary land
In search of a quiet grave;
The cheerless night of the Arctic clime
Where the Ice-King holds his reign,
The gloom-string sounds which the old oaks chime
As their leaves bestrew the plain,
The painful halt that memory makes
As the past is hid in gloom,
The heart-cloud that so darkly breaks
As looms to light the tomb;
These, to the gazer—form the page
Telling the woes and wrecks of Age!

Contentment produces, in some measure, all those effects which the alchymist usually ascribes to what he calls the philosopher's stone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing by banishing the desire of them. If it cannot remove the disquietudes arising from a man's mind, body, or fortune, it makes him easy under them.—*Addison.*

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EDITORS' TABLE.

THE NEW VOLUME.—A brilliant and prosperous past reflects itself upon the future, and makes it bright and glorious. Thus is our pathway chequered but with sunshine and with flowers. Beyond our hopes, our most anxious wishes, have we been successful—beyond, we sometimes fear, even our deserts; and we enter to-day upon our TWENTIETH volume, with a world of fruition already ours, and a fairer one yet to obtain. The secret of our unparalleled success is simple. We have never made lofty pretensions—we have ever fulfilled more than we promised. While willing to be regarded merely as the butterfly that skims along the flower-trees,—now kissing a drop of dew-nectar from the jasmine, and now drowning his wings in the oppressive odors of the wanton rose—and all for nothing and to no provident purpose beyond the mere caprice of the sunny hour,—we have not perhaps always returned without our bag of sweets, carefully culled and prepared for future use. If we are gay and brilliant, we are not entirely without more common but more useful qualities.

But we hate egotism; and we leave our fair friends to discover and discuss our merits and imperfections for themselves—ever too proud and happy to be the subject of comment by *such* lips, let either praise or censure be their theme. We have much that might well be said here, in regard to our future course and prospects; but we think it may still better be left unsaid. As every successive bow made in the dreamy sky by the new-born, modest moon, seems sweeter, fairer and more delicious than her silver sister, so shall each month scatter new light and fragrance over our pages, and upon thee, most beloved reader and friend!—so, our blessing, and farewell!

COPY-RIGHT CLUB.—A club has been formed in this city, embracing some of our most eminent writers, for the avowed object of influencing Congress to take some action towards the establishment of an international law of copy-right,—partly as a matter of justice to foreign authors, but more especially for the benefit of American writers. We are free to confess that we think the interests of American literature imperatively demand something of this kind; as it is folly to suppose that an American publisher will *pay for* the manuscripts of obscure American writers, when he can obtain the works of British authors of established reputation,—such as Bulwer, Dickens, Eugene Sue, Alison, etc., etc.—for *nothing*, and that, too, in a shape far more convenient for printing than even the best prepared manuscript. This state of things will inevitably keep American literature for ever in a depressed condition.

But in all that we have seen advanced upon this subject, one very important feature seems to have been entirely overlooked. It is a well known fact that the publishers of the *monthly magazines* in this country, are the only persons who offer any reward to our writers and literary men; and yet the want of some restrictive law lays them open to a most ruinous and destructive competition, by which the leading magazines of Europe are thrown into market in a cheap form, and pushed about under the very noses of our own monthlies, by a set of piratical publishers, who would sacrifice every hope of American literature to a paltry love of gain. It is from the British magazines, too, that nearly every thing that is objectionable, in a political sense, to American public sentiment, is derived. The bitter and untiring hostility of Blackwood to every thing democratic, liberal or meliorating to the great mass of the people, is too well known to require comment; and yet this unscrupulous and able Tory advocate of church and state, monarchical and aristocratic institutions, and the oppression and slavery of the people, is thrown off by a portion of our British-American press, in thousands, every month, to the great detriment of our own magazines, and the serious injury of our public opinion.

While, then, the friends of an international copy-right are exerting themselves with a praiseworthy perseverance, in behalf of American literature and American authors, let them not overlook the interests of our *Periodical Literature*, which is not the least important feature of our intellectual character and greatness.

HEALTH OF THE CITY.—Some weeks since, quite a panic was got up by some very foolish people, on account of certain reports of fevers and deaths at the village of Rondout,—connected, as was supposed, with the visit to that port of the schooner Vanda, from the West Indies. The excitement, however, blew over, without producing any other evil consequences than a very unnecessary alarm amongst the weak-minded, and the diversion of a large amount of the usual fall trade from this city, by reason of the exaggerated reports which were circulated in Philadelphia and elsewhere. The city has remained, throughout the season, unusually healthy.

WIER'S PICTURE OF THE DEPARTURE OF THE PILGRIMS.—There is a tone of majesty blended with a most exquisite softness, which steals straight into the soul—a calm atmosphere of classic beauty, yet broken delightfully up by the frequency and variety of feature—in this great work, which makes it an hallowed altar where the soul joys to pour out her sacrificial devotion to the Beautiful and True. It is indeed a great national work, and well may we be proud of it, and of its accomplished author. They both shall live for ever in the hearts and admiration of their grateful countrymen.

We have no room to criticise this painting; nor is there need. The daily press of the Metropolis has reached that point in its history at which it assumes to be the arbiter of literature, poetry and the fine arts, as well as of candidates for the Presidency and the latest fashion of ladies' corsets. To the familiars and ministering spirits, therefore of this wizard-power,—the wave of whose wand is as imperative as the nod of Destiny,—we commit all criticism, and yield up cheerfully the negative pleasures of the *nil admirari*; contenting ourselves most heartily, meanwhile, with being delighted and enraptured with the splendors of art and the magnificence of the Creator, speaking through the responsive soul of genius. The contemplation of this picture, then, has given us most exquisite and refined enjoyment; and we honestly recommend all, who have not yet done so, to go and light their souls at this great lamp of living beauty.

MUSIC-PRINTING.—We have frequently, of late, had occasion to admire the great improvements made in the *getting up* and printing of music. Until quite recently, American music, in appearance, even outvied the "pot-hooks and trammels" of Liepsic and Vienna; but now, Messrs. J. L. Hewitt & Co., Firth and Hall, and Atwill, produce specimens of music-printing which suffer nothing by being compared with the choicest efforts of the London and Parisian musical press. In the pieces we have recently examined from our New York houses, we have noticed a peculiar clearness and distinctness in the characters, and a most skilful grouping, by which the eye readily takes in a whole phrase, and analyzes its component parts. This is an advantage which our lady readers, and amateurs in general, will know how to appreciate. Then engraved views presented on the title pages of many of the new pieces published by Hewitt, are really amongst the finest things we have seen—quite equal to copper-plate. We are glad of an opportunity thus to record the progress of a beautiful and valuable art amongst us.

THE WEATHER.—Never escaped there from Paradise a more magnificent cycle of sunny weather than the three first weeks in October. The air seemed to be full of pictures, dropping them liberally wherever it stopped to breathe, and leaving a gorgeous garlandry of mingled and crushed rainbows upon the green locks of the forest. It was for all the world a time to "intoxicate the heart of a ripening grape,"—for which fragrant and exquisite figure—beautiful as the weather itself—thank not us, but him of the "ambrosial curls," who plumes his dainty spirit in the dazzling depths of a *mirror* worthy of such a destiny.

NEW MUSIC.—We are indebted to Oliver Ditson, of Boston, for a beautiful copy of the sweet ballad, "Jeannie Morrison." It is a delicious morceau.

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Musical.—The only musical novelty we have to chronicle this month, is the arrival of Madame Cinti Damoreau, prima donna from Paris, accompanied by M. Artot, a violinist of great celebrity. Their performances offered nothing which excelled or perhaps equalled those of Madame Castellan and Mr. Wallace. The two latter still remain in town, giving concerts with indifferent success. The truth is, that all these imported artists foolishly cause themselves to be so puffed in advance of their appearance, that we always expect too much. Every one who comes, if the daily papers are to be believed, is infinitely superior to all who have gone before, and incomparably beyond any thing that has ever been conceived or dreamed of. This nonsense soon finds its level.

The Fair! The Fair!—For half the golden and glorious days and evenings in the month which has just swept magnificently past, the cry throughout the city, amongst young and old, grave and gay, has been, "the Fair! the Fair." The very flower of our population turned out *en masse* to pay homage to the genius and skill of our artists and artizans,—and well were they repaid. The exhibition was very perfect and satisfactory. Every branch of human industry and skill seemed to be fairly and fully represented. The American Institute deserves the greatest credit for the commendable manner in which the affair was got up and conducted throughout.

The Ladies' Fashions are peculiarly brilliant and charming, this fall,—although an unrestrained indulgence in the *mode* must make heavy drafts upon the purse. The most superb articles we have noticed, are an embroidered purple velvet robe, and a splendidly embroidered blue black velvet cardinal, in a shop near the Astor House The price of each of these articles is *only* eighty dollars.

Puffer Hopkins' Poetry.—The author of "Puffer Hopkins," "The Motley-Book," etc., has recently printed, at his own expense, a volume of "*Poems on Man, in His Various Aspects under the American Republic*," which is a curiosity! It has abundant pretensions, but is really inferior, even to his dead-born prose works; and we do not know a lower standard of comparison than this. If any of our readers should think our judgment too severe, let them *try to read the book*; or, what perhaps would be equally conclusive, let them read the *extracts* which the friends of the author quote, in endeavoring to praise the work. We bear Mr. Matthews no ill will; indeed, he is his own worst enemy, when he writes, prints, and deliberately publishes, such *trash* as he sends forth, and calls "Books!" There is a word of two syllables which, in our opinion, exactly describes Mr. Matthews, as a literary man. It begins with an *h*, and ends with a *g*; but it is a tabooed dissyllable in polite society, and we shall not use it; but there is no difference of opinion, that ever *we* have heard, as to the justice of its application. The author's assumption is in sad keeping with his merit. His show-bills, themselves, are curiosities. Witness the one of the "Poems," for instance. We could say of Mr. Matthews, as Blackwood's Magazine did of a similar literary pretender and poetaster:—"It is *small-beer*; it ought to learn to take things quietly, and be less ambitious. Seldom doth *Brown Stout*, in that obstreperous way, seek to burst on the world!"

Farmers' Encyclopedia.—Here is another sterling periodical, devoted to the great fundamental interest of agriculture and rural affairs. The improvements that have been made in these branches of knowledge within the last few years, are indeed wonderful; and it is sufficient to say that the "Encyclopedia" fully keeps pace with the spirit of the age. It is thickly studded with fine engravings, and published in monthly numbers, by Carey and Hart. Price twenty-five cents per number.

A New Volume of that sparkling work, the New Mirror, was commenced on the 7th ult. We are glad to learn that the success of this *bijou* periodical is every way commensurate with the hopes and merits of its distinguished editors. Could more be wished?

The Wife of Leon, and other Poems: *by Two Sisters of the West. D. Appleton & Co.*—The most ambitious—and by far the most successful—of these poems, is the dramatic sketch of "Blanche Daventry." We have our own suspicions that the keeping back of this really beautiful sketch was an amiable *ruse* on the part of the author, in order to throw her principal performance into a milder light than the assumption of a first place would have imparted. As to the "Wife of Leon," it is pretty, but entirely too feeble and nerveless for the subject. The heroine is evidently drawn from a hint furnished by the Empress Josephine and her romantic fate—a subject which will probably one day be "married to immortal verse," in such a fashion as that the nuptial lights shall shed a radiance that may never be extinguished. In the present case, however, such purpose and execution are come lamentably short of. We hasten to the brief ending, and arrive there gladly.—"Blanche," is a *petite* dramatic sketch, containing some exquisite thoughts, wrought out with considerable power. We noticed one scene, especially, which betrays a fine eye for dramatic effect, and which we should be glad to copy. The lady (*Blanche*,) has just concluded the sad narrative of her early love, blighted hopes and broken heart, under which she is sinking to the grave, and hears her father's footsteps on the stairs. Wishing not to alarm his fond love, and determining to conceal from him the knowledge of her bitter grief, she suddenly changes the sad and mournful tones of the dying to a joyous tribute to earth and its beautiful. The scene is highly dramatic.

But it is in the smaller poems, (of which a large proportion of the book is composed,) that the peculiar gifts and inspirations of these pleasant sisters are to be detected. They are all gentle, unagonized—placid, not with depth, but with absence of the tempest's breath to ruffle. We have received great pleasure in perusing this modest and unpretending volume—(got up in most superb style,) and shall greet with new delight further visitations of the sister muses whose fine spirits have given it to the light. Cynicism, or even the severe critic, could find many faults; but, as we love to regard poetry—and woman, as its living type,—as perfection, we shall not look for them.

Works of Byron.—We have received the eleventh and twelfth numbers of Carey & Hart's republication (from stereotype plates,) of their edition of Byron. The work was scarcely wanted. It is neither cheap enough to be universally circulated, (for which, perhaps, we should be grateful,) nor good enough to be bound in preference to the copy one already has in his library. These two numbers contain the conclusion of Don Juan.

"The Present,"—is the title of a new transcendental monthly magazine, edited by W. H. Channing, the first number of which was issued in September. We have not had time to read it. We should think the field, however, pretty well occupied by The Dial.

Martin Chuzzlewit.—Don't be alarmed, madam—we have not the slightest intention of inflicting upon you a critique on Dickens. Our only object is to acknowledge the reception of the ninth part of Martin Chuzzlewit, with two funny engravings, from Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.

Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature.—This excellent and invaluable work, edited by John Kitto, Esq., has now reached its third number. No similar publication, either in the serial form or otherwise, with which we are acquainted, contains so much solid, useful and at the same time interesting matter as this. It is published by Mark H. Newman, 199 Broadway, and sold for seventy-five cents per number.

The Annuals fall off this year. There never was stamina enough about them to stand the test of criticism, or even cool judgment. This season, so far as we have seen, they are scarcely even *pretty*. To no other merit have they ever made pretension.

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The Latest Paris Fashions for Decr 1843

THE SISTER'S FAREWELL.

Engraved for the Art Union of London

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Drawn by T. Allom. Engraved by A. L. Dick.

FEEDING SILKWORMS AND SORTING THE COCOONS.

Engraved for the Ladies Companion

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THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER, 1843.

SILK CULTURE IN CHINA.

The developments which will probably soon be made of the character, progress, civilization and refinement of the Chinese, will undoubtedly be such as to startle us of Europe and America from our dream of fancied superiority, and to enrich our stores of knowledge with intellectual treasures of inconceivable worth. In every thing that we *yet* know of this strange and almost miraculous people, they not only astonish but surpass us. They unquestionably exceed all other people on earth in temperance, industry, constancy and the domestic affections—in public order, obedience to rulers and respect for what is intrinsically venerable—in the mechanic arts, in skill, ingenuity and good taste, as applied to the physical elegancies and embellishments of life. We need only refer to their still unimitated and inimitable porcelain manufactures—to their delicate and most exquisite ivory carvings—to their fire-works—but more particularly to their magnificent silk fabrics—for evidence of a nicety and perfection of skill and knowledge far beyond any thing that all the genius and science of Europe and America have yet accomplished.

What their literature may yet disclose we can only guess at—or, at most, judge of from analogy. We have generally been taught to believe by our geographers and historians that in this respect, the Chinese were but a semi-enlightened people, and could claim no fellowship with the descendants of the great Phenician branch of the human family. While they have been allowed the possession of great mechanical skill, and such other second class qualities as could not be denied to them, it has been industriously asserted, until the opinion has been suffered to become unquestioned, that they lacked that innate sense of the beautiful —that appreciation of harmony and symmetry on a scale wide as the universe itself—which directed the splendid labors of the Greeks, and has strewn one part of Europe with the fragmentary remains of a genius now apparently lost upon earth.

If we might be permitted to hazard an opinion, we should say that we have as yet no evidence of this. We admit that the gait and costume of the Chinese are singularly ungraceful—that their architecture is a violation of the strict rules of classic art: but we still believe that the rough and ragged cocoon from which is manufactured those exquisite fabrics which all the art of Europe cannot imitate, is but an emblem of the Chinese themselves—commonplace and uninteresting to the ordinary beholder, but nevertheless instinct with a beauty the surpassing delicacy of which can only be equalled by the dainty fingers of Nature herself. We confess that we shall not be surprized to find that the *literature* of China possesses a truthfulness, a tenderness, a virtuous earnestness and sincerity, of which we as yet know nothing—and which will even throw its shadow upon the most highly prized of all our Greek and English classics.

But we must not be seduced into a dissertation on Chinese literature, while merely calling attention to the subject of the culture of silk. We have thought that at the present moment, when this important branch of industry has taken so strong a hold upon public attention in this country as to call for the special action and countenance of one of our most important public institutions, (the American Institute,) we could not do a greater favor to our readers than to present them with a *second* plate, representing another portion of the labor of rearing silkworms, and gathering the precious product of their chrysalis existence, which, under the touch of human skill, expands into the gorgeous magnificence that curtains pleasant dreams—that lies next the swelling heart of beauty, and sheds new lustre upon the proudest form of loveliness. Our former engraving on this subject, was received with universal favor; and we think we have reason to be proud of the present one, which all acknowledge, who have examined the proof, to be superior to the first.

Our plate upon the silk culture in China, which we present this month, is a most accurate representation of the process of gathering the cocoons and feeding the worm. So well has the *burin* performed its task, that very little, by way of detail, remains for us to add with the dull pen. To those who seek for more minute information we would recommend a perusal of the admirable speeches and reports made at the recent Fair of the American Institute, held in this city. In them they will find much that is new and interesting, that will probably lead them to look thereafter upon the silk culture—not, as is now too much the case, merely in the light of a series of amusing but profitless experiments—but as one of the future elements of our national wealth and greatness.

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Original.

THE ESCAPE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"*Pro.*————I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.
Girl.—In what you please.—I will do what I can."
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

On a cold, bleak evening, late in November, a female enveloped in a weather-beaten plaid cloak, was seen hurrying along the side-walk of a fashionable street in one of the Atlantic cities. Once she ascended the door-steps of a splendid mansion, and was about to pull the bell, when a sudden burst of merriment from within seemed to deter her, and she again resumed her course with an air more hasty and timid than before. Having passed a dozen or more houses, she paused in front of one that, compared with the others, wore a quiet, secluded air. After some hesitation, she ventured to ring the bell. The door was opened by a servant of whom she inquired if she could see the mistress of the house.

"I will see," he replied.

In a few moments he reäppeared, and conducted her into a parlor, elegantly though not showily furnished. The inmates were a middle-aged lady, of a pale, though not sickly countenance, somewhat precise in dress and manners, and a young man who sat by the table, reading.

"I am very anxious," said the female approaching the lady, "to obtain employment in some family for a few months—are you willing to furnish me with some?"

"What kind of employment would you like?" inquired the lady.

"I should prefer needle-work, either plain or ornamental, but am willing to undertake any labor whatever, that I can perform to your satisfaction."

"Well, sit down, and we will talk more about it, but first tell me your name, and if you have a recommendation from your last employer."

"My name," she replied, hesitating a little, "is Mary—Mary Leviston."

"And the name of the family where you last resided?"

"Pardon me, madam, but I cannot tell."

She was evidently much agitated as she replied, and forgetful of the faded cloak that concealed her form, it slipped from one shoulder, and revealed a rich white satin dress, trimmed with blonde, and an elegant pearl neck-lace. The lady now observed for the first time that she was very beautiful, a discovery that the young man had already made, although at the time of her entrance, he was in the midst of a deeply interesting article on political economy. The lady put on a look of severity, and fixing her eyes on the neck-lace, told her that she could give no employment to a person who found means to obtain such expensive ornaments.

"Oh, don't turn me away," said the girl, bursting into tears, and wringing her hands in the greatest distress and agitation. "If you do I don't know what will become of me."

The young man now hastily threw aside his book, and approaching the lady, said in a low voice, "Aunt Leonard, I beg to speak a few words with you in private."

Mrs. Leonard rose, and passing through the folding doors, to a distance that conversation carried on in an undertone could not be heard by her visitor, although, feeling some anxiety relative to a gold watch that hung over the mantel, she could keep her eye on her, "Well, Percy," said she to her nephew, who had followed her closely, "what have you to say that is of a nature so private?"

"Simply, that I *do* wish that you would take this young girl on trial. I know what your impression is, but if I ever saw innocence depicted in a human countenance, I see it in her's. Artifice may have lured her into the haunts of vice, and if she has made her escape, turn her not away from your door and compel her to return."

"Percy," said his Aunt, "if her face were not so beautiful, were its expression ever so innocent, do you think she would find in you so powerful a pleader?"

"She ought to," he replied, slightly coloring, "and I think she would. Promise me, Aunt, that you will receive her."

"No, for your sake, I must turn her away."

"That you shall never do. I promised my friend Northcote, that I would spend a few weeks with him, and although it is not exactly the season to make a visit in the country, I will start to-morrow morning. Now, Aunt, you have no excuse, or none that you are not capable of despising, if it will prevent you from performing a good action. I have sewing enough myself that I wish to get done, to employ her three months."

"Well, Percy, since you are so earnest for her to remain, if you will promise to make your visit to your friend Northcote, I will take her a week or two upon trial, though I should not be surprized if she should know no more about hemming and stitching than you do."

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Mrs. Leonard returned and resumed the seat she had left.

"I think you told me that your name is Mary Leviston," said she to the girl, who sat weeping and trembling.

"I did."

"As my nephew thinks of leaving town to-morrow, to be gone some time, and as I shall be rather lonely, I have concluded to let you remain a week or two upon trial."

"Your words are a thousand times better than life to me," said she, starting up and seizing Mrs. Leonard's hand, which she pressed to her lips.

"Stay," said Mrs. Leonard, disengaging her hand with an air that showed that she was slightly annoyed, "if you remain, there are several conditions which you must promise to comply with."

"I will comply with any condition that you wish. All I ask is, that you will suffer me to stay."

"The first condition is, that you must under no pretext whatever, leave the house except to attend church on the Sabbath, and then it must be in company with some person I shall provide to go with you."

"That will suit me, exactly—I do not wish to go out."

"Another is, that you must not attempt to hold any correspondence with your old associates."

"There is not a person on earth with whom I wish to hold any correspondence."

The third and last condition is, that should any of your old acquaintance call, you will refuse to see them."

"All that you require, I should have performed voluntarily."

"Well, then, you had better take off your cloak and hood, for the room is rather too warm to require such warm garments."

She withdrew to the opposite side of the apartment, and Percy observed that at the moment she removed her hood, she tore a wreath of flowers from her hair, and crushed it in her hand, which soon afterwards, when she imagined she was not noticed, she threw into the fire."

When divested of her cloak and hood, with her rich dress exactly fitted to her form, and her bright golden hair enwoven with pearls, Mrs. Leonard could not help confessing to herself, that she had never seen a female so perfectly beautiful. If the admiration of Percy was graduated on a lower scale, his countenance was no true index of his mind, and the idea of his proposed visit into the country, began to grow exceedingly distasteful to him.

The next morning, at the breakfast table, Miss Leviston appeared in a calico morning dress, which Mrs. Leonard had provided for her, with her hair, which was plainly parted on her forehead, compressed into one heavy, rich braid, which shone with a lustre nearly equal to the small gold comb, which confined it to the back part of her head. Her demeanor was modest almost to bashfulness, her color varying with every motion, from the palest hue of the blush-rose, to that which dyes the leaves nearest its heart. Mrs. Leonard was at a loss whether to attribute this fitful varying of her complexion to modesty or guilt, but Percy, who had a great deal of chivalry about him, would not have hesitated, had it been the custom in those degenerate days, to break a lance with the bravest man in the country in vindication of her innocence.

"Have you sent to secure a seat in the stage?" inquired his Aunt, as they rose from the table.

"No, but it is time enough yet—it will not start this half-hour."

"You are mistaken, Percy—it lacks but just fifteen minutes of the time."

"You are right, I believe," he replied, looking at his watch, "but never mind, if I am too late I can just as well go to-morrow."

"That will not do," said his Aunt, with a look and tone of severity. "If you miss the stage, I shall lend you my carriage."

"Well, Aunt, since you are so earnest to get rid of me, I will send Patrick to tell the driver to call for me."

"No, it is too late now to trust to servants—go yourself, and call for your trunk as you pass."

"Just as you say—I am all obedience, but if my exile prove too tedious I shall return before the expiration of the time I mentioned."

"Not without writing first," replied his Aunt.

"To be sure not—I shall give you fair warning."

Having said this, he shook hands warmly with his Aunt, and bowing with an air of profound respect to Miss Leviston, left the apartment.

Mrs. Leonard, thinking it not best to task the skill of her new needle-woman too severely at first, gave her a cambric handkerchief to hem, which being performed with neatness and despatch, she ventured to trust her with a pair of fine linen wrist-bands for Percy, which, according to the old fashion, when women probably found

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it difficult to fill up all their time, were to be stitched twice across, each stitch to embrace just two threads. She had finished one wrist-band entirely to Mrs. Leonard's satisfaction, when the door-bell rang. Miss Leviston gave a nervous start, and rising from her chair requested Mrs. Leonard's leave to retire to her own apartment. The person who rang proved to be Mrs. Reding, a lady with whom Mrs. Leonard was intimately acquainted, and to whom she determined to mention the case of her new seamstress, and ask her advice relative to the propriety of permitting her to remain. But Mrs. Reding had something important to communicate, and commenced by saying,

"Have you heard the news, Mrs. Leonard?"

"No, indeed—what news?"

"You know old Mr. Draper, don't you?"

"I know there is such a person, though I am not acquainted with him."

"And you have heard of the beautiful Miss Winthrop, his niece and ward?"

"Yes."

"And of old Barner, whose property is said to exceed a million?"

"I have."

"Well, it seems that Barner took a fancy to Miss Winthrop, and asked her guardian's leave to propose to her. Mr. Draper's consent being readily obtained, he proposed and was rejected. Not satisfied with this, he continued to persecute her with his addresses, and finally, it is said, offered her guardian a heavy sum if he would either by persuasion or threats induce her to marry him. 'Make yourself easy, Mr. Barner,' said he, 'she shall be your bride.' He found, however, that he had undertaken a difficult task, and despairing of other means to effect his wishes, locked her into her own apartment, and gave out that she had left town on a visit. For several weeks she remained obstinate, but knowing herself to be entirely in her guardian's power, and becoming weary of her imprisonment, she told him if he would release her, she would marry Mr. Barner. As he suspected that she intended to evade her promise, he told her that he could not trust her with her liberty 'till the hour arrived for the performance of the marriage ceremony. Knowing that remonstrance would prove vain, she, to appearance, meekly acquiesced. Yesterday morning was the time Mr. Draper wished it to take place, but she insisted on its being deferred 'till the evening. A splendid bridal dress had been prepared, in which she was duly arrayed, and Mr. Barner, fine as his tailor could make him, was punctual to the moment. One of the bridemaids now entered the apartment and whispered to Mr. Draper requesting him to give her the key to unlock the bride, as her assistant had just called to her and told her that Miss Winthrop was quite ready.

"But why were you not there to assist them?" inquired Mr. Draper.

"I arrived rather late," she replied, "and as you happened to be out, I could not gain admittance."

Five minutes elapsed, but the bride did not appear. Mr. Barner kept his eyes constantly fastened on the door by which she was to enter. Another five minutes passed, and Mr. Barner's eyes began to ache, so that he was obliged not only to wink, but even to rub them.

"What does the girl mean by keeping us waiting so long?" said Mr. Draper, and he rang the bell.

A girl appeared at the door.

"Go tell Miss Winthrop," said he, "that she will oblige us by not keeping us waiting any longer."

The girl obeyed, and after an absence of a few minutes, returned, saying that Miss Winthrop's chamber was empty.

"I should not wonder if she had contrived to make her escape," said Mr. Draper, starting up and rushing towards the stair-case, followed closely by Mr. Barner. They soon proved the truth of what the girl had told them, by a peep into the deserted chamber. Bride and bridemaids, all were gone. Mr. Barner ran down stairs, and going to the front door, inquired of some persons who were passing, if they had seen a lady in the dress of a bride. Being answered in the negative, he ran down street like an insane man, asking the same question of every one he met. Every exertion has been made on the part of her guardian to find her, but up to this time, she has eluded all search."

Mrs. Leonard, who had listened to Mrs. Reding's account without interrupting her, told her, when she had finished, that she doubted not but that Miss Winthrop was at that moment, beneath her roof. She then related to her the incidents of the preceding evening.

"It must be she," replied Mrs. Reding. "I know her perfectly well, and your description suits her exactly."

"She did wrong," said Mrs. Leonard, "not to confide in me. I was inclined to regard her in a very unfavorable light, and had it not been for Percy, who for the sake of her remaining, consented to leave town, I should have turned her away."

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"As she was wholly unacquainted with you," replied Mrs. Reding, "she could not tell whether it would be safe to repose confidence in you or not."

"That is true. There are some who might have taken measures to return her to her guardian, or rather to him who has proved himself so base a betrayer of his trust."

Both ladies agreed that it would be best for Mrs. Leonard to inform her immediately that she had discovered who she was, and to quiet her fears by assuring her, that as Mr. Draper had exceeded the limits of lawful control, by confining her to her chamber in order to compel her to marry a person that was disagreeable to her, he would not be suffered to resume his guardianship.

That evening in a letter to her nephew, Mrs. Leonard related the whole story, and the next evening but one, she had the pleasure of welcoming him home.

More to tease Mr. Draper, than for any other reason, the secret of Miss Winthrop's abode was not suffered to transpire, and he, as well as the public, about two months afterwards, were first enlightened on the subject by the following paragraph in one of the daily newspapers.

"Married, yesterday morning, at the residence of Mrs. Leonard, in ——— street, Percy Leonard, Esquire, to Miss Mary Leviston Winthrop, daughter of the late Judge Winthrop, of this city."

Original.

MOZART'S LAST REQUEST.

BY MRS. H. M. PARSONS.

It is somewhere stated that Mozart, having completed his Requiem, desired his daughter to sing a favorite melancholy song, and while she was singing, his spirit took its flight to the shadowy world.

—

Mary, sing again the plaint
  Which I love at eve to hear,
And in music, sweet but faint,
  Let it fall upon my ear;
And when gather'd with my sires
  I shall sleep with those of yore,
Strike at night my harp's still wires—
  Sound the notes I love once more.

But remember that your voice
  Cannot swell the heavenly choir,
If you make this world your choice
  And no greater good desire.
Would you join the angel-throng,
  Heaven your spirit must renew—
Heaven alone can teach a song
  Sweeter than I ask of you.

Original.

THE ROMANCE OF CAROLINA.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE YEMASSEE," "THE KINSMAN," ETC.

LACHANE, THE DELIVERER;

A sequel to the story of Guernache, the drummer.

We trust that our readers have not forgotten a no less tragical than true history, which we offered them in previous pages of this journal—(see p. 29, No. 1. for November)—in illustration of the romance of Carolina, during the first period of the settlement of the Huguenots in that state. It will be remembered that this narrative was chiefly occupied with the fate of one Guernache, a fellow of rare qualities of good, but who fell the victim to the tyrannical and cruel moods of Albert, the captain of the colony. We closed that sketch, not so much because we had reached a stage where it properly rested, as because of our limits, which rendered it necessary that we should seasonably pause at the first convenient stopping-place. We shall now simply remind our readers that there was a participant in the supposed crime for which Guernache perished, one Lachane, or La Chere,—a noble fellow,—bold, true, and very much beloved and respected by his comrades. In the same unwise and violent spirit which had prompted the course of Albert towards Guernache, he was determined to proceed against Lachane. But the aspects of the two cases were not exactly the same. Lachane had friends not possessed by Guernache, and Renaud, the creature of Albert, was rather more favorably disposed towards the latter than the former offender. Besides, Lachane had not singularly offended the self-esteem of the commander, in a respect so very sensitive to hurt among men, as that which relates to their intercourse with women. The Indian damsels had not so clearly shown to the captain that Lachane was preferred to himself, though as the latter was very superior in physiognomy to the former, it is very probable that they felt the preference which they did not yet declare. With these qualifiying circumstances, likewise, in the case of Lachane, he was brought up for judgment. His offence, such as it was, was not denied. Some palliation, however, was attempted, and the very effort seems to have irritated the self importance of the captain to a very high degree. The sequel of the affair was, that Lachane was doomed to banishment,—sentenced to perpetual exile upon a neighboring island of the

* Continued from page 39.

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sea, to which he was conducted, in melancholy state, by the pinnace belonging to the fortress.

It is not known to us at the present day, to which of the numerous sea islands of the neighborhood the unhappy Lachane was banished. But it was one divided from the main, and from the colony, by an arm of the sea, of such breadth, and so open to the most violent action of the ocean, that any return of the exile, without assistance from his comrades, was not apprehended. The island was three leagues from Fort Carolina,—was almost entirely barren,—a heap of sand,—treeless and herbless,—without foliage to shelter from the sun and storm, or fruits to provide against famine. On this island, companionless and hopeless, was the unhappy man destined to remain; receiving, on the return of every eighth day, a certain allotted supply of provisions; an allowance meted out against his merest necessity. Certainly a more cruel punishment, adopted in a more wanton exercise of despotic power, could not have been devised by any superior. Death had been a gentler doom; for if, already, the colonists, living together as they did, and cheered by the society of one another,—the ties and assurances of friendship, pleasant sports, and the interchange of enlivening thought,—if they, even with these relieving circumstances, found their abode irksome beyond endurance,—as now begun to be the case,—what must be the sufferings of him thus put apart even from such solace as they possessed,—uncheered by the face and words of fellow man,—and deprived even of the resources whereby ingenuity might devise means of relief, and exercises which might furnish a substitute for employment. No sentence could more completely have shown to "our Frenchmen" how small was the sympathy between their commander and themselves,—how slightly he valued their lives, and with what contempt, if not hostility, he regarded their feelings and their affections!

The affair of Guernache, and the subsequent banishment of Lachane, produced a great sensation among the colonists,—a sensation not the less deep because it was restrained from expression. Had Albert pardoned Lachane, or let him off with some slight punishment, it is not improbable that the matter would have ended there, and the cruel proceedings against Guernache might have been forgotten. But these were kept alive, by those which followed against their other favorite, and some of the boldest among them did not scruple to expostulate with their superior upon his severity. In the performance of this (supposed) duty, they incurred no little peril. It seemed to the jealous importance of Captain Albert that such expostulation was itself an impertinence, and his answer to the prayer of the applicants was couched in the language of threatening and contumely. They retired from his presence in disgust, and with a discontent which was the more dangerous because they succeeded most effectually in controlling its utterance.

But if such was the state of the relations between Albert and his people, what were they when it was discovered at the close of the first eighth day after the banishment, that his orders had been suspended for providing him with the allowance of food which had been decreed him. The captain was silent, and, unless at his bidding, nobody could venture to furnish to the poor exile his miserable supplies. The eighth day passed. The men murmured among themselves; and, at length, on the morning of the ninth, one Nicholas Barré, a man of great firmness and intelligence, presented himself boldly before Albert, and ventured to remind him of Lachane. But, as if a strange madness had seized upon the senses of this reckless personage, he answered the suggestion with indignity and insult.

"Begone!" he exclaimed, "and trouble me no more with your complaints. What is it to me if the scoundrel does perish. He deserves his fate. I mean that he shall perish. I shall be glad to hear of his death. Away! you deserve a like punishment. Let me hear another word on the subject, and the speaker shall share his fate."

This answer was accompanied by all the signs of brute anger and earnestness; nor did the captain spare his oaths in the enforcing the cruel severity of his determination. His fury seemed little short of insanity, and to such a degree was it shown, that Barré deemed it advisable to retire from the presence of the man, whom, it would seem, from the madness that possessed him, God had already determined to destroy. Such, indeed, was his doom,—uttered already in the secret soul of Barré, and echoed by nine-tenths of those around him. But such a sentence, to be carried into execution, required time and consultation, and, in the meanwhile "our comrade must not starve!"

"La Chere must not starve!" said Nicholas Barré, to a select few of his associates when they met that night in secret. Arrangements were accordingly made for carrying him provisions. A canoe was procured, and Barré and another set forth at midnight on their generous mission.

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The night was calm and beautiful,—the sea, unruffled by the breeze, lay, smooth as a mirror, between the lonely island and the main. The island itself looked lovely,—though barren and without a tree,—in the silvery light of the moon. With active and sinewy arms they pulled to it in safety, the current favoring their course. But what was their surprize and consternation, when, on reaching the island, they found no answer to their call. They soon compassed it, from side to side, but the banished La Chane was not to be found. Had he been carried off by a foreign vessel?—by the savages?—had he thrown himself, in desperation, into the sea? There was no answer to the question. There was no end to their doubts, and hopeless of his fate, and fearing the worst, they returned to their canoe, and recrossed the bay in safety, their hearts more than ever filled with disgust and fury, at the cruelty and malice of their commander.

But, ere they reached Fort Caroline, they were startled by the outline of a human form that presented itself between the fort and the river. At first the fugitive seemed to be approaching them, at the next moment, however, it went aside, as if in a panic, and made an attempt to conceal itself in the forest. They gave pursuit instantly, and as the efforts of the fugitive were feebly made, they soon overtook him. To their great gratification and surprize, they discovered him to be the man whom they had been seeking,—the banished Lachane. His story was soon told. He was nearly perished of hunger. He had not eaten for three days. The food which had been furnished him, had been partly carried from him by birds or beasts, (he knew not which,) while he slept, and in the failure of his promised supplies, he became desperate.

"For that matter," said the exile, "I had become desperate before. Food was not the want. It was my countrymen for whom I yearned,—the human face that I craved to see,—and I resolved to brave the death by which I was threatened, that I might have the joy of seeing you once again."

Touching, indeed, was the embrace which they gave the wretched man.

"You should not have perished," said Nicholas Barré, boldly. "I, for one, am tired of this tyranny, and am resolved to bear it no longer. There are others, too, of my feeling and resolve. But tell us, La Chere, how came you over this broad stretch of sea?"

"By the mercy of God, who made the seas calm, and gave me favoring currents, and threw yon fragment of a ship's spar within my reach. But I nearly sunk. I am weak,—very weak. Give me to eat.

A flask of generous wine with which they had provided themselves, cheered and inspirited the sufferer, who then, under a broad palmetto, sat down to the food which the friends brought from their canoe. Much it rejoiced them to see him eat. Ere he was done, Lachane spoke as follows:

"I rejoice to hear that others, like yourself, have resolved to submit no longer to this tyranny. In coming back to the fort, I did not come back to yield myself willingly and unresistingly to the power of Albert. I came to avenge Guernache, and rescue you. I came, if necessary, to perish,—but to strike a fair blow for freedom ere I fell."

"That blow must be struck soon. We are no longer freemen. Albert rules us with iron hand. Every day witnesses against him. Some new cruelty,—some new tyranny, adds daily to our afflictions, and very few are spared. We are not men to submit longer."

"Hear me," said Lachane:—"you have not yet engaged in any scheme?"

"No!—but we are ripe for it."

"Very good! Let me strike the blow. It is an honor which I demand as a compensation for what I have suffered. It will be easy. Hear what I propose."

Lachane continued. His counsel was, that Albert should be advised of an unusual multitude of deer upon one of the hunting islands in the neighborhood. These islands are, some of them, remarkable for the beauty and intricacy of their forests. Here the deer assembled in multitudes. Here they might be seen, at various periods, crossing from the main,—swimming in little bands of five or ten, across small rivers and arms of the sea, to their favorite browsing patches. To one of these islands Barré might offer to conduct his commander, with the assurance that a large herd had been discovered crossing but the night before. Meanwhile, taking possession of the canoe, Lachane, provided by his friends with weapons, was to place himself in convenient shelter upon the island, and avail himself of the first opportunity to strike the blow. This privilege he demanded, not only because of his superior claim to vengeance, but because having already incurred the doom of outlawry, he should, by the commission of the proposed crime, undergo no more risk than hung over him before. He should thus save harmless those friends who yet sympathize with him in his project.

We need not follow these arrangements. They

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were discussed fully, and the parties separated,—Barré and his companion to regain the fort, and Lachane once more to embark, ere day should dawn, for the destined place of equal security and vengeance. Every thing succeeded to their wishes. Albert, who was passionately fond of sport, was easily deceived by the representations of Barré and his comrade. The pinnace was fitted out, and, at an early hour, attended by the two conspirators, and half a dozen other persons,—the greater number of whom were supposed to be as hostile to the tyrant as themselves,—the victim set forth, little dreaming that he should be the hunted, instead of the hunter. Renaud, by whom he was also accompanied, was the only person of the party upon whom he could rely. But neither his creature nor himself seemed to entertain any suspicion of the truth. On the contrary, the petty tyrant, on a sudden, and by way of novelty, threw aside the terrors of his authority. He could jest when the fit was on him. He had his moments of play;—a sort of feline faculty of sporting on the very edge of crime, and, in a higher sphere, might have played skilfully with the fiddle while the city was in flames. But though he condescended to jest with his men, there was a stern silence on the part of Nicholas Barré which the unwonted good humor and condescension of his captain could not overcome. Nothing vexes superiority more than when it condescends in vain, and the coldness and silence of Barré, and the insensibility with which he heard those good things of his captain, which occasioned ready laughter in the rest, finally extorted from the latter a comment which gave full utterance to his spleen.

"By my life, Lieutenant Barré,"—such was the rank of this conspirator,—"but that I know thee better, I should think, from thy present dullness, thou wert one of those to whom merriment is a hateful thing,—that a clever jest gave offence to thy soul, and a cheerful laugh sent thee off in sullenness to bed."

"Pardon me, Captain Albert," said the person addressed, fixing a steady eye upon him, and speaking in very deliberate accents,—"but I was thinking of the deer that we shall strike to-day. Doubtless, he is even now making as merry as thyself among his comrades, little dreaming that the hunter hath his thoughts already fixed upon the choice morsels of his flanks, which a few hours hence shall be smoking above the fire. Truly, we are but little wiser than the deer. The merriest of us may be struck as soon. The man hath as few securities as the brute that runs."

Captain Albert saw no meaning in this answer, but the matter of it was well remembered by those who heard it, when the events of that day were known.

Little did Captain Albert dream of the fate which lay in wait for him. He was, indeed, in the merriest of humor, and seemed, with the cares of the commander, to have thrown aside all of his severities. Never had he been more gracious, though his good humor now was rather the condescension of one who is secure of his authority, and can resume its functions at any moment, than of any hearty sympathy with his companions. But for an occasional sarcasm, in which he indulged at the expense of his men, and by which he kept alive their antipathies, the livelier and gentler mood in which he suffered them now to behold him, might have rendered them reluctant to prosecute their purpose. They might have relented at the last moment, had there been discovered any sincere relentings in him. But with a look to his comrades, the stern Nicholas Barré showed that he kept the secret purpose in his soul, and in a silence that wounded the pride of their haughty superior, they drew nigh together to the shore.

Albert was the first to land. He was impatient to join in the chase, of which he was exceedingly fond. The sport was a simple one in the region in question. It consisted rather in a judicious arrangement and distribution of the hunters, than in any particular speed of foot, or skill of weapon. The island was small,—the woods not dense or intricate, and the only outlet of escape was across the little arm of the sea which separated the island from the main. The hunters were required to watch this passage, as, when pressed from the opposite shore, the deer naturally rushed in this direction. Three men were accordingly stationed here, and one other placed within the boat, in order to pick up the chase should it succeed in getting into the water. Barré, in order to prevent the escape of Albert by this means, contrived that this man should be in the secret of the conspiracy. His name was Lamotte,—a small, fierce personage, of fiery and passionate nature, who had suffered frequent indignities from the commander, which his position required him to endure without complaint. But his hate was only the more violent in consequence, and his desire for revenge the more intense.

Their arrangements all completed, the hunters skirted the wood which occupied the centre of the island, and, gradually separating, found their way into its recesses. A single dog which

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they carried with them was unleashed, and the game soon afoot. As the bay of the hound became more frequent, the blood of Albert became more and more excited, and, pressing forward, he had the delight of seeing a numerous herd of the sleek-skinned citizens of the wood, well limbed and nobly antlered, dart from cover into the space before him. A good shot was Captain Albert. He fired, and had the satisfaction to see fall, headlong-sprawling, one of the largest bucks of the herd. He shouted his delight aloud, and was confounded at the echo and the vision which it called up. At his side, and in his very ears, arose another shout, louder than his own,—a wild, indescribable yell, which sent a sudden thrill of horror into his soul. At the same moment a gaunt, fierce, half-famished form darted forth, and fixed himself directly in his path.

"Ho! tyrant, do I have you now!"

Wild with fury was the countenance of the speaker, terrible was the language of his eyes, threatening, indeed, the action of his uplifted arm. A keen blade flashed in his grasp, and the discovery which Albert made, in the same instant, that the wild man before him, thus armed, was the person he had so cruelly banished from his friends, and destined for starvation as well as exile, had the effect of unnerving him at once. The guilty conscience enfeebled his arm, and deprived his soul of all its courage. Besides, his weapon was discharged. Except the *couteau de chasse* at his side, he had no means of defence; and even were this out, and grasped in readiness, what would it avail against the superior strength of Lachane, a man remarkable for equal muscular vigor, courage and adroitness? Captain Albert felt that he had met his fate. He shrunk back, and sent up a feeble cry for his satellite, Renaud.

"You cry in vain!" cried the Avenger. "Renaude, that miserable villain,—that creature of thy crime, has now quite as much need of thee as thou of him. Hark! hear you not? Even now they are dealing with him!"

And, sure enough, the scream of a man, succeeded by the clash of weapons, was heard, at that moment, at a little distance.

"Prepare! To your knees, tyrant. Make your peace with God!"

But, though Albert had not strength enough for combat, he had for flight. He was slight of form, small, and tolerably swift of foot. Suddenly dashing the now useless firelock to the ground, he darted off with a degree of energy which it tasked all the efforts of the half-famished Lachane to overcome, and gained the beach, within fifty yards of the boat, ere he was overtaken. Hearing the pursuer close behind him, he rushed into the sea;—Lachane followed him close, and, as the water rose to the neck of the fugitive, he turned in supplication, only to receive the stroke. The steel entered his neck and he fell forward upon the slayer. Lachane flung him off from the weapon; and, losing his footing, the wounded man sunk irretrievably beneath the waters.

"Guernache! my friend! I have avenged thee!"

Such was the exclamation of Lachane, as, with something of Roman fervor, he raised the bloody point of his sword to Heaven.

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The sequel of this narration may be told almost in the very words of history. "When they were come home againe, they assembled themselves together to choose one to be Governor over them." The choice fell upon Nicholas Barré—"one which knewe so well to quite himselfe of his charge, that all rancour and dissention ceased among them, and they lived peaceably one with another." But though harmony was restored, they had lost hope. The supplies which had been promised them from France, had never been sent. The unhappy civil wars in that country, had been resumed, under the auspices of that incarnate mischief, Catharine of Medicis, the Queen Mother—and Coligny, the father of the Colony, had enough to do in fighting the battles of the Huguenots at home, to spare either means or men for the benefit of the little settlement at La Carolina. The Colonists had nearly exhausted the resources in "mil and beans," of the poor savages by whom they were surrounded; and in utter despair of aid from France, believing themselves to have been wholly abandoned, they began to build "a smal pinnesse," in which to regain—however faint the hope,—the shores of that well beloved region. "And though there were no man among them,"—says the chronicle,—"that had any skill, notwithstanding, necessitie, which is the maistresse of all sciences, taught them the way to build it." But how were they to provide the sails, the tackle and the cordage? When most confounded with this question, they were succored by the help of Providence. Hear the chronicle. "Having no meanes to recover these things, they were in worse case than at the first, and almost ready to fall into despayre. But that good God which never forsaketh the afflicted, did succour them in their necessitie." Two of

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the neighboring Cassiques, Andusta and Maccou, visit them "as they were in these perplexities," —"whom our Frenchmen went forth to meete with all, and shewed the King in what neede of cordage they stood: who promised them to returne within two dayes, and to bring so much as should suffice to furnish the pinnesse with tackling.—After their departure, our men sought all meanes to recover rosen in the woodes, wherein they cut the pine trees round about, out of which they drew sufficient reasonable quantitie to bray the vessel. Also, they gathered a kind of mosse which groweth on the trees of this countrie, to serve to calke the same withall. There now wanted nothing but sayles, which they made of their owne shirtes and of their sheetes." Thus provided, our adventurers, having given to their Indian friends all the goods and chattels which they could not take away, leaving them "with all the contentation of the worlde," "used so speedie diligence," that they were soon ready for departure. "In the meane season the wind come so fit for their purpose, that it seemed to invite them to put to the sea.—Being drunken with the too excessive joy, which they had conceived for their returning into France, or rather deprived of all freight and consideration, without regarding the inconstancie of the winds, which change in a moment, they put themselves to sea, and with so slender victuals that the end of their enterprise became unluckly and unfortunate. For after they had sayled the third part of their way, they were surprised with calmes, which did so much hinder them, that in three weekes they sayled not above five-and-twentie leagues. During this time, their victuals consumed, and became so short, that every man was constrained to eate not past twelve graines of mill by the day, which may be in value as much as twelve peason. Yea, and this felicitie lasted not long: for their victuals failed them altogether at once: and they had nothing for their more assured refuge but their shooes and leather jerkins which they did eate. Touching their beverage, some of them dranke the sea-water; and they remained in such desperate necessitie a very long space, during the which part of them died for hunger. Besides this extreme famine, which did so grievously oppresse them,—they were constrained to cast the water continually out, that on all sides entered into their Barke. And every day they fared worse and worse: for after they had eaten up their shooes and their leather jerkins, there arose so boystrous a winde, and so contrary to their course, that in the turning of a hande, the waves filled their vessell halfe full of water, and *brused* it upon the one side. Being now more out of hope than ever to escape out of this extreme peril, they cared not for casting out of the water which now was almost ready to drown them. And as men resolved to die, every one fell downe backwarde, and gave themselves over altogether unto the will of the waves." It was in this moment of extreme despondency and peril, that Lachane once more came to their relief. He cheered them up with various assurances, and words of encouragement. He told them "how little way they had to sayle, assuring them, that if the winde held they should see land within three dayes."—"At worst," said he, "we can but die when we can do no better. But we can put off that necessity some time longer,—it will be always soon enough when it does come."

Thus speaking, the brave fellow set them the example, by beginning to cast out the water in which they sat and lay. They plucked up heart as they beheld him, and joined in the work with new vigor, and with the elastic spirit of Frenchmen. But when three days went by, and still their eyes were uncheered by the sight of the promised land—when they had consumed every remnant shoe and jerkin, and knew not now what to consume—they turned their eyes, in bitter reproach upon him who had encouraged them to live.

"*Mes Braves!*" said the noble fellow—"you hunger,—you starve—you will perish, unless you can get some food! I see it in your eyes. They have no lustre, and the courage seems to have gone out from your hearts. You must not die. You must not lose your courage. You shall take life and courage out of my heart. You shall feed upon it—you shall drink the blood of a brave man, and live for your country. Better that one should die than all of you should perish. I will die for you. What! you shake your heads —you would not have it so—but so it shall be. You have loved me—La Chere loves you in return. You shall remember him hereafter—you bless his memory. I fear not death. Strike —my heart is open. I am ready!"

But, though the famished wretches looked with yearning eyes upon the white breast of the victim, they yet shrunk with horror from the proposed sacrifice.

"Ah!" said he, reproachfully—"you fear—you would not that I should die so—you know me not. You know not how it will gladden my heart to feel and know that I shall give life to yours. Here, Lafourche, Genet,—you are by me—you are the feeblest. When I strike, put

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your mouths to the wound,—drink freely—and let the rest drink after you. There!—and there!"

With each of these last words, the brave fellow—thence called Lachane, the Deliverer,—struck two fatal blows—one upon his heart, and one upon his throat. He leaned back between the men, and the famished persons whom he had particularly addressed, instantly sprang like thirsty tigers and fastened their lips upon the teeming wounds. The victim, smiling and conscious to the last, at length sunk into the sacred slumber.

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The survivors were thus saved. Ere the last morsel of the victim was consumed, they had a sight of land, "whereof they were so exceeding glad, that the pleasure caused them to remaine a long time as men without sence: whereby they let the pinnesse flote this and that way without holding any right way or course. But a small English barque boarded the vessell, in the which there was a Frenchman, which had been in the first voyage into Florida, who easily knew them, and spake unto them, and afterwarde gave them meate and drinke. Incontinently they recovered their naturall courages, and declared unto him at large all their navigation."

Thus ended the first attempt of the French Huguenots to found a colony in Carolina. Their subsequent attempts, distinguished by even superior calamities, will form the subject of future papers.

Original.

TO A YOUNG WIDOW.

BY THE LATE SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Why waste thy fruitless tears on clay,
When spirit claims affection?
Why give to grief each passing day,
And droop in such dejection?

Why suffer unavailing sighs
To chill that lovely bosom?
You read the hopes which light my eyes,
My wishes—yet refuse 'em!

The living have some claims on thee;
The dead are past thy blessing;
Then turn those witching eyes on me,
An answering flame expressing.

'Twas on thy sighs, thy tears of woe,
Thy ceaseless grief, I reckon'd;
For she who lov'd one husband so,
Knows how to bless the second.

Original.

SUMMER EXCURSIONS FROM LONDON.—Number IV.

BY MRS. E. R. STEELE.

VICTORIA IN HER PARLIAMENT.

Having passed my days in the quietness of republican simplicity, I had a great desire while visiting England, to be present at a royal pageant. I was told it exceeded every thing in Europe of the kind; and came little short of Eastern magnificence. The most splendid thing, short of a coronation, my friends assured me, was the ceremony of the Sovereign going in state to prorogue Parliament. Accordingly, when the day arrived, we drove to the Palace-yard, which is in front of Westminster Hall, where we could obtain a fine view of the pageant, and afterwards enter the house of Parliament. The Queen was to pass from Buckingham palace, her residence, through Green Park, and out the gate of the Horse Guards, into Parliament street, and thence to the Hall. Along this distance, of a mile and a a half, on each side were stationed a dense mass of people in the houses, in carriages, on foot, or on chairs, for which they pay a sixpence or shilling. As we arrived early to obtain a good view, we were obliged to wait some time, and amuse ourselves with looking at the people around us. They were of all sorts; some in rags and some in Parisian fashions. In the centre of the street, police-men were passing up and down to keep the passage clear, and if an ambitious coachman pushed his horses too much forward, or the owner of a bench placed it before others, they were immediately ordered back. The greatest order prevailed; and no noise, except the merry jokes which were passed from one to the other. There was much conversation among the men of the lower orders, who stood around, concerning the Queen, and we noticed that no one said any thing at all disrespectful regarding her. The Queen seemed to be universally beloved by every one whom I heard speak of her. Before us, were the Abbey grounds, against the railing of which was wedged a mass of living beings, and behind these, arose glorious old Westminster Abbey. We were rejoiced thus to be able to study all its beautiful proportions, and feast our eyes upon its countless pinnacles, its graceful arches, sculptured saints, and its grand towers, which for hundreds of years, had looked down upon many a royal pageant, and whose walls contain the bones of those who figured therein

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Beside us arose Westminster Hall, the palace of Rufus, with its mullioned windows and beautiful tracery. Carriages now began to arrive, containing nobles, citizens or foreigners, who were hurrying to their seats within the house of Parliament, to witness the ceremony,—access being obtained by foreigners through tickets given by their ambassadors. We could not but admire the beauty of these carriages; the fine horses, and rich trappings, and the neat attire of coachmen and footmen. The occupants however, obtained most of our admiration; for they were the peeresses and nobles of England, in their state attire. Sometimes a single officer would pass in his private cab, with his little page behind, wearing a hat with the rim tied up with black cords attached to a cockade—the usual attire of an officer's tiger. Suddenly the deep boom of the Tower guns was heard, and the old bells of the ancient Abbey burst forth in so solemn and melodious a chime, as must, I thought, have brought tears from the very stones around us. This was a signal that she for whom all eyes were eagerly watching, the fairest and highest of England's daughters,—before whom the power and the pride of its proud nobles must bow—was now to glad the eyes of her happy people with her royal beauty. In plain terms, the Queen had left her palace, and was approaching. But who can be prosaic with grand Westminster Abbey before one, and a glorious pageant passing, with the sons of historic worthies, and the picturesque costumes of other days, while a bright sun was adding its brilliancy to the picture? Now, passing before us, we saw the gorgeous equipages and trains of the chivalry of high-born beauty of England, and of the foreign ambassadors. In building of carriages, and every appointment of an equipage, we know the English excel. Here then, we saw them in their greatest perfection. The carriages were adorned with chased silver, and blazoned with heraldric devices,—some of them richly carved, gilded, and painted. The coachman,—who with the footmen behind, is clad in some fanciful livery of gay colored velvet or cloth, covered with gold lace or fringe,—sits on a high and wide seat covered with velvet hangings, on each side of which is a crest in gold or silver. Cocked hats with feathers or gold fringe, are worn by the servants; and under that of the coachman is a huge curled wig. Small-clothes of red or green or yellow plush, with silk stockings and buckled, and immense *queue*, complete their attire. Those of the ambassador's suit, and those of foreign princes, wore the costume of their nation. That of the suit of Prince Esterhazy was a Hungarian jacket and cap, while the Turkish or Persian wore their turbans and crescent. Those of the American embassy were plain but rich, and much more becoming a republican than if he had indulged in every costly device. The attendants of the clergy were in plain suits of dark purple, with tassels and tags of the same color, and upon the purple hammercloth of the carriages a silver mitre or other crest.

Among the ladies, were some of great beauty. In general their forms are fuller than those of our country, and there is a brilliancy about their countenances, and a lofty bearing, which is in keeping with their estate. Each wore the court-dress; which consisted of a coronet or bandeau of diamonds, surmounted by a plume of soft white ostrich feathers, waving gracefully upon one side, while a lappet of white lace was wreathed around the back of the head, and fell down upon the shoulders. Nothing could be more graceful and stately. The remainder of their dress was according to the fancy of the wearer in material—a long train, however, being indispensable. The women of England, with their plump, stately forms, and their dazzling complexions, are the perfection of physical beauty. There may be more gentle loveliness in other lands, but if I were to form a regal court, I would choose the peeresses of England. The men were in court-costume, or in uniforms of scarlet yellow and gold. Among them was the gentlemanly-looking Sir Robert Peel,—the princely Duke of Devonshire, he of the sad romantic history—prelates and nobles and knights, and more famed than all, he of the "hundred fights," his grace the Duke of Wellington. When he appeared, the crowd burst into loud huzzas—rushed up to the carriage and in spite of the police, clung upon it, and climbed up to see the nation's pet, the hero of England. He gave no greeting in return, but leant back in the carriage with his arms folded. Not that he was indifferent to this homage, but in the presence of the Sovereign, it would be unseemly for him to encourage such adulation. And now the show becomes still more grand and rich. The portly Duke of Cambridge with his wife and the beautiful young Princess Augusta—and the Duchess of Kent, the Queen's mother. This lady possesses a noble face and figure—her equipage was superb, the six stout, heavy, Hanoverian horses which drew her looking as sleek and highly polished as if carved of black marble. But, hark! a trumpet—the Queen of all this magnificence approaches. The royal

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horse-guards which precede and surround the Sovereign, are passing before us upon their shining black war-horses. Their breast-plates and plumed helmets are glittering in the sun, and their short scarlet mantles are flowing around them. Next comes the carriage or rather triumphal car, which bears the Sovereign. It is very large, and every part carved and gilded. The golden pillars lean out a little, so as to support a top larger than the bottom of the car, which runs up something in the form of a crown, surmounted with gilded plumes and other ornaments. Neptune's tridents and dolphins large as life support this fanciful but magnificent state-carriage. Eight cream-colored Arabian horses, perfect in form, are attached to it, almost covered with trappings and head-gear, and fringes and tassels of scarlet and gold, which swing and dangle around them as they pass along. Bands of scarlet cross their sides, richly embroidered with gold. She, for whom all this grandeur is exhibited, sits on the back seat of the carriage. She wears a crown of diamonds—a white satin dress, and a stomacher, a mass of jewelry; and the blue ribbon of the order of the garter is across her shoulder. Beside her sits her husband, in scarlet and gold uniform of a Marshal. In front is the Duchess of Buccleugh, mistress of the robes, and Lady Jersey, lady-in-waiting.

The Queen returned the greeting of her people with a gentle smile and dignified bend of her fair jewelled head. Victoria, without being called beautiful, has a very handsome and interesting countenance. Her face is oval shaped and full, her eyes large, and she has the prominent but well-formed nose of her Brunswick ancestors. Above a high, fair forehead, her light hair was smoothly parted, over which, as I said, she wore her jewelled coronet. We had seen Victoria in many attires,—and had particularly admired her, while in a riding-dress, she was threading the forest paths of Windsor,—and in her simple, matronly dress at church,—but in her carriage of state, surrounded by her subjects in regal dress, she wore a nobler expression, and looked the Queen of the proud realm she governed. Prince Albert is much taller than his wife, and is a handsome young man, with a very amiable expression of countenance. He seems to be universally liked. The triumphal car of beauty passed on, surrounded by guards and yeomen,—walking on each side,—the last, in the picturesque scarlet tunic and dress of the days of Henry VIII. I gazed with the greatest curiosity upon this imposing spectacle, and the exalted female through whose veins runs the blood of the Saxon Kings, the Plantagenets, the Tudors and the Stuarts!—whose wealth is countless,—whose realms are measureless, and at whose feet kneel many nations. Even as a republican, I could admire it. In our own land, it is true I do not wish to see it, but here, it is consistent and proper. It is folly to call crowns and sceptres merely baubles, and speak of them with contempt. They are the mighty engines with which this country is governed, and by which she has acquired the fame now crowning her. He is a shallow reasoner who imagines every country must be governed alike. In our land, a crown and court never could be tolerated, and all attempts at show or pageantry are laughed down. It is different here; the English love it; they are proud of their Queen when she rides forth in state, surrounded by her nobles, and go home from such a scene as this, with any lurking dissatisfaction which they may have harbored, dispersed by the contemplation of their country's magnificence. Upon another account, also, we gazed with a curious interest on Victoria. In her we behold a being at the height of earthly grandeur and earthly happiness. These two are seldom united,—indeed we may say have never been. No monarch, not even Solomon in all his glory, could say, as Victoria said to her assembled parliament,—"My domestic happiness is complete." Her husband is the chosen of her heart, her early playmate and friend. She possesses an heir to her throne, two young daughters, to whose caresses she can retreat from the pressure of business,—and a mother and beloved relations, whose society and counsels are dear to her. The pure tone of her court elicits the admiration of all, for there all the duties of society are enforced, and the Sabbath day is honored. Victoria possesses that which seldom falls to the lot of Queens,—much common sense,—and one never sees her enforcing any great stretch of power, or indulging in whims, like Elizabeth with her 'fancy free' virginity. My companion's loyalty was not dimmed by a residence across the Atlantic, and he greeted his Queen with cheers. Can it be wondered at that I, also, republican as I am, caught the enthusiasm of the scene, and gave her my homage? But now the crowd has passed, and we follow them into Westminster Hall. We passed up the stone stair-case, and found the lobbies through which the Queen was to pass, arranged with benches nearly to the ceiling, covered with scarlet cloth, and crowded with ladies in full dress. We then entered the house of Lords. This is a large

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hall, having scarlet-covered seats around the walls, and across the floor, facing the throne, upon which were seated the peeresses and princes of England and foreign embassadors in their grand state robes,—a dazzling scene indeed! Above, the gallery was crowded with those, who with the persons we had seen in the lobbies, had obtained tickets from the Lord Chamberlain or the Ambassadors. In front rose a circular platform surrounded by steps,—upon this on golden chairs, with scarlet satin cushions, sat the royal family. Upon the platform were two chairs of the same material. One of them is an arm-chair larger than the rest, and more elaborately carved and gilded; this is the throne. Beside it stands a small chair, upon whose scarlet back is embroidered in gold, the three feathers of the little Prince of Wales. In front of these thrones, with Albert at her left hand, Victoria stood to read her address to Parliament. When she arrived at the House, she had retired to a dressing-room, where she was clad with the Royal robes, and she looked indeed a Queen with the Royal mantle of scarlet velvet, lined with crimson, which lay in heavy folds around her, and with the crown of Britain's Sovereign upon her head. To use the pretty lines of Mrs. Sigourney:—

"In her fair hands she held
A scroll, and with a clear and silver tone
Of wondrous melody, descanted free
Of foreign climes, where Albion's ships had borne
Their thunders, and of those who dwelt at peace
In prosperous commerce, and of some who frowned
In latent anger murmuring notes of war,
Until the British Lion cleared his brow
To meditate between them, with a branch
Of olive in his paw.

Original.

SONNET.—YOUTH.

BY MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

THE first breeze of the bland south-west
In the islands of the sea,
The earliest ripple on the breast
Of the waters in their glee;
The prayers of children as they float
From hearts that know not care,
The meadow-lark's high matin-note
Clear on the morning air;
The hope that in the young heart swells
At Love's betrothing word,
The chime of holy Sabbath bells
Through rural valley poured:—
These are the types—in guise of truth—
Of Life's blest season, early YOUTH!

Original.

THE OLD MANSION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," "KYD," AND THE "QUADROON."

THE following simple and artlessly told Ballad is from the pen of a young lady scarcely seventeen, who has never "appeared in print." Her mind is of the highest order, and her heart is its fit companion. Her love of nature and of the beautiful is deep and pure, and from it she has the rare faculty of extracting whatever is good, whatever is holy. Her piety is of character rather than of profession—the religion of genius, which finds and loves God every where! She has written much more, and the opening of the diary of her young spirit to the world's eye,—of the calendar of her heart's sweetest hours,—would be conferring upon it a rare favor. A feature of this young person's mind is, its originality. She thinks for herself. Her thoughts are not the answers of other persons. At the age of ten, an affection of the vision shut her out, until within a few weeks past, altogether from *books!* For years she has read nothing, though many have esteemed it a privilege to read to her, and listen to her striking unaffected comments upon the writer's thoughts. This affliction, which it would have been to ordinary minds, proved to her's a blessing. She learned to find thoughts in her own soul and to read therein spiritual pages of her own mental and imaginative creation. Her mind thus fed with thought alone, grew vigorous within itself, and was ever lovely and fresh. It was misled by no error of books, untarnished by any immorality of the world; all her conversation is pure, rational, inartificial. She has the naturalness of a lovely child of ten, with the mind and intellectual strength of womanhood. She is a child of genius and of truth; a rare and beauteous field-flower, lost and unappreciated in the garish, forced splendor of the world's hot-house plants, among which she hath appeared in the sweet humility of truth and nature. I offer you this little Ballad for publication, she neither giving nor withholding her consent, but passively committing it into my hands. To yours I entrust the generous deposite; feeling that you will appreciate its truthfulness and quiet beauty. It is a faithful Tale. All its descriptions are from life. The "Happy Valley," is my favorite evening walk. The Old Mansion has been lately consumed by fire; but all else remains as in the time of the Ballad. Yours with esteem, J. H. I.

I.

THERE stood a stately mansion old
On brow of sloping hill;
There many a joyous day I've passed
And mem'ry loves it still.

II.

'Twas 'neath the shade of lofty elms
And ever green dark pine,
Where robins sang with notes so sweet
In spring and summer time.

III.

There dwelt my aged ancestor
With partner of his years;
They'd travell'd long together here
In sunshine and in tears.

IV.

Their spring-time hopes were faded,
And winter days came round,
Yet sunny ties of kindred,
Their hearts to earth still bound.

V.

My grandma's eyes were soft and blue,
And tenderly she smiled,
She ne'er thought ill of any one,
Her words were always mild.

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VI.

I never shall forget her voice,
The tones of her "Good even;"
Nothing we ever asked her for
But what was kindly given.

VII.

My proud pa' often told us tales,
All of the olden time;
And of the wars for liberty
He fought in "auld lang syne."

VIII.

He gave us pretty picture-books
On happy New Year's day;
And poor who hither came for aid
Ne'er empty went away.

IX.

Grandma' would tell us of the train,
The beaver hat and plume,
And all the fashion of the dress
She wore in girlhood's bloom.

X.

She always kept some plums or cake
In cupboard saved away,
To give "the children" every time
They came with her to stay.

XI.

And we assembled every year
In that wide ancient hall,
To keep the old "Election-day,"
Parents and children all.

XII.

Then rang the walls with merriment,
With laughter and with glee;
Those sounds come o'er my mem'ry now,
And sadly seem to me.

XIII.

Oh, there were entries long and dark,
Clock-room and pantry too;
And a hole was cut in the cellar-door
Where fav'rite cat went through.

XIV.

Grandma' wore parted on her brow,
Her own soft, silvery hair,
And, scissors bright at her girdle hung;
E'er knitting her fingers were.

XV.

A buck-horn head had grandpa's cane,
His hat was wide of brim;
His silver snuff-box was a gift
From Washington to him.

XVI.

Up in the garret long and low,
Was spinnet and spinning wheel;
For grandmama, tho' lady bred,
Could deftly spin a reel.

XVII.

Then at foot of the kitchen stairs,
There stood a "settle" low;
And cheerily the large fire blazed
With log and fore-stick too.

XVIII.

With wheels and bucket in the porch
There was a deep old well:
We thought as in its depths we gazed
A fairy there might dwell.

XIX.

And there were haunts so old and dark
We hardly dared to stay,—
Where bones and curious things were kept
And mouldering rubbish lay.

XX.

We wandered in the orchard green,
Where large red apples grew,
And damsons purple, moose-plums sweet,
Of varied size and hue.

XXI.

We shook the branches merrily,
And strewed them on the ground;
Such mellow and delicious fruit,
Could no where else be found.

XXII.

Down in the "Happy Valley" near,
A streamlet wandered by;
We often crossed its bridge, to climb
For wild choke-cherries high.

XXIII.

We ran, too, in the long, straight mall,
Bordered with poplar trees,
Mingled with rose and currant bush,
Lilacs and gooseberries.

XXIV.

We sported in the garden aisles,
And sat in the arbors old,
Whose many fancied tales of love
Then laughingly we told.

XXV.

There grew the honied columbines,
And fragrant fleur-de-lis;
And grandma's yellow mari-golds,
And full-blown peony.

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XXVI.

And there with many a frolic wild,
We fled the hornet's rage;
And grandma' smiled, tho' footsteps marred
Her much-prized bed of sage.

XXVII.

Her fav'rite pinks and southernwood,
With fragrance filled the air;—
The summer days were always warm,
And every spot seemed fair.

XXVIII.

The violets were very blue,
The grass was tall and green;
Such colors in my womanhood,
I never since have seen!

XXIX.

The cows from their rich pastures came
Just at the sunset glow;
And laughing maids came out to milk,
And sat on cricket low.

XXX.

'Tis the same sun in the sky, I ween,—
Ah, now it seems more cold;
And my cousin's happy tones I miss
That fell in the arbors old.

XXXI.

That cherished place is still most fair,
There blooms the peony,—
He walks not o'er his broad lands now,
Nor *she* her flowers to see!

XXXII.

Alas, I never shall forget
When cold I saw her lay;
And full of years, and goodness, too,
They bore grandma' away.

XXXIII.

Eight times as wont the summer bloomed,
Eight times the autumn fell,
And he, the lonely grey-haired man,
Was borne by her to dwell.

XXXIV.

The flame broke wild and brightly forth,
One Sabbath evening still!—
In ruins fell that mansion old
On brow of sloping hill.

Original.

RESOLVES AND RESULTS;

OR, THE GOVERNMENT OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"With our own hands we hew out rugged paths,
And then accuse our fate of cruelty."

You are very proud, Lionel."

"I am so, Fanny: pride is as inherent in my nature as affection, and I can truly say, in the words of Lovelace—

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more."

"How much wrong men do in the name of honor!"

"But I am right, Fanny, in my present determination. You are rich, in expectancy, at least, while I am penniless. Your father's reluctant consent to our engagement was wrung from him by his love for you, and his dread of making you unhappy; but, even while according me the boon I sought, he hinted at conditions which were requisite to its full possession. I know his wishes; he would have me pursuing some ostensible business ere I wed his daughter; and as for myself, Fanny, dearly as I love you, I would renounce you for ever, ere I would allow the world to believe that your chief attraction for me had been your father's riches."

"Should we not be happier, Lionel, if we could forget what you call the world, and live only for those who love us?"

"Perhaps we should, but I cannot be indifferent to the opinion of those amid whom I must live and struggle. I have striven hard, Fanny, against my love for you—"

"Lionel!"

"I understand your reproachful tone, dearest; but I am uttering only the truth. I have tried not to love you, but the effort was vain. I was intoxicated with your loveliness, and even while I sought to break the chain that bound me, I only riveted its links more closely. I wooed you in a moment of madness,—I won you, my own sweet one, and the rich gift of your affection made me, for a time, forget my poverty. I scorned to steal such a priceless treasure from your father, and I therefore frankly confessed to him my hopes. You know how my candor was rewarded:—you know the obloquy which he heaped upon me; you know how the stigma of beggary was branded into my very soul;—you know too, how your father relented at the sight of your tears; and you can therefore fully understand the feelings which have determined me to prove myself worthy of you even in the eyes

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of the sordid and the mean. Be faithful to me for three short years, dear Fanny, and then we may be happy."

"Have you really decided to go to New Orleans, Lionel."

"I have; my arrangements are already completed, and a fair prospect of success is opened before me. I shall live upon hope and memory until I return to claim my gentle bride."

Lionel Grey had drawn his own character in the words which he had just uttered to his beautiful mistress. Proud, impetuous and impulsive, he had loved Fanny Lee, in despite of, it may be *because* of, his own resolution to avoid her. She was beautiful, gifted, highly educated, and most winning in her womanliness, while her father's well-known wealth gave weight to her other attractions in the opinion of many of her admirers. She had early looked with favor upon Lionel, and perhaps the evident struggle which was going on in his heart,—the inconsistency of a love which was ever contending with his pride—gave a new interest to his many agreeable qualities. They had gone through the whole round of tender experiences; they had flirted and quarrelled, they had sentimentalized and philosophized, (lovers always talk a deal of pseudo philosophy,) they had enjoyed morning rides and moonlight walks, they had mingled in the same dance, and read from the same volume, yet the name of Love had never been uttered by either. But the impetuous temper of Lionel conquered his high resolves. Jealousy was stronger than pride, and in a paroxysm of doubt, he revealed the full extent of his affection. For a time the lovers were perfectly happy, but "Consideration came" not exactly "like an angel," and Lionel was compelled to acknowledge that he had actually wooed and won an heiress. Too honorable in his feelings to think of a clandestine attachment, he avowed himself to the father of his adored Fanny, and the result was most painful and mortifying to his pride. Mr. Lee was, at first, most indignant, and although his paternal tenderness afterwards got the better of his anger, yet Lionel was left in no doubt of the old man's secret discontent at his daughter's choice. Every haughty feeling in Lionel's bosom was aroused at the idea of being thus grudgingly admitted into a family which possessed no superiority over himself save that of wealth, and therefore it was that in the very moment of successful love, he nerved himself to the duty of separation.

Lionel Grey went to that Eldorado of the south, the emporium of cotton bags and yellow fever, and by the assistance of friends, soon found himself established in a promising business. When a man has one fixed and steady aim in life, and pursues it with earnestness and diligence, he rarely fails of success, sooner or later. As the time approached which Lionel had fixed as the limit of his stay, he found himself so involved in the toils of a prosperous business, that his absence seemed like a perfectly suicidal measure. He accordingly wrote to Fanny, and implored her to let him live on hope for one more year, when he would no longer delay his return. Gifted with a true woman's spirit, Fanny responded in words of tenderness and patient love, but in her secret heart she felt how different was the affection of man from the unselfish, unexacting feeling which inspire a woman's best resolves. At the expiration of the allotted three years, Lionel was prosperous and full of hope, but ere the fourth had passed away, there occurred one of those sudden storms which sometimes sweep over the ocean of commerce, wrecking the noblest barks as utterly as the tiny skiff. A single day sufficed to destroy the labor of years,—a single day made Lionel Grey a beggar.

Anxiety of mind now aided the slow but sure inroads which the climate had made upon his health, and in the midst of his misfortunes, he was prostrated by a violent attack of fever. For days he was insensible, and only the faintest hopes were entertained of his recovery, but he *did* recover to find himself the guest of a hospitable old gentleman who had been his father's friend, and to learn that his nurse had been the beautiful ward of his kind host. Ellen F——, was young, lovely and susceptible; she had felt or fancied a partiality for Lionel from her first acquaintance with him, and when she heard of his illness, she had urged her guardian to bring him to the shelter of his roof, while with the wilfulness of a petted but generous child, she determined to minister to his wants. It was not in the nature of man to be indifferent to the guileless tenderness of the gentle orphan girl, and Lionel was conscious that a feeling "too warm for friendship, though too cold for love," was growing up in his heart towards her. It was at this time—when he was yet scarcely convalescent, that a letter from Fanny was put into his hands. It came to him like a thunder-stroke, for it contained a cold, calm, decided renunciation of him.

"You cannot complain of my determination," she wrote; "the change which has occurred in our prospects, will account for my conduct; you are now free,—free from even the shadow of a tie. I knew not that my pride was equal to

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your own, until the hour of trial showed me the secrets of my own heart."

Lionel pondered deeply on these words,—there was a mystery in them which he could only solve by believing that Fanny had heard of his ill-success, and had wearied of her early attachment. His anguish of mind was only calmed by an indignant sense of wrong, and his pride was summoned to the solace of his wounded affection. The consequence of such a combination of circumstances may be readily imagined. Fanny had abandoned him in his misfortunes, while the gentle Ellen, the child of wealth and luxury, devoted herself most tenderly to his comfort. 'Full many a heart is caught in the rebound.' In one month,—'one little month,' after the receipt of this most singular letter, Lionel Grey was the husband of the beautiful Ellen F———, and by advice of his physician, sailed with his fair bride to the genial climate of Italy.

Mrs. Grey had inherited her mother's fragile health along with her wealth and her beauty. Nothing could be lovelier than her petite figure, her sweet, girlish face, overhung by the most luxuriant and rebellious of blonde tresses, her delicate, fairy-like hands and feet, and the sort of willowy grace which pervaded her whole appearance. But no trace of color ever visited her smooth cheek, and but for the rich, coral hue of her soft lips, she might have seemed like one whom death had already marked for his own. She was one of those characterless women, who, like mirrors, reflect passing objects, but only retain the image of that which is placed perpetually before them. She was a creature of habitudes, and nothing had ever disturbed the perfect quiescence of her feelings, until her heart had awakened into something like a passion for Lionel Grey. She had been stirred into active life by the doubt which hung around her affection, but now that she was in possession of the object of her wishes, she gladly returned to her former tranquillity and peace. No jealous fears, no distrust of herself, or of her husband, ever entered her mind. She loved him, she was his honored and cherished wife, and she was therefore perfectly happy.

Lionel, on his part, had striven to banish from his memory all that could throw the shadow of wrong upon his gentle wife. Fanny's letters,—the flower from her hair,—the glove from her hand,—all the love-gifts which are so precious because identified with personal recollections of the beloved one,—even the braid of raven hair which had lain so long next his heart,—were destroyed ere he married. A sense of duty, stronger and sterner than even the indignation of outraged affection, determined him to cherish not a single reminiscence of the past; and by the very care which it cost him to forget, Lionel learned how fond and deep was his remembrance. The repose and quietude of his wife's manner,—that calm, and, as it sometimes seemed to him, cold reliance upon his affection,—was the most trying of all things to his impulsive temper. She was full of gentleness and sweetness, but there were times when he would gladly have found her less passively tranquil. Wrapped in rich shawls, and reclining on a downy couch, she seemed to enjoy a sort of half dreamy life. She was happy if Lionel sat beside the silken cushions on which she leaned, and she seemed scarcely less happy if left to the quiet loneliness of her own chamber. She was as one who watches with half-closed eyes the gliding of some quiet stream, while she possessed not sufficient energy to fling even a flower upon its gentle current.

With such a wife, so silent, so abstracted, so slumberous in her habits of thought, Lionel was not likely to find his heart fully occupied. She was like an amiable but petted child; so long as she was indulged and caressed, she was content. She was a most loveable creature, but she could never inspire a deep, strong and abiding passion. Often when Lionel sate beside her, clasping the little white hand which lay like a snow-wreath in his, would memory conjure up before him the stately figure, the flashing eye, the impressive gesture, the heart-echoing voice, of one whose beauty ever derived new power from the intense and vivid life which characterized her loveliness. Ellen was the gentle child of Lionel's later affections, but he felt that she could never be the priestess in the inner chamber of his heart; and there were moments when he was most unutterably wretched.

An incident which occurred during his residence in Florence, gave him fresh food for mournful thought. He was standing in the cool shadow of a projecting portico conversing with a lovely dark-eyed flower-girl who was binding a bunch of violets and rosebuds for him, when a carriage passed by. Darting from his side, the girl flew to the carriage-door and flung the bouquet into the lap of the lady, who with a sunny-faced child were its only occupants. The low, sweet voice in which the stranger uttered her thanks, thrilled the very soul of Lionel, and as the wind lifted the thick veil which shrouded her face, he beheld the pale but beautiful face of Fanny Lee.

"She is so pale, so very pale," said the girl,

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as she returned, "and she loves my flowers so dearly."

"Do you know the lady?" asked Lionel.

"Oh, no, she is a stranger; but she looks ill and, it seems to me, sorrowful."

In vain Lionel sought to learn something further of his faithless mistress. He met her no more, and his fancy enabled him to depict her as the wife and mother—perhaps ill—perhaps disappointed in her trust, but certainly lost to him for ever.

A second time did that image of past happiness appear before him. A year had elapsed, and Lionel was the father of a noble boy, but the invalid mother could not be persuaded that he had not inherited her delicacy of constitution; and, tortured by the fear that his blooming cheek and sparkling eye were but tokens of latent disease, she insisted on taking up her abode in Paris, where the skill of French physicians might be exerted in behalf of her darling child. Lionel Grey was one day standing in the deep recess of a window, playfully tossing the lovely little creature towards his pretty and girlish-looking mother, when a pale and almost ghastly face suddenly looked out upon him, from a cabriolet, which some trifling obstruction in the street had detained for a moment before his hotel. It was a face not to be mistaken—the large full eye,—the curve of the sweet lips—the broad white brow;—pale and faded as was the bright beauty of that countenance, it was still the image of her whom he had so loved. A second time he had seen her, and a second time she had vanished like a spectre from his gaze.

Years passed on, and the bitterness of Lionel's feelings had been subdued by the kindly influence of time. He had lived to think calmly of past loves and by-gone hopes, habit had taught him to love the gentle creature who relied on him for happiness, and the instincts of an affectionate nature had made him almost worship his beautiful boy. But it seemed as if Providence had designed to surround him with blessings only until he should have learned that they were necessary to his happiness. A disease, which while it scarce stole the rose from the child's cheek, yet tortured his frame with agony and contracted his graceful limbs until he was a helpless and unsightly cripple, sapped the springs of life. The fair boy died, but not until the sight of his bodily sufferings had wrung from the anguished father a prayer that he might be released from the pangs which racked his feeble frame. His mother, always fragile as a delicate exotic, sunk beneath her grief, and in a few brief months, she was laid within the grave which held the ashes of her idolized child. Ten years from the time when he first set foot in Europe, Lionel Grey was a lonely and desolate man. Wealth was his, for he was the sole heir to his wife's fine fortune, but there was no human creature with whom he could claim kindred. He was alone—alone amid the appliances of luxury—alone amid spectres of past happiness—alone amid recollections of by-gone joys and sorrows.

—

"You must join us, Mr. Grey," said Mrs. Lisbourne, "we intend passing a few months in England, and shall then return to America. You are alone, and we shall be most happy to minister to your comfort during the journey."

"Come, Lionel, I shall insist upon it," said her husband, "I have not yet forgotten our college-days, and if you are less mindful of our former intimacy, it is quite time to renew it; so I will take no denial."

"I am so little fitted for society, my good friends, that I should be only a burden upon your party."

"We have no party, Mr. Grey; we left America on account of Mr. Lisbourne's health, and ours has been only a family party. Our children and their governess are our only companions, now that my brother Fred has left us."

"I thought he was still with you."

"No," said Mr. Lisbonrne, smiling, "he found the attractions of a certain lady quite too potent, and beat a retreat."

"You don't mean to say that Fred Tracy fell in love with your governess?"

"Something very like it."

"And so you sent him to Coventry, to save him from the arts of a designing woman?"

A flush crossed Mrs. Lisbourne's round cheek as she replied; "I cannot allow such an aspersion to rest on one who deserves nothing but good at my hands. Frederick has only himself to thank for his unlucky attachment and its disappointment."

"The lady did not refuse him, surely?"

"I had rather not discuss the subject, Mr. Grey: Fred acted like a simpleton, and one does not like to talk of a brother's follies. The lady has been a member of my family for the past five years, and during all our wanderings by sea and land, she has been to me like a friend and sister."

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Lisbourne; when you spoke of the eloquent Mr. Tracy's attachment to a humble governess, I really thought

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you were jesting with me. My idea of a travelling governess always shapes itself into the semblance of a thin stiff-looking woman, with high cheek-bones and a pinched, red nose, a sort of pedagogue in petticoats, who always smells of lavender-water and stale-cake."

"By Jove! you will change your ideas then, when you see our nonpareil of governesses," exclaimed Mr. Lisbourne; "red nose, forsooth! Why, her features are as classical and almost as pale as those of the famed Venus of the Tribune. Beautiful, graceful, dignified, and as cold as 'the icicle on Dian's temple,' she is a woman whom every one must admire, but whom few would dare to love."

"You are enthusiastic, Lisbourne; perhaps it is fortunate for me that I am proof against her fascinations; and that 'man delights not me, nor woman either.'"

"It is lucky for you, Lionel, for there is a romantic story connected with her, which would just suit your imaginative temper."

"It must be something more than romantic to interest me now; but pray, what is it?"

"Ask Mrs. Lisbourne; women know how to dress up such delicate dishes of gossip far better than we do."

"Her story is a very simple one," said Mrs. Lisbourne; "she was betrothed to a young man, whose name I have never learned; but he was poor and proud; he refused to become the penniless husband of an heiress, and therefore, after receiving her plighted faith, he went South to make a fortune. During his absence, the father of his ladye-love became engaged in some unfortunate mercantile transactions, and was reduced to bankruptcy. With pride equal to her lover's, she now resolved to follow his example. She wrote to him, renouncing her engagement and freeing him from all ties. The gentleman was probably not sorry to be released, for he did not reply to the letter, and she some time after heard of his marriage. She supported her father by her own exertions during the remainder of his life, and, at his death, by the recommendation of a friend, I received her into my family as governess to my children."

"Her name—her name?" gasped Lionel Grey, while his face grew white as ashes, and his lips quivered with emotion.

"Fanny Lee."

"Good Heavens! what a fool—what a madman I have been."

—

"What a romantic affair this has been," said Mrs. Lisbourne, when some months afterwards, she returned from witnessing the nuptials of Fanny Lee with her early lover.

"I was just thinking," returned her husband, "what a couple of fools they had been. Divest the circumstances of their fantastic coloring, and how do they appear? Lionel Grey falls in love with a pretty girl, he engages her affections, obtains the consent of her rich old father, who ought to have been glad of such a son-in-law, and then instead of marrying her, leaves her to loneliness of heart while he is gratifying his infernal pride in the search after fortune. Fanny Lee is patient and loving like a true woman, but no sooner does adversity overtake her, than she fancies she ought to imitate the mad folly of her lover, and accordingly relinquishes all claim upon him in obedience to the dictates of an insane generosity. Lionel mistakes her motive, and in a fit of pique he marries. Thus after all his magnanimous resolutions, he actually weds an heiress, without having the excuse of affection, and now the possession of her estate enables him to please himself in the choice of a second wife. While Fanny has been induced to forget all her foolish pride, and is now the dowerless bride of one who has reaped a golden harvest from the sod which covers a heart that loved him. Ten of the best years of their lives have been wasted,—their freshness of feeling is gone for ever,—they are grey in heart if not in head,—they have suffered tenfold more than they could have done from the mere frowns of fortune, and now, after all, they are precisely in the condition which they would have been had they married in their first glad youth; excepting that they have lost much happiness which they never can regain. They have acted like simpletons, and afford another exemplification of the old fable, wherein a man is represented as wandering over the whole world in search of happiness, and finally returning, heart-sick and weary, only to find that the angel whom he had sought so far, was brooding with folded wing beside his own hearth-stone."

Brooklyn, L. I.

LOVE IS A PARTHIAN.

When Love is advancing
To capture the heart,
With soft wiles entrancing,
He shows not a dart;

For Love wounds, no, never,
The heart where he lies,
A *Parthian* ever,
He shoots when he flies.

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Original.

THE THALES OF PARIS;*

OR, THE MODERN PHILOSOPHER.

One of the whims, conceits, or fancies most carressed by the *bourgeois* of Paris, is that of Philosophy. Not that he studies nature or cultivates knowledge; but when his fortune has reached the limits of his desires, when age has softened the ardor of his passions, if he has a gable end on the street and a country-house; if he is well established at home, in the midst of a comfortable luxury, surrounded by his wife and family, he thinks himself superior to events, above accidents—he is a philosopher. His philosophy is his hobby-horse, the reed upon which he rides like the child of Horace. When his wife scolds, when his *roti* burns, or some unexpected accident deranges a country party, he smiles, appeases and consoles—*he* is a philosopher. Philosophy is his universal remedy; provided that it guarantees him against the events of life; and that his houses and his furniture are insured, and his funds out of the way of the hazardous chances of steam or railways—sleep exempt from imposts in the royal treasury.

Monsieur d'Herbois, happy type of this consolatory system, seemed to have been placed in this world expressly to cry up philosophy without ever being called upon to put it in practice. Enriched by a paternal fortune which he had augmented, he married young, a woman whom he loved. His only son aged twenty-two years, at this time, the time of our story was about to marry a young lady whose character, fortune and family suited equally our fortunate father—the philosopher.

"My friend," said he to Monsieur Durand, who was no philosopher, "I shall give Gustavus my house at Sussy. I know it's a great sacrifice, and that we shall not be able to pass our summers there for the future, because my wife will not perhaps agree with her daughter-in-law; but we love Gustavus so much, and besides, one must be a philosopher. We shall occupy too, in Paris, the second floor; the first being given up to the young people. My wife may pout a little; but, as I have often said to her, 'how would it be, my dear, if a sudden misfortune should ruin us? Then we should have to climb up to the *galetas*, and call to aid all our philosophy perhaps, to mount yet higher.' Thales of Milet,—one of the seven wise men of Greece, who supported every ill without a murmur, or rather who defied man to trouble the serenity of his soul, and the tranquility of his mind—thus acted, and why shouldn't I?"

"And do you put out the same defiance to man, that Thales did?" asked Mons. Durand.

"Sans doute. You know, my friend, whether I have the right or not. Have you ever seen me depart from my principles?"

"I know," replied Durand, "that for thirty years, since we left college, I never saw you afflicted with any family ill; and if Thales of Milet, whose history I have forgotten, was always as lucky, his philosophy cost him very little more than yours has cost you."

"Frankly," replied with *bon homie*, Mons. d'Herbois, "I think myself more of a philosopher than Thales himself, for I have never failed either as a husband or father, and Thales was a bachelor."

"But, once more," said his friend Durand, "you have never been put to the proof."

"Let it come, I am ready."

"If your wife should betray you, if your son should not fulfil your hopes, could you support these misfortunes with the constancy of Job?"

"Of Thales, my friend, of Thales; don't confound them if you please. 'A tout événement le sage est prêparé,' said the poet, who spoke of a Greek, and not of an Arab, like your Job."

Mons. d'Herbois, proud of himself and of his Thales, pursued with alacrity the preparations necessary for the nuptials of his well beloved son, and already saw his grand-children dancing on his knees, when one morning he wished to enter Gustavus' room to consult him upon the purchase of some jewelry. Before turning the handle of the door, the curtain of which was on his side, he stopped because he heard a noise: his son was not alone.

"Oh! oh!" said he, "Gustavus is making his adieu to his bachelor life."

He raised a corner of the curtain, tranquilized himself a little: Gustavus had but one visitor, a stranger.

"It is perhaps a creditor," thought he.

He placed himself so that he could see and hear. Standing in the middle of the room of the young man, was a person about the age of Mons. d'Herbois, hair *graying*, intelligent and sharp countenance, the body enveloped in a great coat á la propriétaire.

"My dear Peter," said this man, "listen to me——"

* Translated from the French of M. Marie Aycard.

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"Peter?" exclaimed the younger d'Herbois, "you have misunderstood me, Monsieur, my name is Gustavus."

"I have made no mistake," continued the stranger; "listen to me, I beg you, I am about telling you something that fills me with joy; and all my fear is that it will not cause you as much pleasure as it does me."

"Go on," said Gustavus, "nothing that is agreeable to an honest man can grieve me. Go on, Monsieur."

This man, whose presence gave singular uneasiness to Monsieur d'Herbois, sat down and thus began:

"You must know that it is now twenty-two years since Madame d'Herbois had a son. She could not take charge of it herself, so a nurse was sought, and my wife, Margaret Pithou, of Pontoise, was chosen."

"Ah! you are my nurse-father," exclaimed Gustavus with open arms; "come, my father and mother will be delighted to see you."

"Softly, softly," said Pithou; "neither Monsieur nor Madame d'Herbois must know that I am here, nor that I have spoken to you, until you know all."

"Know all? Monsieur Pithou, what is the matter?"

"You shall see."

The more the conversation assumed an interesting and mysterious turn, the more the philosopher d'Herbois became fixed, fearing either to move or to breathe.

"We were poor raisers of veal," continued Pithou, "but came out very well at the end of the year if our cows did not fall sick. We were young and had a child scarcely three months older than that of Monsieur d'Herbois."

"Than me?" said Gustavus.

"You shall see. Our misfortunes dated from the arrival of a Parisian, who established himself at Pontoise, with plenty of capital, purchased the handsomest cows, had the most spacious sheds, in brief, crushed the smaller raisers like me, by raising veal that was always the fattest and brought the best price. One bad year ruined us. My wife took it to heart, and fell sick, and one night she and the son of Monsieur d'Herbois died. My poor Peter," continued Pithou, addressing Gustavus, "my poor Peter, I was in a pitiable state; nothing left, without wife and money, nothing left but debts and an infant. Then I was seized with an idea from heaven. I said to myself, 'the rich are here to solace the poor and to aid them, but as they are hard, egotistical and miserly, it is necessary to attack them by a ruse so as to obtain from their credulity that which their indifference would refuse us.' I made up my mind to send you to Monsieur d'Herbois, by Cousin Potard, who was herself the dupe of my ruse. You are my son Peter, my own Peter."

Pithou rose when he had finished this singular story, took Gustavus by the head, kissed his forehead, and shed tears of joy over the astonished young man.

"What could I do, my son?" said he. "The time passed with Monsieur d'Herbois, has procured you the advantage of a good education, and has been free from misery. When I examine myself well, and think seriously of what I have done, I do not repent. Since that time, Heaven has blessed me. I went to Paris, embraced commerce, and like others, have made a fortune. You will feel that I am not the man to wish you to profit by the wealth of Monsieur d'Herbois. We will tell him all; adieu. I have the proofs of what I have advanced; I am now going to fetch them to show to Monsieur d'Herbois.

So saying, Pithou embraced Gustavus anew, and departed by the private staircase.

In the meanwhile, D'Herbois, who had not lost a word of the conversation, knew not what to do, or to think. Gustavus *his* son! that child whom he had not lost sight of for twenty-one years, whom he loved better than father had ever loved son, for whom he would have given up every thing, who bore his name! Gustavus to be called Peter Pithou; *he* the son of another? D'Herbois ran to seek his wife with troubled countenance.

"Madame," said he, "madame, I have a son no longer. My child is dead,—has been, for twenty-one years."

Madame d'Herbois was a woman of a lively disposition; she knew her husband well, and did not take his word literally.

"You frightened me," said she smiling, "but if Gustavus has been dead twenty-one years, I feel a little re-assured in thinking of the appetite he evinced this morning at breakfast."

"Gustavus is not my son, madame."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Mon dieu! Madame, you do not understand me; he is no more my son than yours. Poor Gustavus died at his nurse's, and we have the son of Pithou, Peter Pithou."

They then recalled all the details of the infancy of Gustavus; he had been, in fact, put to nurse at Pontoise, and withdrawn, on account of the death of Marguerite. All that Pithou had

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said, bore the semblance of truth; perhaps, alas! it was all true! Gustavus, at this moment, entered his mother's apartment, and Monsieur d' Herbois remarked, for the first time, that the young man was not at all like him; he had neither the same eyes, the same figure, nor the same gait. He also remarked, mentally, that the voice of Gustavus had exactly the same tone as that of Pithou. Gustavus, embarrassed by his secret, knew not how to commence so painful a confidence. His eyes were filled with tears, he went from Monsieur d'Herbois to his wife, without daring either to speak or to embrace them.

"Come, my son," cried Madame d' Herbois, "come, we know all; but you *are* my son! I feel it in my heart; come!"

"You know all," said Gustavus; "Pithou has already then returned with his proofs?"

"No, but your father has heard it all."

A domestic came to announce to Mosieur d' Herbois that some one was waiting to see him in his cabinet.

"It is that Pithou," said he, and he left mother and son weeping together.

In the cabinet he found his friend Durand.

"You are about marrying your son," said Durand, "and I thought you would willingly make acquisition of the most beautiful cameo I ever saw,—look here,—and not dear—"

"To the diable with your cameo, and the nuptials of my son, also!" exclaimed D'Herbois, beside himself.

"What's the matter? Has Gustavus been guilty of any folly?"

"There is no longer any Gustavus; I have no longer any son, only Monsieur Peter Pithou."

D'Herbois related the discovery he had just made.

"Eh bien!" said Durand, "every thing may be arranged. We can make Pithou hear reason, and it is possible that he may consent to allow Gustavus to retain the name he bears; and as you have the affections of the young man, what does it matter?"

"What does it matter?" replied D'Herbois, in a passion. "What does it matter? I have lost my son,—my flesh and blood,—my life. In their place I have the descendant of Pithou, and you ask me what does it matter?"

"Have you not loved him until now as if he were your son? Believe me, arrange with Pithou; the young man will never yield the love he bears you, and Pithou will lose by the bargain."

"The scoundrel!" exclaimed D'Herbois, walking up and down the cabinet, "to have played with me in this way,—thus to have entrapped my affections; but there are laws to punish crime; we are in a civilized country, we have a code; the substitution of children is punishable in France; I will invoke the laws, drag the guilty before the tribunals, and he shall die on the scaffold."

"Reflect," replied Durand, "that there are many extenuating circumstances in the step of Pithou. Besides, remark his conduct now; as soon as he is rich and able, he reclaims his son; he does not desire that he should profit by *your* riches."

But D'Herbois wouldn't listen to his friend; he gave himself up to all the violence of his anger, and already there germed in his heart a singular disaffection for a son until now so much loved.

"Yes, yes," said he, "it's Pithou's voice, action and walk,—without doubt, this Peter Pithou is as big a cheat as his father."

"Come, come," said Durand, "let Gustavus marry; he has had nothing to do with this, and buy my cameo; you'll never meet with such another chance."

"Confound you and your cameo," was the reply.

"Do you forget, my friend, that you are a philosopher, and that you defy mankind to trouble the tranquility of your mind, or the serenity of your soul?"

"A philosopher, when I have lost my child?"

"You have lost nothing; Gustavus is well, and as for him who has been dead for twenty-one years, you did not know him; you scarcely ever saw him, and besides, where is the merit and the advantage of philosophy, if it serve not to console us under great afflictions, to moderate grief, and to give to the mind all the calm necessary to soften ill, and to arrive always at truth."

Instead of replying, the philosopher wept; two streams of tears ran from his eyes, to attest the vanity of his stoicism, and the superiority of the Thales of Milet over the Thales of Paris.

"Ah! ah! I have conquered your philosophy," said Monsieur Durand; *eh bien*, console yourself. Lapierre, Lapierre, come in."

Lapierre entered; he had changed his livery, and still wore the great coat á la propriétaire.

"This is Pithou; there is none other; it is Lapierre, my valet. Now, Monsieur, the Philosopher, is it thus that you practice? As soon as misfortune points at you with her finger, you are beside yourself; you examine nothing, neither truth nor its semblance, and before the

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slightest proof is in your hands, you cast aside your affections and almost your child, and would condemn a man to the galleys. And yet one of Thales' maxims, whose history I have re-read, runs thus :—

'Decide not lightly.' "

Monsieur d'Herbois, confused and humiliated, confessed this was too much for his philosophy. Either from self-love, or the *bon homie* natural to Parisian philosophers, he did not embroil himself with his friend. Gustavus only had to suffer for this test. Monsieur d'Herbois could never again see in his son that resemblance to himself, of which he had formerly been so proud, and when the young man spoke,

"It is not my organ," he would say; "it's the voice of Pithou."

At last he became convinced of the weakness of his philosophy, and gave himself up to his duties of father and husband.

"It is impossible," said he, "to preserve one's serenity if happiness is out of our reach, and if it depends upon a wife or a child. So when the mother of Thales engaged him to marry: It is not yet time," said he, and later, when she renewed her prayers, his answer was: "The time is gone by."

In our days, the philosophy of many dates from the day after their marriage. S. N.

Original.

HIDDEN THINGS.

HIDDEN gems are in the sea,
And hidden music in the air—
Beauty which we mortals see not,
Thrills around us every where.
Hidden thoughts—how bright, how many!
Break like bubbles in the sun,
Where the stream, unseen of any,
Underneath wild flowers doth run.
Hidden loves and hidden dreamings—
Treasures never brought to light—
Live and vanish like the gleamings
Of bright meteors in the night.
Hidden faith and hidden worship—
Oh, how strong—how pure—how deep!
Swell and flow like secret fountains,
Where the wild birds dream and sleep.
Why are these, if not to tell us
That these broken links unite
In a chain for ever sparkling
In eternity's deep light?
Oh, how desolate and dreary
Would this world of sorrow be,
God! if Thou had'st never whispered
'Tis the path that leads to THEE!

G. G. F.

Original.

THE SISTER'S FAREWELL.*

OH, stay one moment, brother mine,
Nor bear her yet away;
She is my whole life's sister,—thou
The brother of a day.

Amid these dear old solemn shades,
Together grew our youth;
Together here, in converse sweet,
We learned to worship truth;

For we had naught but each her heart
To read the other by,
And deemed all else as pure as they,
Or as the summer sky.

Together hand and spirit linked
We've watched the rosy years
For fifteen dreamy cycles sweep,—
Nor met them yet with tears.

Together prayed we in the bower,
Together laughed and sang,—
Together plucked the early flowers
That in the wildwood sprang.

Together, when the evening came,
Our father's hands have pressed
Our bended heads,—whose full heart wept
Fondly o'er what it blessed.

Together in the solemn night,
Cheek pressed to cheek we slept,
And dreamed our mother over us
Her night-long vigil kept.

Ah, then each sister's heart ran o'er,
And mingled with the other,—
Till now I deem that thou hast won
A part of *mine*, sweet brother!

Nay, take her now! Her sobbing heart
Will calm beneath thine eye,
As the wild tide beneath the moon
Shrinks hushed and hurrying by.

Away, away! thy gallant steed
Impatient to be gone,
Plashes the rivulet in the light
Of the new-breaking dawn;

Once more,—the last,—the last good bye!
Sweet sister, think of me!
Brave knight protect her,—she will prove
A beam of light to thee!

To bless thee in thy darksome hours,
To cheer thy loneliest way,—
To make the drearest night seem fair
As gleam of opening day.

EPHEMERON.

* See plate second.

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Original.

COUNTERFEIT PRESENTMENTS.—NO. V.

LOVER.—AUTHOR OF "RORY O'MORE," ETC.

"Quid rectum, sit apparet,
Quid expediat, obscurum."
LIB. TRAN :

What is plain to be seen
Has no curtain between.
(A very judicious remark.)
What is very obscure,
(A fact equally sure)
Remains, as it were, in the dark.

Some account of Barty Fin's adventure among the Salmon.

"IT'LL be a great day for the sport, sir. I'll take me Bible-oath—look out fornenst the windy—see them clouds a skelpin' across—be me faix, I wouldn't like to be hungry salmin to-day, or a fly either, that 'ud happen to be takin' a cowld bath."

Thus spoke my trusty companion, Tim Duffy, while packing up my rods for a piscatory excursion, highly delighted at being promoted for the nonce from shoe-black, and help-at-anything in a nondescript and excessive'y unsavory hut, dignified with the title of an Inn, with the tempting inscription, "*Enthertainmint* for Man an' *Baste*," painted over the crazy door.

"Oh! be jakers, there's a beauty," cried Tim, as he held up an undeniable red palmer, made by my esteemed friend, Murphy, of Bachelor's Walk. "Bad luck to the fish that wouldn't feel hungry at the sight of you, any way. You'll be takin' prog wid you, Masther John, won't you?" he inquired rather anxiously.

"Why, yes, Tim, I think I'll take a sandwich or two," said I.

"A which witch, sir?" replied Tim, with an inquiring look.

"A few slices of bread and ham, that's all."

"That's all, is it? By my sowlkins, but it's dhry you'll be afore you're back thin."

"But we shall have plenty of water," said I, guessing at my friend Tim's bibatory hints.

"Wather! holy fly. Wather!" no language could convey the eloquence of Tim's contemptuous look. "Is it a christian dhrink, wather?"

Fearing to lose caste altogether with my guide, I just held up to his view a capacious pocket-pistol. His eyes twinkled, and a broad smile swept over his devilish funny face, as he continued, "Long life to you—that's the real friend in disthress. But it's like a poor man's purse jist now. It has Moll Thompson's mark in it. May be you'd like me to put the life in it at once?"

I assented, and Tim filled the flask with poteen whiskey, exclaiming as he presented it to me to smell, "There's a parfume! wl at's all ver oh de Cologny compared wid that? Oh, murdher an' turf—might I take a suck at it?" and before I could nod an acquiescence, the fiery liquor gurgled down his horny throat.

"See that, now," said he, as he wiped his lips with the back of his hand, "may I never see Moses if the half ov it hasn't slipped down onawares. By this and that, Masther John, I niver intentioned more than a mouthful to go, but I'll pay for what I drunk with a blessin'."

"Yes, and only with a blessing," I replied, "but come, be quick, fill it up again, and just be good enough not to trust that throat of yours too near it again."

"Bedad, sir," said Tim, as he went, "I only wish that my throat was a mile long, an' that I might be able to taste all the way down."

A most Hibernian and expressive wish, thought I. And now we started upon our enterprize against the finny tribe, and did not proceed very far before I heard two or three instances of the ready wit and quick repartee for which the Irish are so remarkable: one I think worth recording. Passing by a small likely river we saw a fellow fishing with all his might, but it appeared without much success. Tim accosted him with the usual salutation,

"God save you, friend!"

"God save you kindly," was the conventional reply.

"That's an iligant sthrame for throut, you're fishin' in," continued Tim.

"By the hokey, you're right there, any way," said the angler, "for the divil take me if I can get one ov thim to leave it."

Very fair! thought I, and worth a shilling of any man's money. And having owned to the debt, paid it, to the pleasure and astonishment of my patient friend, for shillings were scarce in the neighborhood.

Thus we perambulated on towards the Shannon, Tim enlivening the way by a piquant anecdote, of which he had many; and sundry snatches of songs, of which he had more. One of his ditties having written out from his dictation, perhaps may amuse you, as it did me. In the faint hope, such as it is, here it is—presuming on Tim's own authority for the information of those learned in such matters, that it *goes* to the tune of "*The Slashing Blade.*"

"CRUEL KITTY.

OHA! murdher! murdher! Kitty dear,
I'm a wastin' all away,
By rayson of your cruelty
My brains is gone asthray:

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They tell me sun-light has the strength
  To make the sinses fly,
So my poor head was emptyed
  By the bright beam of your eye.

Ora! what's the use in life at all,
  Sense you have sarved me so,
I have no heart, for to work or to play,
  Lie down, stand up, or go.
Just like a young tree breathed on
  By a warm but a blightin' air,
Your smile has stole all hope away,
  And left me but despair.

Ora! would some fairy change me
  To a purty bird or flower,
That my Kitty's hands might tend on me
  Ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour!
For her dear eyes to look on me,
  I'd be some lifeless thing,
More gladly, than away from them
  To be a mighty king.

Ora! when you die, I'd like to be
  Transformed into a stone
With outside smooth and shinin',
  And heart cowld as your own;
That I might stand and guard your grave
  When calmly there you rest,
And bear my durlin' Kitty's name
  Engraved upon my breast."

'Twas not long before we reached the river's bank. But, inasmuch as it is not my story, but another's, that I wish to relate, I will simply say that after switching the water for upwards of two hours, contrary to Tim's prognostics we did not get so much as a bite.

"Bad luck to the luck of it," said Tim, despondingly, "if this doesn't beat Barty Fin, I'm a Duchman."

"And who, pray, may your friend Fin be?" I inquired.

"What!" said my companion, with a sort of where-have-you-been-all-your-life expression, "athin didn't you know Barty?"

Upon my acknowledging my lamentable ignorance, Tim continued:

"Then, by Goxty, we'll go an' rout out the ould sinner, an' make him tell about the jollification he had wid the salmins."

Nothing loth, for fishing without good fortune is most laborious idleness, I followed my guide to the cabin of his friend Barty, whom we found just rising from his potato-dinner, without even the smell of a red herring by way of relish.

The introduction was soon made.

"God save you, Barty," said Tim, "sure, an' haven't I brought a raál ould Trinity College boy, all the way here to listen to that quare story ov yours?"

"It's welcome he is," said Barty, "as the flowers in May. An' I don't mind repaitin' the story, only I'm thinkin' the gintleman won't care over much about an ould fellow's gosther."

He was a lion, and had a lion's vanity. I administered a heavy dose, and soon elicited the following:

"What I'm goin' to tell yer, happened long afore either of yer was born. I was a young fellow then, an' could work as well as any boy in the barony. But the times was hard, an' I was obligated to hunt up a bit of livin' by fishin' here in the Shannon, hard bye.

"Well, it was one day in July, that I was standin' wid the rod in my hand for as good as four mortal hours, without as much as a nibble, and the heat of the sun almost makin' cindhers of me. I was gettin' weary wid waitin', and thinkin' that it 'ud be betther for me to go home, hungry as I was, when all at once I cautch sight of a tremendious great salmin right fornenst me: oh, murdher, how my mouth wathered, every time I saw his silvery belly flashin' through the wather!

"'Hurrah,' says I, 'there's breakfast, dinner and supper for one week, any way.' And I had him cautch and eat in my mind, afore a minute was over. So I gets one of my slaughtherers—a fly of my own making, so natural, that all it wanted was a buzz to make it a raál insect, and I drops it gingerly over his gob. But the devil a toe would he touch it. I thought I heard a spluttering sort of laugh coming out of the water, and away goes the fish and pops up his muzzle about a hundred yards off. I cut after him as hard as I could lay foot to ground, but whin I got up to the place, up gets his snout at the place I jist left.

"Well, sir, he played me that thrick about a half a dozen times, and every time that quare wathery laugh; when I got tired, and roared out, 'Musha! then may the devil take you for an onpleasant sort of a fish. But I'll ketch you yet, cunning as you are.'

"Well, sir, the minute I said that, the Vargin betune us an' all accidints, if the salmin didn't perch bolt upright on the end of his tale, and cried out in a voice something between a babby's squeak and a cracked whistle:

"'Will you ketch me? I'll take damn good care that you don't, Misther Barty Fin, come it over me with the pride of your dirty fly. Do you think I don't know the differ betune a twist ov silk and a wholesome catherpillar?'

"If you were to see me then, you wouldn't a guv twopence for me, body and sowl. My hair ran into my head like wires. I thried to run, but my very feet stuck to the ground, and when I came properly to myself, what did I see but that devil of a salmin laughin' ready to split his gills at me!

"At last I plucks up courage, and I says, 'What the divil are you laughin at?' says I.

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"'At you,' says he; 'you're an iligant fellow to go ketching fish, aint you? Why, you're afraid of me.'

"'Am I?' says I.

"'You are,' says he.

"'Why, thin, savin' your presence, you lie, sir,' says I, for nobody likes to be called a coward, any how.

"'Prove it,' says the salmin.

"'How, sir?' says I.

"'Come and take a nice ride atop of my back,' says he.

"Well, sir, with that, to show my bravery, and that it wasn't in my nature to be cowed by a fish, divil take me if I didn't whip off my brougues and my stockin's, and jump'd clean on the blaggard's back.

"O, the laugh he set up, whin I was once fairly in his power. Away he darted down the Shannon like a shootin' star in a hurry. Afther wa'd swum a mile or two, in about a minute, he stopped, and says he,—

"'How do you like your ride, Misther Barty Fin?"

"'Beautiful, my darlin,' says I, sootherin' him, 'but you'd oblige me if you wouldn't dive.'

"'Pooh, you know nothing about divin' yet,' says he, and gave a head-over-heels into the water, and carried me about half a mile down an' up again while you'd say fags.

"'That's what *I* call a dive,' says he, as I puffed and spluttered the water off.

"'An' no mistake, sir,' says I, thinking it was best to be easy. At last it come into my head, that if I could slip off my heavy coat, I might be able to swim to the shore, which was now a tremendous way off. I just had one arm out, when he cries—

"'What are you afther, Barty?'

"'Nothin' in life, sir,' says I, afear'd of offendin' him; 'but it's so mortial hot in these parts.'

"'So it is, Barty,' says he, quite pityful, 'but it'll be cooler by-and-by; shut your eyes avic."

"Well, sir, I did shut them only for ever so little of a wink, and when I opened them again, the devil take the morsel of coat at all could I see that wasn't entirely covered over with wather. Oh! the state I was in, all alone upon the top of a sea, ridin' upon a fish's back, an' moreover a mighty skittish sort of a fish. At last he says to me—

"'Keep up your sperits, Barty, we're almost at home, now.'

"'Are we, sir,' says I, 'and may I make so bowld as to ax what you call home?'

"'Down at the bottom of the say,' says he, 'to the palace of the king of the salmins; it's him that I'm takin' you to see.'

"'Oh! thin it is. I'm mighty proud of the information, sir,' says I, 'but how am I to get there? sure I couldn't live in the bottom of the sea, barrin' that I was a fish or a stone.'

"'We'll see,' says he. 'Shut your eyes again.' The minute I did, up went his tail, and down, down, right to the very bottom, and the never a throuble it gave me to draw my breath or to see, no more than if it was dry land; the air was rather thick, that's all.

"Well, sir, I hadn't been long there, when a big, fightin' lookin' fish walks right up, and hits me a slap in the chops.

"'Hollo,' says I, 'fair play; what's that for?'

"'Quite enough,' says the fish. 'I wonder what you'd do if any body was to boil *your* mother.'

"'Or pickle your father?' says another fellow, flickin' me on the other side.

"'Or fry all your family, bad luck to Barty Fin,' says a fat flounder, fetchin' me a dab. The queerest thing to me, was, how well they all seemed to know my name.

"Well, sir, at last, after sthrollin' through the say-weed gardins, we came to the king's palace, and a mighty fine place it was, as iver you saw, all made up of beautiful shells, of all colors, with shrubberrys of say trees, and walks and grottos, and inside of it was the king, with his great lords and dukes, and things with their crowns and their mithers all so grand, sittin' down to dinner. When the king saw me come, he riz from his throne, and said, 'Ah! ha! is it there you are?' says he. 'Ladies and gintlemen, this is my friend, Barty Fin, from Tipperary;' and wid that, every sowl got up and made an obeysance.

"'Come, Barty,' says the king, 'won't you peck a bit afther your journey?'

"'Bedad I will, your honor's glory,' says I. It was bacon and beans they were eatin', and so I sot down upon a bit of a rock, and helped myself to the eatables in great style.

"'Well, Barty,' says the king, after I'd stuffed like a sack, 'is there any thing else you'd like?'

"'Why then, savin' your majesty's presence,' I says, 'the bacon's beautiful, but the last bit I eat, I'm afeared is stickin' in my throat. Now the least taste in life of whiskey, would wash it down as natural as if it was niver there.'

"So the king laughed, and all the rest of the scheners laughed, of course, and he towld a young throut that was running about attendin,' to fetch me a glass of the raal bury me dacint,

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out of his own private still, and you may depind I wasn't a week dhrinkin' it. As soon as the dinner was over, and all the chaps had a couple of sthrong tumblers of whiskey-punch apiece, the king axed me if I'd like to take a stravage over his house; and without waiting for me to say yes or no, he claps his fin under my oxther, and out we marched in great style. First came two young salmin throuts, with long weeds in their fins, struttin' before us just as proud as gardeners' dogs with polyanthuses tied to their tails; then came some of the fishy quality, turnin' up their noses, and swellin' out their gills; then more of the flunkey fishes, howldin' staffs and other mighty quare things. After a whole heap of those passed by, then came the king's sarvants, a regular shoal, some of them carryin' bits of coral on bunches of say-weed. One fellow had a great say unicorn's horn over his shoulder, and another had something like a big tay-pot. Then came his majesty himself, with a half a dozen small fry howldin' his tail out of the mud, followed by your humble sarvent; and be the hokey, I warnt small beer, for there was a fine fat codfish carrying my ould hat on a platter before me, and two or three chaps sthreelin' after, howldin' up the tails of my coat. I'd rather they'd a let it be, for the cowld got among my legs.

"Well, sir, after proceedin' about, an' seein' every thing that was to be seen, we came at last to the place where the king kept all his money, an' a mighty great heap he had,—a whole room full, gathered up like wheat in a barn.

"'Look at that, Barty,' says the king; 'that's all mine; isn't there a jolly lot of it?'

"'By my sowlkins but that there is, your reverence,' says I.

"'What would you say,' says he, 'if I'd let you take as much as iver you liked of the money?'

"'I'd say long life to your royal glory, and the devil sweep the blaggard hook that ever attempts to enter your majesty's honorable gullet.'

"'Then fire away,' says he, 'and while you're fillin' your pockets, I'll tell you why I paid you this honor. Do you recollect once fishing near the very spot you came from to day, and catchin' a lively little salmin trout by the nose, as he was going to school, and lettin' him go again, because he was so young an' innocent?'

"I made believe I did, though I didn't.

"'I'm he,' says the king; 'look, ther's the mark of the hook,' pokin' his nose in my face, 'so fill away,—take as much as you like, but promise me that you wont fish again.'

"'The devil a fish,' says I. 'Isn't it the hunger and the poverty that makes me do it?'

"'Ah! but swear,' says he.

"'What?' says I.

"'May the sowl of my mother never see glory, if I ever bait a hook.'

"Well, sir, I took the oath, and whin I had my pockets full, the king called my bowld say pony. 'And now, good bye, Barty,' says he, 'you'll remember your promise?'

"'Never fear me, your majesty,' says I, and he guv me the tip of his fin to kiss. I got across the salmin's back, shut my eyes, and was up on the top of the water again, while a cat would be lickin' her whisker.

"Well, sir, for convanience, I upset all the money into my hat, and if you believe me, the goolden guineas filled it up to the very brim, and there was I, sailin' along, cuddlin' it before me, and makin' all sorts of intintions as to what I'd do with so much treasure. Won't I have a blow out? says I to myself. I'll invite the whole parish, an' the next county, an' we'll have such a jobation as niver was seen seince 'O'Rourke's noble feast,' and I'll ax Katty immediately to marry me, and I'll settle a fortune on her and her children,—but in the very thick of my castle buildin', I wasn't mindin' that we had got to the very place I took wather from. The vagabond fish gave the devil's own twist of his back, and flung me head over heels upon the bank. It stunned me for a minute, and when I came to myself, bad luck to me if my ould hat wasn't floatin' right down the stream, with every stitch of the money in it. I off clothes in a giffey, and out I swims to thry an' overtake it, but it was no use. Away I went, and the last I saw of it, it gave a keel round, and went plump to the bottom, so that the devil a scuing had I after all. But I didn't forget my oath for all that; from that day to this, a fishin'-rod has never been in my hand."

Barty Fin would, no doubt, take the life of any man, woman or child, who might venture to insinuate that he had fallen asleep upon the river's bank. B.

The judgment must be employed to discern the truth or falsehood of assertions, by attending to the credibility and consistency of the different parts of the story: the veracity and character of witnesses in other respects; by comparing the assertions with accounts received from other witnesses, who could not be ignorant of the facts; and, lastly, by bringing the whole to the test of a comparison with known and admitted facts.

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Original.

WESTMINSTER HALL.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

WESTMINSTER HALL, it is well known, was built by William Rufus, in 1093, and was the scene of the revel of the unfortunate Richard II., when he gave entertainment to 10,000 guests. It is considered the largest room in Europe, unsupported by pillars; —being about two hundred and seventy feet in length and seventy-four in breadth, and unmarked by any decoration. My first visit to it was in the autumn, and rendered memorable by the imposing pageant of the Judges of England coming to open the annual session of the Courts. They were in their splendid robes of state,—and preceded by the High Chancellor of the realm,—Lord Celtenham,—passed on through rows of barristers, and took their seats in the courts of their respective jurisdiction, all of which are entered through Westminster Hall. Their dignity of bearing, and brows marked by wisdom and profound thought, justified the reverence of the dense throng, assembled on the occasion. And though nurtured in republicanism, I could not but rejoice at any outward mark of respect, which tends to uphold the authority of Law in the eyes of the people;—for he who decries the sacredness of justice, weakens the protection of his own fireside, and may unconsciously grasp in his hand the murderous steel of revolution.

WELL,—one must own this is a goodly room,
Of vast and fair proportions,—where at ease
The tallest sons of Anak might have tower'd,
Waltzing or promenading, as they please.
The Norman hunter-King hath left behind
A lordly gift to keep his red elf-locks in mind.

And here they say, the gay and fickle son
Of the brave Black Prince held a revel proud,
Feasting ten thousand guests. I wonder where
They serv'd or seated such a mighty crowd,
While with a right good-will that scorn'd control
The huge sirloin they carv'd, and drained the wassail-bowl.

Amid the royal train, methinks, I see
Old John of Gaunt, whose dark, prophetic frown
Dwells on his banish'd son,—while mad with glee
Unthinking Richard shakes his rubied crown,
Reckless, as when he rush'd with beardless face
To meet Wat Tyler's mob, where Walworth rear'd his mace.

Ten thousand guests! Alas,—poor, thoughtless King,
'Mid all these eching shouts, the roof that rent,
Rose there no vision of thy future woes?—
Usurping Bolingbroke, with stern intent?—
The throngs, whose loud hosannas turn'd to hate?—
And Pomfret—Castle's deeds of dire, mysterious fate?

I cannot laugh in England,—I have tried,—
But a majestic shadow seems to rise,
Like Pallas lofty, or like Dian cold,
And put to flight my mirthful melodies.
And this is well enough,—since we were made
Surely for nobler ends, than the light jester's trade.

I cannot laugh in England;—when I've tried,
Although there's much to cheer both heart and eye,
It seems as if a lesson'd child decried
Teachers and magistrates,—or lifted high
A loud guffaw in its grave mother's face,—
At some ill-chosen hour;—a fearful want of grace.

Yet, if I fail to laugh,—I still may trust
Wiser to grow, and bring some seeds away
To plant at home, and yield a healthful fruit
For my young children, when I am laid in clay,
And that's a better husbandry than Mirth
Which mocks at sober thought, may often boast on earth.

Here are the various courts of Themis' dome,
I've enter'd all, yet paid no lawyer's fees;
High-Chancery, and Admiralty too,
Queen's Bench, Exchequer, and the Common Pleas,
And heard their varied eloquence, who wear
Those flaxen wigs to hide their bright, unfrosted hair.

And I have seen them pass, in robes of state,
Those noble Judges of this ancient clime,
On, through this hall, by the wild Norman rear'd,
To ope their session at the autumn-prime,
While in close ranks, the assembled people rose,
To give them her own due, in whom their rights repose.

And sure, the heartfelt reverence of a land
Is justly paid to those, whose lore profound,
Maintains the sacred majesty of Law,
And throws a shield, the lowliest home around,
Guarding the hearth-stone from the robber's broil,
And bringing shame to vice, and peace to virtuous toil.

Original.

IDOL WORSHIP.

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

I.

A TEMPLE stands in ancient Rome,
To Pagan goddess reared of yore;
The sky looks through its ruined dome,
And fallen columns strew the floor,
And o'er the pavement, broken all,
And o'er the riven altar-stone,
Forth gushing from the crumbling wall,
A limpid stream flows gently on.

II.

Thus in the temple of the heart,
When time hath all our aims o'erthrown;
When one by one our joys depart,
And all our hopes lie crushed and strown—
And when the idol we have wrought,
And reared, as 'twere, a thing divine;
And offered incense of each thought,
In daily worship at its shrine—
And with our high resolves endowed,
'Till all o'erladen with our fate,
Thus from its lofty altar bowed,
It lies all fallen 'neath the weight—
Lo! o'er our wept and shattered faith,
That never back our trust may win;
Springs forth the living well of TRUTH,
The ruins of the heart within.

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Original.

SPECIMENS FROM THE GREEK TRAGEDIANS.

THE PATHETIC.—EURIPIDES.

BY WILLIAM HENRY HERBERT.

At a period in the history of letters such as we have arrived at within a few years, when, (from the multiplication of subjects of recent and immediate interest, from the vast increase of authorship in the English language, from the growing taste of the public for light and trivial novelties, from the extraordinary cheapness of publication, and the consequent diffusion of fugitive to the prejudice of standard works,) there appears to be a reasonable cause of apprehension that the grand, chaste models of antiquity may fall, and indeed are actually falling, into dissuetude, if not distaste; it has occurred to us, that something might be done towards arresting this downward tendency, by the preparation of occasional scenes from the classic poets of old, embodying passages of peculiar beauty, and affording specimens of the proficiency of those great masters in every separate department of poetic excellence. It is true, that complete translations of the works of the most celebrated classic authors are already within reach of that large body of American readers to whom the dead tongues are unfamiliar: but it is an indisputable fact, that for the most part, the poetical translators of the classic poets have either lacked the scholarship to comprehend the original, without reference to prose versions, or, if possessing the critical acumen, have lacked the poetic talent necessary to exhibit them in an attractive English dress.

Thus, Pope, who was himself a poet in the highest sense of the word, in producing *his* exquisite poem of the Iliad,—we call it *his*, for most certainly it is not Homer's,—was compelled to retranslate a translation; and, of necessary consequence, although the scenes, characters, and incidents are all Homeric, the style, the air, the whole spirit, in short, and individuality of the poem, are as far from the Homeric as from the Shakspearean or Miltonic type. On the other hand, Potter, whose labors as a poetical translator were enormous, and his industry unwearied, was almost utterly deficient in true poetic spirit, was gifted very moderately as respects either choice or copiousness of language, and, though generally correct as a scholar, had no pretension even in that department, to a station higher than tolerable eminence,—being a faulty prosodian, and oftentimes an inaccurate translator.

Hence it is, that while Homer, through Pope's medium, is eagerly read by all classes of the English and American public, and has become, as it were, an English classic, Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, are comparatively unstudied and unknown, except to the student or rare scholar: And it is indeed somewhat questionable, how far any entire translation of Greek dramas could become generally popular with our public; since it cannot be denied, that although they abound in isolated passages full of the highest excellences, they contain at least as many, which, deprived of the rich euphony and peculiar metrical arrangement of their own stately tongue, must ever appear flat and heavy to the English reader. The subjects, moreover, of not a few, will be found to lack interest, being too purely mythological or heroic, too much divested of immediate application to human tastes, and too remote from those familiar joys and sorrows which speak at once to all men, through 'that one touch of nature,' which has been so beautifully and so truly said by our great bard of ages, to 'make the whole world kin.'

Our plan, which,—should it appear to meet the success that in our belief it merits,—we may perhaps carry out through detached papers, is to select those passages of general and immediate interest, turning on passions everywhere felt and acknowledged, which must speak home to every bosom; and to present them to our readers in a translation which, we pledge ourselves, shall be strictly, scholastically, and literally accurate; while it shall neither neglect the harmony and power of our own tongue, nor omit to embody, so far as shall be found possible, the rythm of the original language, and the peculiar characteristics of the individual master.

The passage which we have selected for the first of our series, is from Euripides, known, with what truth our readers will judge from the following extract, as the 'most pathetic' of the Athenians. The scene is between Medea, the heroine of the drama, which bears her name; Jason, her faithless husband; her two infant children with their preceptor; and the Chorus, which in the Greek tragedy never left the stage, although it never, or very rarely, took any active part in the drama. There is but little need of comment; as the story, for the most part, tells itself; but it may be necessary to premise that the heroine, after preserving Jason from all manner of perils in her own, and afterwards in *his*

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native land, after becoming his wife, and bearing him children, finds herself deserted for a younger, fairer and richer bride, in Creusa, the daughter of Creon, King of Corinth. In this situation, half mad with passion and despair, she resolves on perpetrating a great deed of strange and horrible vengeance; and in the scene which follows, having altered her course of conduct from furious and open indignation, to dissembled quiet and submission, she deceives her husband to his ruin. It is believed that nothing in the range of language can surpass the conflict between maternal love and frantic jealousy,—between the terrible determination and the soft relenting,—the rage of the injured wife, the anguish of the doating mother,—the consciousness of the impotency of revenge,—'the doubts more dreadful than despair!'—which breathe and burn in every line of the original; and which, we are bold to hope, shine, at least, with a weak reflected lustre in our English version.

FROM THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES,

LINE 865.

JASON; MEDEA; CHORUS OF CORINTHIAN VIRGINS.

JASON.

Summoned I come; nor, though indeed my foe,
This favor would deny thee. Lo! I'll hear.
What would'st thou with me, woman, strange or new?

MEDEA.

For my words, Jason, rashly spoke of late,
I pray thy pardon. Much hath moved my wrath,
Nor strangely quite! For many loving deeds
Once passed between us two. But I have had
Words with myself, self-blaming. 'Oh, vain wretch,
Wherefore be mad, striving with who devise
Sage councils? Wherefore set thyself a foe
'Gainst those, who rule the land—'gainst him, thy lord,
Who, wisely for us all, a bride would woo
Right Royal, and to these thy sons beget
Brethren as potent? Wilt not turn aside
From murmuring? Wherefore grieve, when Gods are kind?
Are not these children mine, whom thus I see
Of friends forsaken, and of native land
Bereft for ever?' Self-communing thus
My rage I learned most impotent and vain,
That now I praise thee, deem thee chaste and wise,
This puissant consort choosing—*I* was mad,
Who in thy counsels should have ta'en my part,
And counselled with thee—yea! stood near thy bed
Joyous and proud thy wedded wife to see!—
But as we are we are—I say not ill—
But women aye—we women. Oh! be not,
As we, nor foolish deeds with foolish pay.
For I submit me now, and own my acts
Wrong in the past, and in the time to be
Will bear me better. Come, my boys, my boys,
Come from the house, and kiss, and hail your sire
Even as I hail him, and, all thought of wrong
Forgotten, love him. Love him, as of old,
For peace hath come between us—we are friends.

ENTER TWO CHILDREN WITH THEIR PRECEPTOR.

Cling to his hand—his right hand! Wo! is me—
How dwells my soul on that which lurks behind. (*Aside.*
My boys—and shall ye spread your sweet arms thus
To clasp me, long in this life? Fond, fond wretch,
How full of dread, how prone to weep am I,
That while I meet your sire, and thus forego
All wrath, with tenderest tears mine eyes o'erflow.

CHORUS.

Nor I can all restrain the outgushing tear!
Oh! may no direr grief than this be near.

JASON.

Woman, these words I praise—nor may I blame,
Too much, your speech i' the past. For like it is,
Your sex to rage should fly, their bosom's lord
Wooing fresh spousals. But your heart hath turned
To better counsels, and discerned the right
In season, as a prudent woman's should.
For you, my children, by the God's good aid,
Not rashly, hath your sire a scheme devised
Of higher fortunes—for the first, I trow,
Of this Corinthian land, the first in place
Shall ye be, with your brethren—then increase,
Increase and prosper—for the rest your sire
Shall care, and He, the God who guards us well.
And oh! may I behold your happy youth
By glorious manhood crowned; and all my foes
Prostrate before ye fallen!—But wherefore, thou,
Backward dost bend thy sidelong cheek of snow
And dew thy lids with drops of livid wo?—
Sound my words sadly to thine ear?—

MEDEA.

'Tis nought—
My boys, my boys alone were in my thought.

JASON.

Cheer thee!—For these all tenderest care have I.

MEDEA.

I will.—Thy words, I doubt not, nor deny;
Women are women—and to tears were born.

JASON.

Yet o'er these children, why so strangely mourn?

MEDEA.

I bore them!—When I heard thee pray the Gods
To give them life, a dread came o'er my soul,
If this should be, or no.—But of the things
That brought thee hither, some we have spoken, now
The rest *I* shall remember. Fare thee well!
Banished this land, so doth it please the King,
Better shall I be thus, I feel it well,
Than tarrying here this royal house and thee
Daily to view, a hated thing when seen,
And hostile to the race. Hence straight will I—
Seek thou of Creon's love that these may dwell
Here in this land, where thou canst guard them well.

JASON.

How I shall thrive, I doubt; yet will assay—

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MEDEA.

Entreat thy bride, thee will she not gainsay,
In their behalf her father's grace to pray.

JASON.

Entreat I will, and trust her voice to win,
For yielding ever is the woman's sin!—

MEDEA.

I too thy suit to aid, will send her gifts
Excelling all of beautiful or rare
That mortal eye hath seen. A thinner robe
Than woven ether, and a golden crown
My boys shall bear her—speed ye, then, oh! speed
Hither to bring, my maids, that royal weed.
Not once shall she be, but ten thousand fold
Happiest of brides—thee, best of men, to gain,
And these immortal vestments to acquire
The which of yore my grand-aire Helius gave
A glory to his race! Bear ye, my sons,
This dowry to her—and while she doth live
Ne'er will she blame, I think, the gauds I give.

JASON.

Why wrong thyself, oh, fond one?—Dreamest thou, then,
The royal house so void of robes of price—
Of gold so void?—Be wise and send them not;
For if she list my prayers, as list she must,
Gold shall not bend her more than these, I trust.

MEDEA.

Tell't not to me! Gifts win the gods; they say—
And gold more potent than ten thousand tongues
Is eloquence to men—the luck, I say,
Is her's—for her these gifts the God shall bless.
New is her royal state.—I would avert
By my life's loss their exile—how much more
By gold—gold only!—Enter then the house,
My children; supplicate, implore, I say,
Your sire's new bride, my mistress much revered,
Your exile to annul—then give the weeds!
For this imports it most, that she accept
Herself the garments. Haste, and bring ye back,
Your mother's joy, all blessings on your track!

CHORUS.—STROPHE I.

My hopes are past and flown, that these should live—
All past and flown!—E'en now they go to slaughter!
And she, great Creon's daughter,
That fair and hapless bride,
The gorgeous gifts receiving,
And lured by thoughtless pride,
Around her locks the golden chaplet weaving,
All, all too late,
Shall find in those dread gifts a fearful fate.

ANTISTROPHE I.

The charms shall win her, and the subtle grace
Of that unearthly veil so strangely beaming,
To don the crown gold-gleaming.
But in the realms beneath
That bride shall clasp her lover,
For lo! the net of death
Is darkly wound below, around, above her.—
Lo! the dread gloom
Inevitable presage of the tomb!

STROPHE II.

Oh! thou wretch, ill-omened wooer
Of this youthful princess fair,
Couldst thou see the golden hair,
Stained with slaughter's color dread,
Of thine infants!—couldst thou mark
The avenging fury dark,
Sure and silent still pursue her,
Whom thy guilty love would wed.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Oh! thou mother, sad and tearful,
Who shalt lift thy ruthless knife
To cut short the infant life,
Which thou gavest.—Oh! I mourn—
For that thou wert maddened first
By this bridal bed accurst—
Movest thy bitter doom and fearful,
Whom thy lord had left forlorn.

PRECEPTOR—[*Entering.*]

Mistress, thy boys from banishment are free—
Thy gifts right joyously the royal bride
Received—henceforth 'tis peace to thine and thee!

MEDEA.

Hold!

PRECEPTOR.

Wherefore stand'st thou, thus deject and pale,
When all goes well—why turn thy cheek away
As though my words did grieve thee, mistress, say?

MEDEA.

Alas!

PRECEPTOR.

That suits not with the news I hear.

MEDEA.

Alas! and yet alas!—

PRECEPTOR.

And can it be
My news is evil, which I thought so fair?

MEDEA.

What thou hast said is said—I blame not thee.

PRECEPTOR.

Why then thy lids cast down, and weep so sore?

MEDEA.

Much cause have I, old man, to sorrow more.
The gods have crowned my wishes to my wo.

PRECEPTOR.

Courage—thy sons shall yet thy foes o'erthrow.

MEDEA.

Ere that, their corpses to the grave will go.

PRECEPTOR.

Not thou alone art from thy children torn—
Lightly 'tis best to bear what must be borne.

MEDEA.

This will I do. But go thou in the while
And, for the day that is, their wants provide.
My children—oh! my children—ye have still
A country and a home, wherein to dwell
Bereft for ever of a mother's care,
Far, far from wretched me. For I must go
To distant lands, past hope your love to enjoy.

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Be happy in your happiness, and proud
Your bridal beds, and chosen brides to tend,
And raise your hymeneal torches high.
Oh! wretched that I am, and stern of will!—
In vain, my children, have I given ye suck,
Toiled for ye vainly—and in vain been rent
By bitterest pangs, which only mothers know.
Fool that I am!—and I had hopes on you,
Most fond and many—that my age should be
Fed by your hands, by yours my body entombed,
Honored of men, and envied. They have flown,
Sweet hopes!—For 'reft of you, my only joy,
Most grievous and accurst my life shall be.
And ye, my little ones, will never more
Behold your mother, torn from her for aye!
Wo! wo!—why look ye out from your dear eyes
On me, my babes? Why smile on me so sweet
This last—last smile? Alas! how shall I do it?
My heart is gone, when I behold those eyes
Blissful and beaming. No! it cannot be!
Farewell my plots of old. Hence will I bear—
Far hence—my little ones!—for how should I,
The sire of these to torture, rend myself
With tenfold pangs? Farewell, my plots—I say!—
And yet, how bear it? How become a scorn
And mocking to my foes, unpunished all?
All may be borne, save this—a slave to be
Effeminate and dastardly and tame!—
Go in! go in, my children! Who would not
Bear in my fearful sacrifice a part,
Let him take heed!—fails not this hand of mine!—
Hold! hold!—my spirit yet—this deed of blood
Oh! do it not! spare them, hapless that thou art,
Thy children spare, who on some foreign soil
Yet, yet may live to soothe thee with their love!—
No! By the everlasting fiends of Hell!
I swear it!—Never, never shall it be said
That I, Medea, left my children here
A pity, and a laughter to my foes!
Their Fate cries out that they must fall!—and I,
The mother who them bore—needs must be so!—
Will slay them! This predestined was of yore,
And shall not be averted.—Lo! she stands
Decked in the nuptial robes, and crowned to die—
To die!—Fair bride—young princess!—be it so—
I knew it—for I had a road of wo,
And these my foes a sadder path shall go,
To Hell, before me!—Yet would I behold—
Yet speak unto my children—yet once more!
Give, give your mother those dear hands again—
Embrace me!—dearest hands, and roseiest lips,
Fair forms, and noble features of my babes—
May ye be blest!—But there—beneath the sod—
Sent thither by your father!—Oh, sweet face—
And softest skin, and breath most balmy!—Oh!
My babes, my babes!—Depart—I can no more—
I cannot look on ye.—My wrongs prevail.
I know the ills I do, and yet must on,
For wrath than reason bears a mightier sway
And guides to deadly sin all mortal clay.

[*Exit, in order to kill her children.*]

Original.

THE MANIAC.

—

PART I.

"SISTER, whose miniature is that I have seen you wear since my return? Let me see it, will you?"

"Ah, brother! suppose now I should tell you it is my lover's—and then to tease you, should say I could not let you see it!"

"Oh! if had but suspected *that*, I should have been still more curious, and perhaps should have caught a sly look at it when you were not mistrusting me. But come, I don't feel in a mood to-night for showing you how good a lawyer I am; so, dear sister, just take it from your belt and let me gaze upon its beauty. If I am to have a brother-in-law, it is no more than right that I should know how he is to look."

"Well done, Henry! If every thought of this miniature did not make me so sad, I should be more than half tempted to carry on the joke, you seem to take it so easily. But I cannot—here it is. Let your eyes feast upon its charms."

"Ah, Louise! a lady! Now I suppose I must take care of my susceptible heart, lest it should lose itself in this long, fixed gaze.—What a noble brow! so lofty, so pure! And that eye—'tis matchless! 'One to keep embalmed for dreams of fevered sleep.' Whoever painted this must have more than done justice to the original. Yet, it seems to me I have seen such an eye—yes, and a face that resembled this. Who can it be? Tell me, Louise, have I ever seen the original?"

"Have you 'ever seen her?' Oh, yes! many, many, many times. Hour after hour you have listened—yet no—Henry, you never have seen her as she is represented there. But do you not remember who were our best, kindest, and most intimate neighbors when we lived at M——? Have you forgotten Anna Van Alstien—'our sweet little Anna,'—as you used to call her?"

"No, Louise! but it is a long time since I have thought of her. And even if it were not, you cannot wonder that I did not recognize in this polished, interesting, intellectual looking lady, the charming little Anna, who, the last time I saw her, affectionately twined her arms around my neck—imprinted a long innocent kiss upon my lips, while with tears in her eyes she said—'Henry must not forget Louise and Anna when he is away to college.' You know you

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and she were then but twelve years old, and I have never seen her since; though it was the remembrance of her which made me think I might have seen the original of this miniature. Strange things must have happened since then! I should like to know her history. But, Louise, you are weeping! Come, dry your tears, and tell me what became of 'our Anna.' Is she not still living? Come, sit beside me and disclose the whole."

"Oh, Henry! you too would weep, if you had loved her as I loved her, and could see her now. She is indeed living—but the 'life of life' has fled. She is a poor suffering maniac."

"A *maniac?* Alas! my dear sister, could any thing on earth have so blighted her peace as to destroy her reason? When I knew her, it might well be said of her, she was——

'Elate and joyous as the lark, when first it soars on high,
Without a shadow in its path, a cloud upon its sky.'

What dark pall could have been thrown over her light spirit that should thus wring the heart with agony, and drink even the dregs of reason from her brain? Sister, tell me—tell me all, for I am most deeply interested."

"Well, I will try. You know we remained at M—— only two years after you left home. About the time we came here, Mr. Van Alstien with his family, moved to Philadelphia. It was a bitter hour that parted us; for, young as we were, we felt the loss we should sustain in being separated. We knew not how to live apart, for we had grown up, as it were, in each other's arms. You remember we were of the same age, our birth-day the very same. Twin-born and twin-educated, how could we be divided thus? But this we had to learn by sad experience, though we vowed like lovers to render the absence less desolate by long and frequent letters. And for more than three years we faithfully kept our promises. But we were very differently situated; I, in this quiet retreat, this happy cottage-home—and she amid the fashionable splendors, and the unsatisfying gayeties of a city life. She had every advantage of public institutions, and private instructors. Her mind was highly cultivated, and at seventeen she was an accomplished, an exceedingly interesting young lady. Besides this, she was eminently beautiful. This miniature, dear brother, is perfect. The artist did not (as you seem to suppose,) flatter in the least. No, *not in the least!* and when I look at it, and think of her as she was then, I cannot but exclaim—

'Blest be that art which keeps the absent near,
The beautiful unchanged—from Time's rude theft
Guards the fresh tint of childhood's polished brow—
And when love yields its idol to the tomb
Doth snatch a copy.'

And this is a true and perfect 'copy.' It was taken about two months before she was eighteen. At that time she wrote me one of her long, interesting letters; and towards the close, in a mysterious sort of a way, she said—'Louise, I am particularly engaged at present. I cannot tell you *how* until I see you. This is the only secret I ever kept from you in my life, for you know you are my "twin-sister," and have always had full possession of all my thoughts. But I am schooling myself now to keep this, though it might be said in six words. Have I raised your curiosity any! Well, I hope to get through so as to fulfil my promise, and spend our eighteenth birth-day with you. Oh, I can scarcely wait 'till it shall arrive, I am so anxious to fly to your arms.'

"This, you may imagine, *did* raise my curiosity in no small degree; and I thought of many things, but of course could decide upon none. Mamma supposed she was to be married. But she had never told me of any actual engagement, though she had several times spoken in very high terms of a young lawyer who had paid her a good deal of attention. I could not believe she would be married and tell me nothing of it. However, I was soon to know; and in my anxiety to see her—to have her with me once more, I almost forgot my curiosity and its cause. The 20th of June, you recollect, was the memorable day. She had particularly requested that I would invite no company, and this corresponded with my own desires; for I was too selfish to share my felicity with others at such a time. I wanted her all to myself. On the 19th, I arranged all little matters so as to render our country-place as pleasant as possible. I renewed the flowers in the vases—adjusted the honeysuckles that covered the windows, so that we might enjoy their richest perfume—and, in short, I busied myself all day long in anxiously doing nothing. The sun went down, and as yet no Anna came. I could content myself no where. Was I to be disappointed? I wandered through the yards, and garden, and even walked half a mile up the road to see if she might not be coming. At length, I clasped her in my arms, I pressed her to my heart, and we mingled our tears of joy together. Oh, never were two fond hearts more closely bound than ours! You may, perhaps, imagine our feelings, but I cannot describe them. Her father and mother were with her; and there

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was nothing to check our flow of soul, or cast a shade upon our heart-felt happiness—and I believe our eighteenth birth-day was decidedly the happiest day of our lives. It was one I shall remember as long as I remember any thing. Anna was the same dear, kind, affectionate sister as when we parted more than three years before. Her heart was unaltered, though her mind was much more highly cultivated, and she was more eminently beautiful—or at least, her beauty was of a different cast.

'Lit from within was her noble brow,
As an urn whence rays from a lamp may flow;
Her young clear cheek had a changeful hue,
As if ye might see how the soul wrought through;
And every flash of her fervent eye
Seemed the bright wakening of Poesy.'

"And then her soul was so full of music—she was passionately fond of it, and had an exquisite voice. It was actually as I one day told her:

'The spirit of song in her bosom's cell
Dwelt as the odors in violets dwell:
Or as the sounds in Æolian strings,
Or in aspen leaves the quiverings;
There, *ever there*, with the life enshrined,
And waiting the call of the faintest wind.'

"The day passed delightfully. How could it be otherwise? But I will only give you one incident. In the afternoon, we were speaking of a fondness for music, when mamma requested me to play and sing the piece I had promised her she should hear when Anna came. It was a birth-day ballad—a beautiful little thing I had learned for the occasion, but which I had forgotten until thus reminded. Anna stood beside me at the piano. When I had finished, the tears stood in her eyes—she threw her arms around me—kissed me affectionately, and expressed many warm thanks for the unexpected pleasure I had given her. Then suddenly recollecting herself, she reseated me, and said—'Sit still, Louise, 'till I return.' She flew to her room, and in a moment returned, and placing this chain upon my neck, she said—

"'Dear sister, I have no birth-day ballad for you, but accept this, as a birth-day present: wear it, and let it often remind you of the love of your absent Anna.' It was this miniature—a precious gift! We were admiring the taste and perfect correctness with which it was executed, when Mrs. Van Alstien remarked—'Anna, I thought you gave me that.' 'Oh,' said Anna, 'that's the secret!' 'Secret!' said I, catching at the word—for I had been so elated with her presence that I had not thought to ask about it before.

"'Yes, yes!' said she, interrupting me, 'I know what you mean. It is all the same. Pardon me, mamma, that I have kept it from you until now. I only wanted to give you a surprise. I will explain. When I consented to have my likeness taken for you, I persuaded papa to allow me to have another one painted at the same time, and to keep it a secret, that I might to-day present it to Louise, if permitted to see her. So now, dear sister, please keep it, and wear it for my sake. You will always see me smiling upon you; for when it was taken, I was so excited with the prospect of being with you, that I believe I was actually silly, and did not give the artist one serious look.'

"Thus we passed the day, singing, and talking, and enjoying ourselves. The next morning, Mr. and Mrs. Van Alstien left us, to spend three months in journeying, and then to return and take Anna with them home to Philadelphia. Oh! how shall I tell you of those three happy months? They were so full of pleasure and of interest, that I know not how to tell you. We lived in the light of each other's smile, were mutual confidants, and I trust each was somewhat benefitted by the experience of the other. I have said she wrote me something about a young lawyer who was very attentive to her. Now, she told me of all her intercourse with him. His name was Montone.

"One sultry day, we had dismissed our needles, given up all ideas of work, and with an amusing book languidly sauntered out to the arbor. I was reading a story which Anna had wished to hear, when she begged me, in justice to the story, not to read any more, for she could not listen. Her mind would wander to other scenes, and she could not control it—so I closed the book.

"'Louise,' said she, 'we have an arbor like this at home, just like this, only differently situated. Once last summer, on very much such a day as this, I ornamented it with my drawing apparatus; but being too listless to do any thing, I threw myself back into the corner, and was soon lost in a dreamy revery. How long I indulged myself thus I know not; but I was aroused by the entrance of Montone. He seated himself beside me, was very social, and beguiled the hours with innocent gayety. At length our conversation assumed a more serious aspect. He became eloquent, and poured into my willing ear such passionate words, such earnest entreaties as might melt the coldest heart, much less one as ardent as his own. I could not answer him—but I felt that I loved him. I know not why, but the tears filled my eyes, I could not look upon him. I gave him my hand, and was about to speak, when all our romance (perhaps you will call it,) was ended by a summons to tea. I should have told you all this, dear sister,

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in my next letter, but there had been no promises made on either side; only an expression of feeling on his part, and a silent reception of it on mine, and I did not then exactly feel that we were engaged. We understood each other, and this was all. He has visited me frequently, and waited on me constantly ever since. I have every reason to believe that he considers it an engagement, not only from his conduct, but from his conversation. And surely it is; for every thing has been done to render it so, except the mere formal promise from the lips. And what is this, when hearts are bound, and actions and looks are intelligible without words? The evening before I left home he spent with me, and we had communion of heart with heart, a mingling of soul with kindred soul. The hours flew on swiftest wings. When he rose to depart, he took my hand affectionately, and said—

"'My dearest Anna, it will be a long three months before I shall see you again. I shall be lost without you, and long—oh, how earnestly! for your return. May you be happy; but, in the midst of your happiness, forget not your Montone!'

"'We parted—and think you I have forgotten him! No, Louise! oh, no! My heart is unalterably his. I knew not how dearly I loved him until I had left him. Is it idolatry? Ah! my dear sisier, would that it were chastened with holy, heavenly love! Would that I were a Christian, then I *could not* be an idolator!"

Thus, with the passionate fervor of her ardent soul, she told me all her love. Day after day, and week after week, while she remained here, she dwelt upon his character, his disposition, his talents—and wished, so fervently wished that I could know him. She sung me the songs he loved; and, in short, my dear brother,

'Her trust in his love was a *woman's* faith,
Perfect, and fearing no change 'till death!"

She was a bright, joyous being, ever full of life and happiness. Not a shade of care, or disappointment, or sorrow, had ever crossed her pure brow; and had she but given her first, best affections to her God, she would have seemed to me almost like an angel of light. Her soul was ever on the wing, and music seemed to float in all her steps.

But the three months came round too soon—yes, all too soon! and she left us for her own loved home. Oh! that she had staid until now—then it is possible she might have been happy still. We parted—as fond sisters always part—in tears, but with high hopes of meeting again soon, as I had promised to spend the latter part of the last winter with her. She was to write to me in two weeks after her return. More than a month passed before the letter came; and then, *such a letter!* Oh! how it wrung my heart. But I will read it to you, and let you judge for yourself of my feelings and her condition:

'My Dearest Louisa:—I have not forgotten you. Oh! do not think so a moment. Such a suspicion would kill me. I know it is more than two weeks since you have been expecting my promised letter, but I could not—no, I could not write. Would that I had remained with you, and never, never returned to this dreaded place. Oh! how shall I write—how tell you that desolation has laid his wasting hand upon my spirit? Oh, that you were here to soothe me, to comfort me, to pray for me! Can you believe it? I returned to find all my bright prospects darkened, my fondly cherished hopes blighted, withered, crushed—and him to whom I had given my heart's best affections, my soul's warmest love, unfeeling, cold, *faithless!* Oh, my soul, how canst thou bear it! Yes, my own dear sister, in less than one week, Montone will be the husband of another. The *husband!* 'tis a bitter word—for oh, how tenderly, how dearly, how passionately have I loved him, and given him all my heart! But now my soul is dark. A whole month has passed away since I first learned the strange tale of my own misery. But I have not wept. No, Louisa! my brain is on fire. I cannot weep. I shall soon be crazed. I know—I know I shall. Oh, pity me! Come to me! pray for me! You have a Father in Heaven who will listen to your cry;—but I—alas, *I* have none. Would that I had heeded your kind, your beseeching entreaties; then might I have found peace. But I adored *a mortal* in *God's place*—a proud, inconstant mortal, who has deceived and forsaken me. But I cannot, cannot write. Louise, my own dear sister, will you not leave, for awhile, your happy home, and come to your desolate Anna? My heart is breaking. My spirit sinks beneath the stroke—and I must see you once more. Come and press your kind hand upon my throbbing brow; relieve my burdened heart with your blest sympathy; and bring—oh! bring something that will unseal the fountain of my bitter tears. Then, then, my sister,

'I will lay down like a tired child,
And weep away this life of woe!'

'I long to see you. I cannot wait patiently. Come, oh! come to the desolate home of your heart-broken Anna. My fond, indulgent parents send much love to you all, and unite in my earnest entreaty that you will come soon.

'Ever your affectionate sister,

'ANNA VAN ALSTIEN."

I shall never forget the hour that brought me this letter. It was an hour of anguish. My heart bled within me, and I longed to fly to her even as on the wings of the wind. But in this desire I was overruled, I was at that time alone, and was to be so for a week. I could neither leave home, nor have any one to accompany me on such a journey. But as soon as I could control my feelings sufficiently to do any thing, I sat down and wrote to Anna, assuring her of my sympathy, and that as soon as possible, I should be with her—perhaps in two weeks. I arranged my wardrobe, and prepared every thing for the journey. At the end of a week, our dear parents returned from their visit to M——. Oh, how heartily did I welcome them! I soon gave them Anna's letter, and told them what I had done. We wept together in unfeigned grief. Papa said he would accompany me; but he feared from Anna's natural disposition, her ardent temperament, and sensitive spirit, that we should find her deranged, if indeed she had survived the stroke.

The next week I hastened to her with all

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the anxiety of a sister's love. Yes! I sought her—and I found her—but oh! *such a meeting!* Alas! alas! my dear brother, my worst fears were realized. The intensity of her feelings had fixed upon her a deep insanity. Her poor, heart-broken mother met me with open arms, pressed me to her bosom, and wept long and bitterly ere she could command herself so as to speak. Then she told me of her sorrow.

"She said when they returned home, Anna was full of life and animation. She had never been happier; and for three days, was almost constantly employed in receiving calls from her friends. On the third evening, while several were in, a dear friend came to Mrs. Van Alstien's room, and told her of Montone's desertion, of his engagement, and intended marriage. She said she could not tell Anna herself, and her friends all thought her mother could do it better than any one else. It was a sudden stroke; but it revealed to her the mystery of his absence, for she had wondered much why he did not call. How could she make it known to the unsuspecting Anna? But it might not longer be delayed. After all had left, she went to the parlor, and found Anna reclining upon the sofa, apparently very sad. She asked her if she were sick, or only fatigued.

"'Oh!' said Anna, 'I hardly know what I am. I believe I have lost my spirits. I have been wondering why Montone does not call. I thought he must be out of town, but I hear he is at home. What do you think can be the reason of his absence at this time?'

"'Perhaps he does not choose to call,' said her mother. 'You know three months is a long time to be gone. Do you not think he may have forgotten you, or, at least, ceased to feel an interest in you?'

"Anna sprang from her seat, the color fled from her face, and she wildly exclaimed—'Spare me, mamma, spare me! Oh! do not insult, degrade him by the suspicion. No! he cannot be false. I will not believe it.'

"Slowly but surely did the truth steal in upon her heart. She neither spoke nor wept; but clasped her hands firmly together, and the glassy calmness of her eye whispered of despair. At length she fainted. It was a long, long time ere she returned to consciousness; and when she did, it was but to a renewal of her misery. From that time she refused all company, kept her room, or wandered about the house without aim or obejct, a desolate, broken-hearted being. She could not sit down and converse with any one. She ate little, and slept less; and the letter she wrote me was the only thing she had attempted to do. Yet she retained her reason until the night of Montone's marriage. Then she raved; and had continued to do so ever since. At times she moans piteously—then suddenly springs to her feet, walks the room with a rapid pace, singing snatches of songs without the least connection, often making a complete jargon. When I first entered her room, she was walking and singing in this way. She took no notice of me, but I soon went to her, put my arm through her's, and said persuadingly—'Anna, dearest, you must be fatigued. Come and sit down, and let us talk awhile.' I gently drew her to a seat, and after a few common-place remarks, asked her if she ever knew a young lady by the name of Louise B——. 'Know her?' said she, grasping my hand, 'know her? yes, yes! she was my guardian angel. I loved her too well, and she died! They will not tell me where she is buried, lest I should go and live upon her grave. And I would—I would—

'I'd shoot the gulf of death!
Track the pure spirit where no chain can bind—
Where the heart's boundless love its rest may find—
Where the storm sends no breath!'"

She raised her voice higher and higher, until it ended in a loud and piercing shriek. I had nerved my heart with unwonted strength, that I might meet her calmly; but I was overpowered, and wept. She looked up pitifully and said—

"'Do you weep? do you weep? Oh! tears have been my ruin. I never weep now.'

"She pressed her hands upon her throbbing brow, went to her bed, and lay down quietly. I remained three weeks, and scenes like these were of daily recurrence. I could not make her know me. She called me Mary. I talked to her of Montone; but whenever I mentioned his name, she would make me whisper; and would tell me how he died in her arms, and she hid him, and no one else knew where he was. Once when I spoke of him, she whispered—

"'Hush! hush! I will tell you how he calls me. I heard him sing it.' Then in a low, plaintive tone, she sung—

'Come, come, come!
Long thy fainting soul hath yearned
For the step that n'er returned;
Long thine anxious ear hath listened,
And thy watchful eye hath glistened,
With the hope whose parting strife
Shook the flower-leaves from thy life.
Now the heavy day is done,
Home awaits thee, wearied one!
Come, come, come!'

"I left her, and came home. For a time I heard from her frequently, and she still remained perfectly deranged, though she became more quiet. She had wasted away to a mere shadow,

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was very pale, and her large, lustrous eyes were filled with an unnatural fire. She cannot possibly live long unless restored to reason, and of this I fear there is now no hope. But it is nearly four months since I have heard from her, and I am utterly at a loss what to think. Alas! Henry, I fear she is destroyed—is ruined for this life and the next. Few have been more highly favored, more gifted, more tenderly loved. But she was ever too well pleased with the pleasures and fascinating enjoyments of earth. She always *intended to seek* a better inheritance, a higher, holier, and more enduring source of joy. Often and often have I witnessed the burning tears which came up from her heart's secret urn, when the soft breathings of the Holy Spirit whispered of the deep sin of neglecting her immortal soul; and then she would plead with me to petition for her at the Mercy Seat, and promise, solemnly promise to seek the favor of God—to devote herself to His service. But, like many others, she rested in her resolutions, and did nothing more. She was indeed a bright flower, blooming in uncommon loveliness, cherished with idolizing care, watered with the dews of affection, and fanned by the breath of love. But a chill wind swept suddenly over her, blasted her beauty, embittered her sweets, and crushed her to the earth. I cannot tell you how dearly I loved her, how ardently I sought her society, or how highly I prized her friendship. It was more than words can express—but is it not all ended for ever? Is she not past enjoyment, or happiness, or interest? And she has no hope for better things to come. Dear, precious Anna, my own sweet sister, what would I not give to restore you to reason—if it were only for a little while, that you might consecrate yourself to Christ, feel His preciousness, and obtain a passport at Heaven's gate! But, alas! I fear it may not be. Oh, my dear brother! think how intensely she suffers, with no prospect of relief, and chide me not for my tears. I must weep. Is it not heart-rending to think of her thus?"

"Yes, yes, my dear sister, it is indeed heart-rending, soul-withering. You may weep, but it can do no good."

'Alas! alas! that hopes like her's, so gentle and so bright,
The growth of many a happy year, one wayward hour should blight,—
Bow down her fair, but fragile form,—her brilliant brow o'ercast,
And make her beauty, like her bliss, a shadow of the past!
Thus, thus, too oft the traitor, man, repays fond woman's truth;
Thus blighting in his wild caprice, the blossoms of her youth:
And sad it is in griefs like these, o'er visions loved and lost,
That the truest and the tenderest heart must always suffer most."'

PART II.

The next week after Miss Louise B—— had related this sad account to her affectionate brother, he surprized her by saying that his time for recreation and the enjoyment of the social converse of his beloved parents and sister was almost at an end. She exhausted all her powers of argument and persuasion to induce him to protract his visit, but in vain. He told her he feared he had already indulged himself too long, and however much he and they might desire it otherwise, the voice of duty was imperious; and in two days he must seek for himself a new home, and endeavor, by establishing himself in his profession, to be of some use in the world.

Henry B——was a young man of fine talents, who had just concluded his course of studies with an eminent lawyer in a distant city, and was now ready to enter upon the practice of his profession. His mind was of an exalted bearing, and I have seldom looked upon a countenance more full of intellect. His dark, kindling eye, and the soul-like melody of his voice could but convince you that the flowers of poetry were in his imagination a perpetual blossoming. He seemed formed to be a great man in the world's estimation, and yet he knelt not to fame, and cared not for the world's applause. The holy light of pure religion had found its way into the silence of his heart, and dwelt there, a safeguard, filling it with a music that can never die.

He had been leisurely spending a few days at home; and though so delightfully situated, so agreeably surrounded by all that was engaging—by friends who loved him, and sought only his best interests—yet he felt that he was now called upon to begin the world upon his own responsibility, and that idleness must have no place in his creed or his practice. He had resolved to travel some, to seek out a home for himself, where he might honor his profession both as a lawyer and a christian.

The two days specified to his beloved sister passed rapidly away; and with a suffused eye, but a calm reliance upon a higher power, and a bright hope for the future, he bade adieu to his childhood's home, and his dearest friends, promising to be a faithful correspondent wherever his lot might be cast. He wandered onward, influenced by one thing and another, until at last he found himself called upon to visit Philadelphia.

The sad account his sister had given him of Anna Van Alstien, the friend of his youth, the companion of his early days, the best and dearest friend of his beloved sister, now came to his re-

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membrance with its full force; and he determined to visit the family, if it were possible to find them, and know their present situation.

As soon as convenient after his arrival in the city, he sought out their place of residence, called, and was immediately recognized by her heart-stricken parents, though several years had passed since he had seen them. He could not but perceive how grief for the situation of their only child had bowed down their hearts in a deep sorrow and, prematurely brought upon them the frosts of age. He dared not inquire after Anna, for he knew not whether she still raved, a miserable maniac, or had already entered the spirit-land. While he hesitated, his eyes were fixed upon her piano, which stood as though unused. Mr. Van Alstien observing it, remarked in a subdued voice—

"You are thinking of our Anna. Poor child! I wonder what effect your presence will have upon her. I suppose you know the melancholy history of her derangement?" Henry assented, but told him they had heard nothing from her in about four months, and eagerly inquired her present situation.

"She is still deprived of reason," said her father, "but has partially regained her health. When undisturbed by company or other outward circumstances, she is perfectly quiet and childlike in her whole appearance, but very seldom attempts to converse with any one. She will sit for hours with such a deep sadness upon her speaking countenance, as at once proves to us that there is anguish in her heart. She is, at times, somewhat cheerful, and then, slight as the grounds may be for such a hope, we look forward to the time when her fettered spirit shall break its bonds, and once more be free, and we pray that it may be soon. Oh! it is a sad thing for one so full of life, and joy, and hope, so affectionate and beloved by all, to be crushed to the earth, and overcome by the heart's agony—to think, (as I have often before said)—

'To think of that fair girl whose path had been
So strewed with rose-leaves, all one fairy scene!
And whose quick glance came ever as a token
Of hope to drooping thought, and her glad voice
As a free bird's in spring, that makes the woods rejoice.'—

And then to remember what she is now; so desolate and heart-broken, so incapable of receiving sympathy, or counsel, or any thing that might bring relief—so bowed down by the sickness of the soul. Oh, I could weep tears of blood, if they might count any thing towards her restoration! But, Henry, it is only an Almighty power that can give back her reason, and make her what she was."

While they were conversing in this way—Henry, eager to know her whole melancholy history, and her affectionate parents as willing to tell it—they perceived the object of their solicitude slowly coming in from the garden, with a bunch of flowers in each hand, which seemed momentarily to please her fancy; for as she gazed upon them, a sad smile passed over her wan face. Mrs. Van Alstien, in much agitation, remarked to Henry—

"A strange fear lies heavy at my heart! Your countenance, tone of voice, and whole appearance, remind me continually of Montone. Anna will probably come immediately to this room, and if the resemblance should strike her as it does me, what must be the effect? God grant it may be good!"

As she ceased speaking, Anna entered the door. Henry was bewildered. He knew not what to do. Should he sit still and await the result? or should he rise and greet her as an old friend, the companion of his childhood, as he should certainly do, if she possessed her reason? He half rose—then fell back irresolutely into his seat—then rose up and approached her with the extended hand of a warm welcome. A deep flush passed swiftly over her marble cheek, the flowers fell from her trembling hands, she leaned against the door, and gazed upon him with a look so wild and sad, that his manly spirit shook within him. Still he extended his hand, and in a cheerful voice, said—

"Will not Miss Anna speak to Henry B——, the friend and companion of her childhood?"

But she shrank from him, still gazing into his face, while many changes passed quickly over her brow, and cheek, and eye. At length, subdued by some strong passion in her inmost soul, she threw herself at his feet, and shed "such tears as rain the hoarded agonies of years from the heart's urn." Alarmed for her safety, they raised her from the floor, but she was weak and powerless; and with a heart as still, a face as pale as death could make it, they laid her upon a couch, insensible as clay. Physicians were summoned, and perseveringly was every restorative used which skill and ingenuity could suggest; but long, and bitterly anxious was their suspense, ere a motion, or a breath, or a sign of life appeared. At length, with a convulsive sigh and a heaving chest, the shadow of death passed off as a voiceless dream, and the fleeting spirit once more resumed its sway. She glanced from one to another with a look of anxious inquiry; but Henry avoided the gaze, fearing the effect upon her weakened and bewildered mind. No

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one explained to her the mystery—and at last, low tones of wo and fear broke from her full bosom. Oh! it was a mournful thing to hear that voice, so soft and musical, come forth in strange, dull, hollow tones, burdened with agony. There came a mist over her eyes' wild fire, and then again the crimson fled from her cheek, and the breath from her lip. In bitterness of soul they gathered closely round her, fearing that now indeed she had passed off to the land of spirits. A sad and solemn beauty settled down upon her pallid face, contrasting strongly with the dark, rich tresses which lay in confusion around it. But she was not thus to pass away. Again and again did hope spring up in those loving, anxious hearts, to be quickly succeeded by trembling and fear. Thus passed the remainder of the day and the whole of the night. As the morning dawned, she slept; at first restlessly, as though troubled by an unpleasant dream, but gradually her slumbers became gentle and peaceful, the appalling hue of death wore away, and those marble lips were touched with the rose-tints of life. She seemed to gather strength by her tranquil sleep, and hour after hour they permitted her to lie undisturbed. How many were the hopes and fears which agitated the hearts of those who lingered so fondly around the unconscious sleeper, and watched so intently for the slightest change! Would not her spirit, when that long deep sleep passed off, wake up from its dim lethargy—break its fetters—and, with reason firmly enthroned, once more rejoice in its freedom? Or would she wake but to sink into her last, dreamless sleep, and leave them

"Without a loop to hang a hope upon?"

What should they do to win her back to glowing life again? To waken and not break the spirit from its mysterious thrall? What could they do? This question, of such deep, such intense interest to them all, was repeated again and again, but with no answer, for all were in the same dilemma.

Henry feared to remain, yet dared not leave, for all seemed to think her restoration depended upon him. So there he watched, with lifted brow, and hands clasped firm, and dark eyes filled with prayer—the fervent prayer of a tried yet hoping spirit. But as hour after hour passed away and left the sweet sleeper still wrapt in her dreams, a faint o'ershadowing dread came over him, and with a painful tenderness he exclaimed:

"Why came I here to bring to her bewildered mind the troubled image of that detested man? Why did I come? Oh, the heart's deep mystery! Yet grant, oh, God! to guide me. Guide us all, and soon remove the cloud that rests upon her soul."

In the intensity of his feelings he had failed to remember the hushed whisper imposed upon all in the room; his voice awoke the slumberer, and brought her back to life. She glanced wildly and fearfully around, and met the gaze of those who bent anxiously over her with sad eyes of troubled thought:

"The hour—the scene—the intensely present rushed
Back on her spirit, and her large tears gushed
As if her life would melt into th' o'erswelling shower.
——She clasped her hands—the strife
Of love, faith, fear, and that vain dream of life,
Within her wakened heart so deeply wrought,
It seemed as if a reed so slight and weak
Must, in the rending storm, not quiver only, *break*!"

But no! it was not thus to be; and with this burst of passionate tears, there came relief. She gazed upon one and another of those dear ones around her, until their very image was graven on her soul. Her deep, dark eye lost all its wildness, and as "faint gleams of memory dawned upon the cloud of dreams," she murmured—

"Why is it thus? What brought me here? And why do you all look so sorrowful, and so anxious? Oh! I have had such a long, horrible dream that I am sick and faint. Mother, dear mother, come and bathe my throbbing brow; fan me, I am so weary and faint; and do not let these friends go away 'till I may arouse me and see them awhile. I shall be better soon."

Who shall describe the feelings that almost o'ermastered those fond, anxious friends at this moment of intense interest? She was left for them to love. She was restored to life—to reason. Might they not now enjoy their full cup of bliss! Might she not again be permitted to mingle with them as their own dear Anna! Oh! fervent, importunate were the prayers which ascended from those trembling yet hoping hearts.

Deeply interested in her welfare, several of her friends had lingered near, and joined in the silent watch. Now, noiselessly, but with eyes o'erflowing in joyful tears, one after another left the room until none remained, but those devoted parents, those watchful, anxious physicians, and the tearful, prayerful, yet hoping Henry. For awhile the stricken one calmed her spirit to a sweet repose, that she might gather strength for the coming hour—the hour when memory should recall the fearful past, and "life's realities press on the soul from its unfathomed depths."

Suspended as it were between life and death, she questioned closely and earnestly of the realities of the past, and without reserve exposed the inmost sanctuary of the soul. From that hour, although "the garland of her life was blighted,

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and the springs of hope were dried," she calmly submitted to her fate, acknowledged the overruling hand of a mysterious Providence, and continually looked upward for sustaining. And that same Providence—who, in the glowing sunshine of her happy existence, had given her all her heart could desire of this world's treasures, and who had permitted her lofty mind to be struck to ruin by one stroke of grief—now upheld her. And as she more and more felt her dependence upon him, with deep repentance cast herself unreservedly upon his mercy, he comforted her with the Spirit's comforting. She laid aside the vanities of the world, and day after day felt within her stricken bosom "the peace of God which passeth knowledge."

But what was the fate of the unprincipled Montone? He had married what the world calls "a splendid woman,"—that is, wealthy, fashionable, and accomplished; but withal, a heartless coquette. For a few months all was smiles and gayety. But, at length remorse for the anguish he had caused, and the ruin he had brought upon one of the brightest of earth's beings, united with the scorn and contempt in which he was held by those whose friendship he had once prized, wore upon his darkening spirit, and he endeavored to drown reflection in the wine-cup's deepest dregs. No friendly hand was extended for his rescue; and, continually reproached by the heartless being whose fate was united to his—spurned by those who had once eagerly sought his fascinating society—he drank deeper and deeper still of the intoxicating bowl, that he might bribe his thoughts to silence, and his heart to peace. But

"The creeping poison meant
To dull his senses, through each burning vein
Poured fever—lending a delicious strength
To burst its chains,"—

'till, tormented beyond endurance by the evil spirits his own imagination had created, he sunk a detested victim to that most dreadful disease, "*delirium tremens.*"

A year has passed—and where are those in whose fate we have become interested? Where now is the restored, the lovely Anna? What has become of the affectionate and sympathizing Louise? And what cheers the pious heart of the interesting Henry? The perusal of a letter written by him to his sister, will best tell the story—and here it is:

"MY DEAR SISTER LOUISE:

Your welcome letter reached me yesterday; and I hasten to answer it, lest I shall be too late to break in upon your delightful plans, and add some new ones to their number. I do not doubt, my dear sister, but that you will consent to let me interfere a little in this matter. I am happy to hear that your looked for marriage is so soon to take place. Be assured your choice meets with my warmest approbation, and you will never find me wanting in the affection I shall love to bestow upon a brother in-law, the husband of my dear and only sister. It would gratify me much to comply with your urgent invitation, and be near you on the memorable evening—to share in your happiness—and, imprinting a brother's warm kiss upon your bridal cheek, to wish you the best of wishes. But, sister, though you may at first feel sadly disappointed, I think you will easily be reconciled, and will join heartily in my plan. I will tell you what it is,—but first let me enlist your feelings in my cause, by telling you a little of that which deeply interests me. It is of 'our dear Anna' I would speak. You know she is restored to life, to health, and is even as she was in days long gone by. Yet, not 'as she was'—for now

'By many a word
Linked unto moments when the heart was stirred—
By the sweet mournfulness of many a hymn,
By the persuasion of the fervent eye
All eloquent with child-like piety,
By the still, calm beauty of her life,'—

we cannot but feel that she has drawn from Heaven and heaven-born truth an unfaltering faith, and an undying hope, of which in her earlier years she knew nothing. Oh, Louise, she is all your fancy could picture her, all your heart could desire. Well do I know her; and, though I have never told you this before, dearly, tenderly, ardently do I love her. Into her half-listening ear I have whispered the tale. I know her heart was once another's, even with an idolatrous love—but her affections were *unworthily placed.* And when she knew it, and recovered from the shock so as to act, she gathered them back into her own bosom; and now, with a chastened fervor, they are all mine—and Heaven's. Long and perseveringly have I sought to win their wealth and worth, continually mingling their sweetness with a Saviour's love. 'Nor in vain was that soft-breathing influence to enchain the soul in gentle bonds'—and for weeks past our hearts have been knit together into one. She consents to unite her destiny with mine, to bless me with her continual presence. Since I received your last letter, I have urged her to a speedy union. And now, dear Louise, our plan is this.—Do you and your beloved Charles dispense with our company, and stand alone at the hymeneal altar on the evening you have appointed. There will be so many other friends with you, that you will scarce miss us. I doubt not the hours so full of import and of happiness will glide smoothly and swiftly on. The next morning we wish you to start for Philadelphia—where, with as much speed as possible, I trust you will safely arrive, and we shall be ready to give you a hearty welcome. Then, as soon as practicable, dear Anna and I, attended by yourself and your husband, as 'bridesmaid and groomsman,' will 'speak the fitting vows!' At the conclusion of the marriage festivities here, we will accompany you home to gladden the hearts of our beloved parents. Write immediately to tell us, if you please, that you accede to our proposal, and to satisfy the heart of

Your affectionate brother,
HENRY."

All was arranged as Henry had desired; and ere another month had passed, the happy bridal parties returned to the country to enjoy themselves in the vine-covered cottage beneath the open sky.

"The very whispers of the wind had there
A flute-like harmony, that seemed to bear
Greeting from some bright shore—
And the rich unison of mingled prayer,
The melody of hearts in heavenly air,
Thence duly did arise:
Lifting th' eternal hope, th' adoring breath
Of spirits not to be disjointed e'en by death,
Up to the starry skies!"

PEOPLE will despise their own virtues, and censure their own vices, in others. No body laughs at the folly of another so much as a fool; no man believes another so little as a liar; no people censure the talkative more than great talkers. Misers daily condemn covetousnes; and squanderers rail at extravagance in others. If one lady calls the chastity of another in question, she gives suspicion of herself.—*The Reflector*, 1750.

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Original.

THE FERRYMAN.

BY S. B. BECKETT.

What ho! my worthy ferryman,
Thou still dost ply the oar and sail,
Thy cheek hath still its coat of tan,
Contracted of the sun and gale;
We're bustling bravely from the shore,
The tide is fair, the wind is free—
No reason now to strain the oar,
Come, seat thee, ferryman, with me.

Rememberest when I used to cross
This stream? 'Twas weary years ago—
Two friends, who more like brothers seemed,
Were oft my comrades to and fro.
One shared my fortunes, and is gone—
I saw the sand heaped o'er his grave;
In Santa Croce's fervent clime
He sleeps where pale syringas wave.

But tidings of the other's fate,
Long years unheard of, would I seek;
Thou canst but know his look elate,
His lofty brow, his swarthy cheek;
If night my memory serves, 'twas he
Who helped thee to thy present lot—
Once known, methinks, good ferryman,
He were not easily forgot.

Forget my benefactor! nay!—
Ah, sir! a brief and sad career
Was his, and o'er his early doom
Full many an eye hath dropped a tear;
Too proud and pure in heart was he
For the harsh code of sensual life;
Fate drove him to its active scenes,
Disgust withdrew him from the strife.

His *friends* bereft him of his all,
And left him to himself to brood—
Thou well may'st judge how rank the fall
Upon their base ingratitude!
Ev'n she to whom his heart was given,
Repaid him with a broken vow—
The last of youth's bright dreams was riven,
And withering gloom o'erspread his brow.

He fell! 'The iron pierced his soul,'
Alas! sad proof of his decline—
He fled for refuge to the bowl,
And sang in praise of ruby wine;
Madly, devotedly he quaffed,
Yet not of those who lose all care
In revel he—the noxious draught,
But served to drive him to despair.

He shunned the haunts of former mates,
Yet oft when summer smoothed the sea,
He occupied thy present seat;
It pleasured him to chat with me,
So he was pleased to say, and fain
Would I speak as an old man might,
To win him to himself again;
'Twas bootless, far too deep the blight!

At length I missed him; morn nor eve,
He came to cheer my weary oar
With kindly chat—weeks, months went by,
He never crossed the water more!
I sought him—none could tell his fate,
None cared what blast might lay him low—
They deemed him proud and desperate—
None seemed to know, or sought to know.

Time passed—a boisterous Autumn storm
Had driven a brave ship on the reef,
Near wild Leguin; the signal peal
Of minute guns called for relief,
But called in vain; for, 'mid the sweep
And thunder of the goaded waves,
The dwellers shivering on the steep
Beheld but hungry, yawning graves.

And ruder roared the iron gale—
Blue lightnings flickered through the gloom,
And showed the crew all drenched and pale,
And shuddering at their hopeless doom;
Yet, 'midst that waste of death, there's one
Who dares the flashing surf to brave,
He creeps along the swaying mast,
He drops into the rising wave—

He sinks! again he rises! strong
His sinewy arm doth beat the surf;
Wild shouts burst from the eager throng,
He wins the beach, he treads the turf!
A line about his waist he wears,
From wreck to cliff 'tis soon secure,
And by its aid the hapless crew,
At length, in safety reach the shore;

Save one—a weak and timid girl,
Who piteously implores for aid;
That brave tar swears to lose his life,
Or rescue the forsaken maid!
He plunges in—he reached the deck,
He bound the lady to his side—
A mountain surge sweeps o'er the wreck,
Its riven fragments strew the tide!

Its oaken ribs are beaten in
Like reeds before that billow's whirl,
A fierce shriek drowns the tempest-dim,
The last cry of that sinking girl:—
Their struggles soon were at an end,
For none might aid, save One above;
That gallant sailor was thy friend,
That maiden was his faithless love!

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Original.

THE DEBTOR.

BY THE LATE SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

The slave inhales the morning's healthful breeze,
And gambols gaily o'er the verdant plain;
But ah! the debtor tastes no joys like these,
But breathes the fœted atmosphere of pain.

The slave has friends,—a wife and children dear,
Whose fond caresses every grief dispel;
But ah! no friend—no wife or child is near,
To bless the debtor's solitary cell.

Near the sad couch on which his Emma weeps,
Her sickly fancy paints his wasting frame;
And from the cradle where her infant sleeps,
Unconscious lips pronounce a father's name.

"Alas, poor babe! thy father hears thee not;
In the cold jail his lonely lamp he trims,
To wake and muse upon our hapless lot,
The chains of Avarice clanking on his limbs.

"But though, my child, our eyes dissolve in showers,
Our cheeks are strangers to the blush of shame;
For oh! one boast, one legacy is ours—
His spotless honor and unblemished fame."

Original.

THE EARLY DEAD.

BY JEROME A. MAYBIE.

Oh! why should Grief's fervor dim the eye,
When they—the young and the lovely die;
Ere the spirit's light and beautiful wing,
Hath lost its freedom or coloring;
And one triumphal, the faintest tone,
From the low sweet song of hope is gone;
And the rain-bow hues of Joy, no more
Life's varied scenes are showered o'er?

Oh! theirs is the gift of Innocence,
In its tender and truthful eloquence;
With its holy Love's deep, passionate springs,
Ever swelling for all earth's things—
Bright festive bowers, 'neath skies of blue,
Alone are spread the ravish'd view;
Where young, glad thoughts, 'mid bloom and light,
Go forth—like birds in their Eden-flight,
Time's flowers yet hid from them no thorn;
Nor is vain regret from Mirth yet born;
Nor yet is learnt the mournful truth,
To stifle the gushings free of youth;
And to turn in doubt, from the smile away,
As a wreath and lure o'er the heart's decay!

Then, let no tear, nor its sign, be shed,
Where slumber in silence the Early-Dead—
Who go, a bright and beautiful band,
To the sunny-sky of the Spirit-Land!

Original.

THE HAPPY HOME.

BY WILLIAM G. HOWARD.

I.

I love the quiet, sacred calm,
That fills the pious breast;
It is an emblem of the peace,
Which dwells among the blest:
The stern, conflicting cares of life,
Like a tempestuous sea,
May waste the fragile frame to dust;
The spirit still is *free!*

II.

I love, when dusky night has flung
Its mantle o'er the earth,
And that lone hour again returns,
Which gives to dreams their birth,
To see the holy man of God
Bowed at the shrine of prayer,
His wife and smiling babes around,
To meet the Saviour there:—

III.

And when the morning's rosy light
Beams o'er the eastern hills,
And gratitude for life and health,
Each generous bosom fills;
I love to see this happy group,
Again devoutly bent,
Seeking, in humble prayer, to give
Their aspirations vent.

IV.

Oh! if there be a paradise
Beneath the dome above,
'Tis in this home, this happy home,
Of pure, domestic love;
The storms that wreck this wintry world,
May rave and roar around,
They cannot blight a flower that blooms
Within such hallowed ground.

SONNET.

If I could think thou ever might'st be bought
By paltry gold, I'd be no slave of thine!
Not think so, the charm that love has wrought
Is strong as bonds of fabled adamine:—
By gold I mean not the bright sterling ore,
Stampt and imprest for marketable use,
But all that gold can buy, with varied store
To luxury and comfort to conduce:
Ah! if these tempt ye, rather than desire,
I'd spurn ye from me, as abject and base,
Unworthy ever to assuage the fire
Which from my heart no other shall efface:
Sweet thought! of that no gold could buy, this song
Shall full possession gain, and hold possession long!

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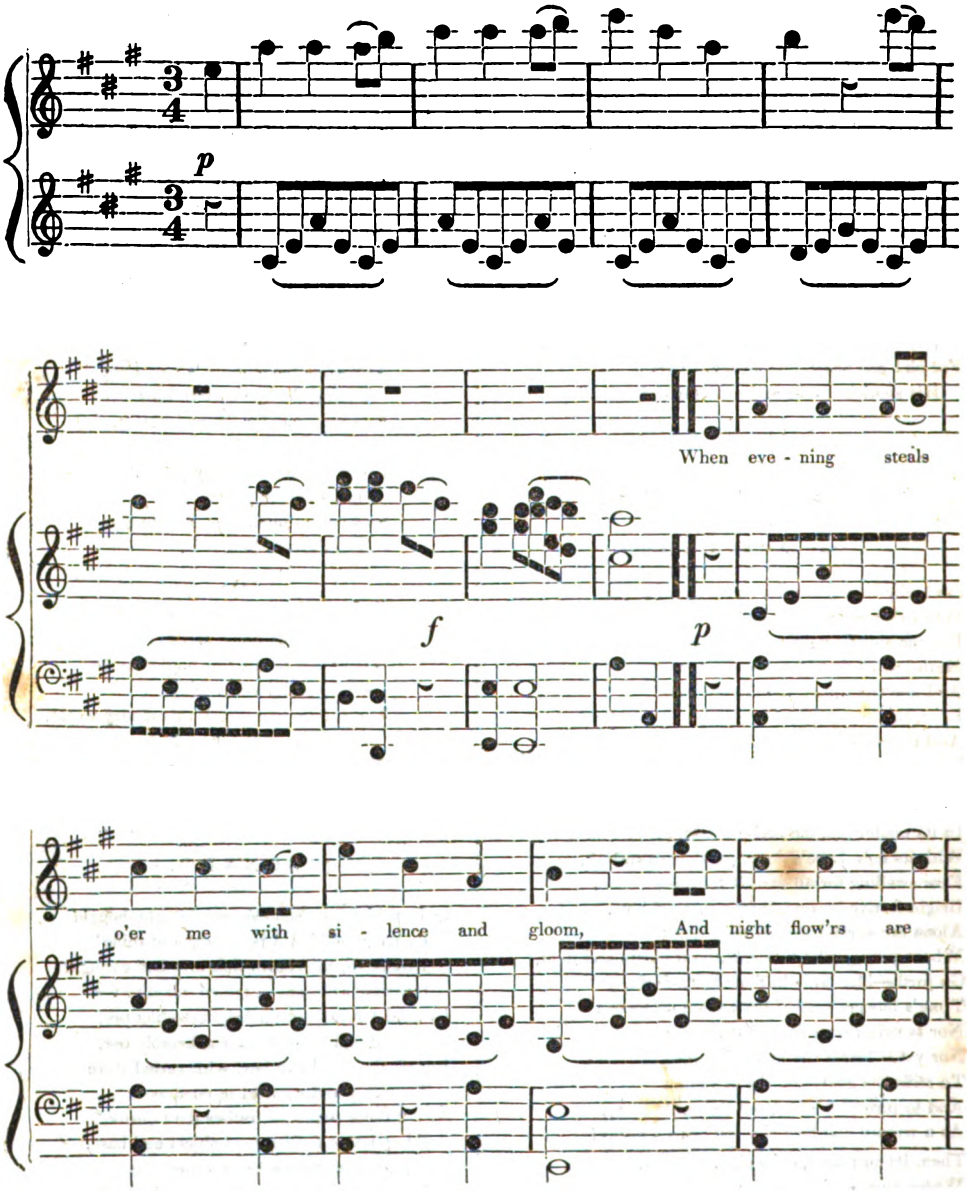
WHEN EVENING STEALS O'ER ME.

A FAVORITE BALLAD.—POETRY BY MRS. M. S. DANA.



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waft - ing their fra - grant per - fume; Then soft - ly re - tir - ing, and

p

kneel - ing a - lone, I may ask heav'ns mer - cy, for the hours that are

flown.

f

2

The bright stars may spangle the blue vaulted sky,
And dearly I love them, gay dwellers on high;
But the night of my soul would be starless and drear,
If the sweet morning star did not shine on me there.

3

Oh! star of my spirit, thy soft polar ray,
Can warm me, and cheer me, and brighten my way,
For earth's dearest pleasures seem changeful to me,
Like the gay dancing sunbeams that shine on the sea.

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Original.

THE SACRIFICE.

BY MARY S. LAWSON.

"Weep, I cannot,
But my heart bleeds."

I STOOD within her father's stately hall,
A half forgotten, and unhonored guest,
And shrinking from the mirth that grief appals,
I strove to hide the anguish of my breast.
They led the bride bedecked with gem and flower,
To yield a hand, but not to give a heart—
Selling the trembling girl to pomp and power—
Rending the ties of love and life apart:
I watched her as she breathed the faltering vow,
I marked her quivering lip, her tears, her sighs,
The ghastly whiteness of her marble brow,
The weary drooping of her languid eyes.
I turned away; the coldness of despair
Stole o'er my bosom with a deadly thrill,
But long endurance taught my soul to bear
The bitter wrong, and my crushed heart was still.
I sought my silent home, my lonely hearth,
The shadow of my sorrow rested there!
What now to me were all the hopes of earth?
My joy or sadness, there were none to share.
I thought of happy hours for ever flown,
When we in childhood sported side by side,
But memory whispered that I stood alone—
All vainly dreaming of *another's* bride!
Alas! why did I nurse the fatal flame?
Why was my heart so tender, yet so proud?
Would that I ne'er had sought her love to claim,
Or, that my pride, to gentler thoughts had bowed!
For well I read her young and guiltless breast,
She loved me, and I learnt that love to shun.
While by her father's haughty frowns oppresst,
I scorned to steal the treasure I had won.
For I was poor—could boast no palace fair,
No lordly state, no wealth, or menial train:
All I could give was love and fondest care,
With these I sued—to him my suit was vain;
To her I pledged no vow—of what avail,
To dim her life, with pity, pain, and grief?
But better far my lips had breathed the tale—
My silent suffering brought her no relief.
And I, unloved, unloving, pass through life,
My restless spirit has grown calm and cold,
While others speak of kindred, child or wife,
While hearts to others' hearts their cares unfold;
No sweet affections come my path to cheer,
And none have marked my grief, or heard my sighs,—
How would I speak them to a stranger's ear,
How meet the pitying gaze of stranger-eyes?
But never more my lips *her* name may speak;
Let madness burn my heart and sear my brain,
Lest reason's power and prayers should prove too weak,
The voice that cries for vengeance to restrain.
Though writhing 'neath my doom I lived to see,
That lovely blossom droop and fade away,
'Till kindest mercy set the angel free—
And pitying spirits hastened her decay!
Ere long the yawning grave will open wide,
To close upon this weary, weary breast;
Another victim offered up to pride,
Shall in earth's quiet bosom find a rest;
And we shall meet again where peace is found,
To dwell in tranquil happiness at last;
No more, beloved! by earth's dark fetters bound—
But in that home where naught a shade can cast.

Original.

BEAUTY IN AGE.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

I.

YOUTH hath its beauty,—lip and smile,
And cheek of glowing ray,
It strikes the admiring eye a while,
Then fleeting, fades away.

II.

But Age, with hoary wisdom crown'd,
That waits its Father's will,
And walks in love with all around,
Hath higher beauty still,—

III.

Such beauty as the saints in bliss
Who in God's temple shine,
View with admiring love,—and this,
Oh, friend revered! was thine.

IV.

Thine was the meek and guileless thought,
The sigh for those that weep,
The charity that ever sought
Heaven's stewardship to keep;

V.

Thy household care, the stranger knew,
The poor thy bounty blest,
Thy kindness came like healing dew,
To cheer the loneliest breast;

VI.

To Friendship's heart thy gifts were sweet,
They sooth'd the sufferer pale,
Even childhood's pulses quicker beat
Thy generous hand to hail.

VII.

For thee, in gushing sadness flows
Afflictions's prayer, and tear,
And Zion writes thy name with those
Who joy'd her walls to rear.

VIII.

Such were thy memories, day by day,
Thy tokens left behind,
The beauty of thine age to stamp
On many a grateful mind;

IX.

But thou art gone, where pain and gloom
And chastening grief are o'er,
And where the shadow of the tomb
Can never reach thee more.

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EDITORS' TABLE.

THE SEASON.—It is winter. Once more has the sun driven his slow-relaxing chariot through the autumnal equinox, and seemed to pause at the gates of the far-off winter. Welcome, thou, merry Winter! We have met thee full oft, (*how* often we will not tell thee, reader!) face to face, in all climes, and under almost all conditions. In the burning southern clime, parched with fever, and trembling with eagerness for the tardy coming of the frost, we have hailed thee with the joy of a love-sick maiden waiting for her mate, or the spring-bird watching for the bursting forth of streams and flowers and songs of Nature's melody—for we knew that the "Scourge" had then no more power upon the exhausted frame of man. In the brilliant and frosty North—in the gorgeous East, and amid the flowery wilderness of the West, we have met and embraced thee, without shrinking; and now, in this most magnificent Metropolis, we once more hail thy approach with gladness; for our heart is cheerful, and full of many-colored hopes.

After all, it is the *heart within* which makes all without bright or desolate, according to its wayward humor. The stream of life is still the same, though now it glasses in its bosom the fair blue sky and the overhanging flowers, and anon leaps boiling and raging under frowning rocks, and through precipitous and frightful chasms; or, sinking silently away, loses itself for a season in the sands. Man's heart is but a living, rushing mirror, reflecting the hue and aspect of surrounding circumstances, as the stream gives back the flowers, the sky, the frowning rock or drooping willow.

Come, dear one! draw close the curtains, shut out the din and bustle of the world, and let us hold sweet converse, as of old we did, around the cheerful hearthstone, before the star of our mutual destiny had reached its transit. In the idle yet delicious reveries of that childish hour, although a thousand miles of wood and glen and deep green forests separated us, and neither had seen the other's face, yet we drew pictures of each other in our fancy, and dreamed of love and constancy and unutterable happiness. Dreams, dreams, dear one! and yet, better than realities; for, let us but deem our waking sorrows, dreams, and grasp the bright things in Sleep's dominion as realities, and all the pain of life is gone!

Hark! what is that? 'Tis the snow pattering with its soft feet against the window, and gliding away in tears because we will not let it in to sparkle in the light of our fireside. Know you not that there is a spirit in the winter's snow and wind, and the beautiful rain of spring-time, and the bursting shower of summer, which speaks eloquently and audibly to the heart of man, if he will but listen and understand? Nature has passions and emotions, and tears of sorrow, and balmy sighs, and terrible frowns and convulsions, as of despair; and he who studies them carefully, and learns to trace the God of Nature in her physical aspect, is wiser than the clod who snores and eats and snores and eats again, as the star is above the lowly moth which bursts its chrysalis, and then dies in the dust.

Ah! they who have reasoned upon existence, and formed fanciful theories of human happiness, have yet to learn that the passions are the keenest observers, and the imagination the profoundest reasoner—for they are a part of the universal harmony and symmetry, and cannot radically err. Reasons not the flower-stalk, when it watches the aspect of the sky and the temperature of the winds, ere it puts forth its tender buds? Does not the song-bird reason when he waits to hear the music of the forest fountain and the bursting of new leaves, before he comes forth to build his callow nest? Aye—and reasons he not still more closely when, as the blasts begin to howl and whistle through the trees, he hies him to a summer clime, where song and verdure are perennial? How oft does dim-sighted human reason doubt and falter, while the enthusiasm of instinct rushes unerringly to truth! What musty problem is so abstruse as the problem of love? and yet the heart—the great mathematician of Nature—works out its beautiful results without a guide, without an effort, without an error! The intellect, like the heart, has its excitement, its enthusiasm; and being a part of the invisible spirit of the perfect which pervades the universe, it is always pure, always just—unless when warped or perverted by the grosser sense. But it is not yet time, by many years, to talk in this wild fashion. The mind of man has many changes to undergo before it is fit to mingle with the Eternal Perfect without losing its own identity. Passion, and artificial good and evil, still usurp too large a space upon the throne of Intellect, and Thought is still the slave of Expedience; and so—the bell tolls midnight, and our dream is past.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE.—The last number of this invaluable work has been issued by the Harpers, within the last month, and the work is now ready for delivery to those who have preferred to wait for it entire. The work of Mr. Alison is undoubtedly one of the most important acquisitions to our history and language since the history of England, by Mr. Hume, and is fairly deserving of being placed beside that great standard authority. In the chapters treating of American affairs, and the incidents of the Revolution, Mr. Alison has committed some errors which have been deemed of sufficient importance to be commented upon by one of our most distinguished jurists and writers, Chancellor Kent. These comments are reprinted, together with Mr. Alison's corrections, in accordance with their suggestions, in the edition before us. With these additions, the work is probably as near perfection as any book of history extant.

We should not be doing our duty to the public did we not here warn them of the existence of a spurious and mutilated edition of Alison's History, published at a price rather less insignificant than the disjointed skeleton it buys, and which was evidently issued with the view of supplanting the genuine work. The cheap copy is too imperfect to be of the slightest use to any body, and would only serve to mislead and embarrass the reader. It is, in short, one of those patch-work, catch-penny affairs, which are becoming quite too plentiful of late, and should be passed by as utterly unworthy of public patronage.

MYSTERIES OF PARIS; by *Eugene Sue; translated by Charles H. Town: Harper & Brothers; 2 vols.*—It is a little strange that the most thrilling novel of low life ever written, should be the production of a Parisian exquisite—a fop and dandy of the first water—a man of *ton*—an epicure—a perfect Pelham in France. But so it is. We freely avow, that in the whole range of fictional writing, we have never met with any thing so thrilling and powerful as the Mysteries of Paris. The works of Mr. Dickens, while they do not surpass the "Mysteries" in bold and effective delineation of character and freedom and truthfulness of dialogue, fall far below them in interest of plot and general scope and purpose. There is something of that indefinite vastness about the design and execution of the "Mysteries—that shifting and far-stretching horizon which seems as if just subsiding from the infinity of chaos—that speaks of sublimity, and startles the soul with a class of sensations seldom aroused by literary stimulants.

To enter into any thing like an analysis of the plot of this wonderful book would be totally impossible—as nothing short of copying the whole book would give the reader an efficient idea of the power, pathos and poetry here strewn over the lowest and most disgusting details of low life as well as the hypocritical and seductive vices of the nobility and the court.

Some of our readers may perhaps have met with random assertions in the daily papers, (whose editors, wonderful men! criticise by instinct, and laud or condemn, as if by clairvoyance, and without reading a syllable,) that the "Mysteries" contain much that is improper and impure, in thought and expression. This is not so. We profess to despise and loathe the licentiousness of the press as heartily and wholly as any individual that walks the earth; nor could any consideration tempt us to gloss over a work which we considered to be of an improper tendency. Such, however, is not the "Mysteries of Paris." True, much that is evil, gross, disgusting, horrible, is there described, and with such vivid power and effect, that it is as if a broad glare of lightning had suddenly illuminated the dens of a vast metropolis and laid bare the dreadful secrets of their most hidden recesses. There is no maudlin attempts, as

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in Paul Clifford, to sugar over crime, and show only its fairer side. The picture is TRUTH; and all truth is wholesome.

The translator, Mr. Town, has performed his difficult and thankless duties with a neatness, a delicacy of finish, a clearness of perception, and an acuteness of comprehension, that will do him as much honor as they do the author justice. French sentiment *done* into English is so generally diluted into insipidity or inflated to rhodomontade, that we had little hope of ever seeing an English version of M. Sue's inimitable work that could afford us pleasure in the perusal. We confess our agreeable disappointment. The work of Mr. Town has been performed in a manner every way satisfactory. There are, to be sure, a few trifling inaccuracies—mere slips of the pen—which are readily corrected; and the only wonder is that in a work so abounding in difficulties, the errors should be so few.

We ought perhaps to mention that this splendid work is published in two volumes octavo, at twenty-five cents each—making the price of the whole work half a dollar. *Another* edition is also announced, and has begun slowly crawling through the press, at the rate of thirty or forty pages a week—which will complete the work, with ordinary luck, somewhere about New-Year. This is issued in numbers, at one shilling each, and to be completed in ten parts—making the price of the book *ten* shillings, while the Harpers' is but *four*. Of this translation we shall not speak—it is truly beneath criticism. Bombast, rigmarole and turgidity are its chief characteristics; and so plentifully are they bestowed, that the work of M. Sue is completely distorted and disguised. We have labored through enough of it to perfectly establish the justice of this opinion; and were right glad to lay it down, and to escape from any further perusal of it.

THE BANKER'S WIFE; OR, COURT AND CITY. *A Novel; by Mrs. Gore: Harper & Brothers.*—Mrs. Gore has an excellent reputation, and this very interesting story has added new leaves to her laurels. It is a very graphic delineation of scenes and characters which, from the events of the last few years in this country, have become most interesting to the American reader; and so faithfully has Mrs. Gore performed her part, that one can almost imagine that she must have drawn a portion of her materials from American experience. Truly, human nature is every where the same,—'tis the wand of genius that conjures up from its mysterious depths so many various and conflicting phantasms.

HARPERS' FAMILY LIBRARY: *Nos.* 158, 159, 160. *Russell's History of Polynesia; Perilous Adventures, by Davenport; Constitutional Jurisprudence of the United States.*—"The Family Library" forms the most perfect and valuable cyclopedia of interesting knowledge extant. It is edited with consummate ability, and the nicest discrimination. Every successive number, as it appears, seems necessary to the completion of a series that might well have been considered complete without it; and there are few "family libraries," of thrice the number of volumes, containing so great an amount of every kind of knowledge as this.

The three last numbers of this invaluable series we have read with great pleasure and profit. The volume upon the "Constitutional Jurisprudence of the United States," is especially timeful and appropriate, and supplies a want in our household literature which we long have felt. It comprises the celebrated course of lectures delivered in Columbia College, by William Alexander Duer, L. L. D., late President of that institution.

THE AMERICAN POULTRY-BOOK. *Harper & Brothers.*—This is a very valuable little treatise on the management of domestic poultry, by Micajah R. Cock—himself considerable of a chicken. The author entrenches himself in his work behind the aphorism, "a very considerable part of all the property of every nation consists of its domestic animals." The title-page is embellished with a full length portrait of the author—spurs and all.

SONGS OF BERANGER, IN ENGLISH;—*with a Sketch of His Life. Carey & Hart.*—If we had some one to do for Béranger what Moore has done for Anacreon, our English language would possess three of the rarest gems of inspiration that ever glittered in the light of poesy. Anacreon, Moore's Melodies, and the Songs of Béranger, form a class by themselves—without model and without successful imitators. The first devoted himself, grey-beard as he was, exclusively to the delights of love and wine. In Ireland and France, it is not only natural but indispensable, that "glory" should form a *tiers etat* in the political economy of the muses; and therefore, while Moore and Béranger are quite as exquisite as Anacreon in all the softer touches of the wine-dropping, sigh-kindling lyre, they not seldom stir the soul with the loftiest and most thrilling strains, as if the clangor of the trumpet were ringing in the listener's ear. Béranger is the pet of the critics, and the idol of his nation. The chivalric French, who alone of all the nations of Europe, know how to honor and worship genius in all its various aspects, would as enthusiastically sing with Béranger as die with Napoleon. The effervescence of the national soul runs over with gratitude to him who will give it a single new emotion—and Béranger is the source of thousands.

In the original, the poems of Béranger are marked by all that exquisite finish of construction and that delicacy of conceit in the *turn*, which are so peculiarly the characteristics of Moore and Anacreon: but we are sorry to say that this is, to a great degree, lost in the translations before us. They are, with a few exception, (such as the "Smugglers," the "Wandering Jew," etc.,) awkward in phraseology, and inaccurate in rythm—so much so, in fact, as to nearly destroy the pleasure of perusal by a merely English reader. Sometimes the sense of the Bard is entirely undistinguishable, and at others, absolutely perverted from its true meaning.

When will our translators learn that most important truth, that *poetry* cannot be translated but *by a poet?* We have lying on our shelves untold and uncounted instalments of the intellectual debt that Europe owes the Anglo-Saxon tongue; and yet, much of it is in such uncouth and ragged shape, that it is useless and unsparkling. But as translations are beginning to *pay* better than they have ever done before,—and, in truth, better than originals,—we may expect some choice efforts in this line, from our ingenious countrymen, in the course of the next five years—after which time we shall have a most stringent international copy-right law established with all the nations of Europe. We ought, therefore, to "make hay while the sun shines"—let European authors rave and exclaim "pirate!" as loudly—and as *justly*—as they may.

THE OPAL—We are indebted to J. C. Riker, Fulton street, for a splendidly bound, brilliant-looking annual, under this title, the announcement of which created considerable sensation in the "patent leather" and arabesque circles of literary *haut ton*. The reading matter and binding—the letter-press and hot-press—of this *bijou*, are all that could be expected or desired; but the engravings are stiff and cold as frozen carrots. We "dislike to dislike" any thing that is meant to be pretty, (even if it be a meant-to-be-pretty woman;) but "fax is fax," as Mr. Chawls Yellowplush says; and we are bound to say that the embellishments of the "Opal" do not answer our expectations. The work is published under the auspices of Mr. Willis, as editor; but we learn that he did not assume the duties until it was nearly ready for the press.

THE HANDBOOKS OF NEEDLEWORK.—We have from Mr. Redfield a complete little minature library—elegantly printed and bound, with pretty and innocent devices, (though of *gilt*,) and the contents as neatly stitched—we beg pardon, written—as the hem of a lover's handkerchief, (these lovers are great at *hem!*-ming,) wrought by the dainty fingers of his "Ladye fayre." These little volumes contain full and complete elucidation of all the mysteries of the art of needlework,—mysteries, we venture to say, of far greater importance to our sex, and to the well-being of society, than the "Mysteries of Paris," now engrossing every brain—although that thrilling work itself is but another illustration of how much we *ought to sue*.—(Owe to Sue!)

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Painted by H.P. Briggs, Esq. R.A.

Engraved by A.L. Dick

CALANDRINO, BRUNO, AND BUFFALMACCO.

IN SEARCH OF THE HELIOTROPE (VIDE THE DECAMERON)

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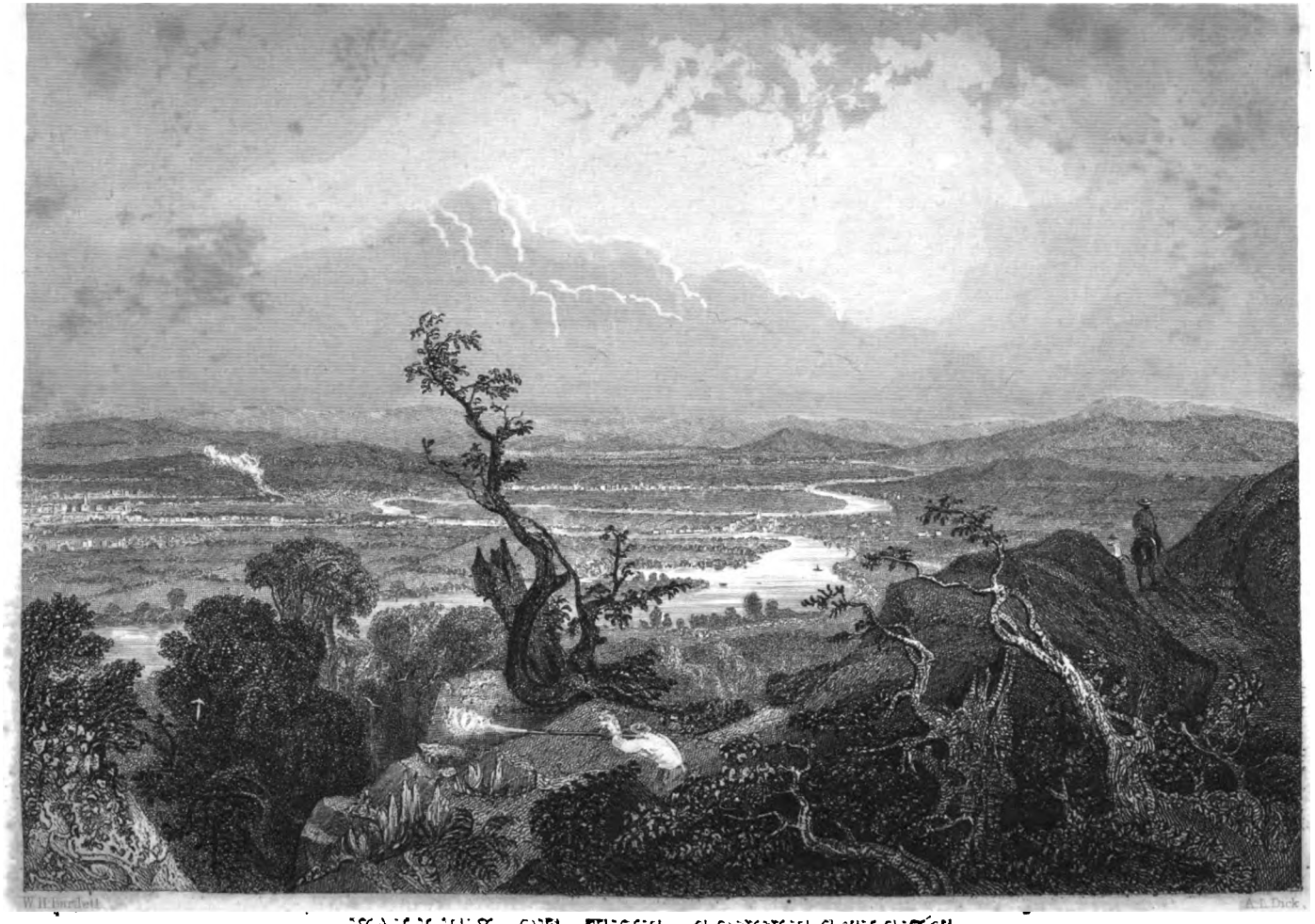

W. H. Bartlett. A. L. Dick.

VALLEY OF THE CONNECTICUT.

(From Mount Holyoke)

Engraved for the Ladies Companion

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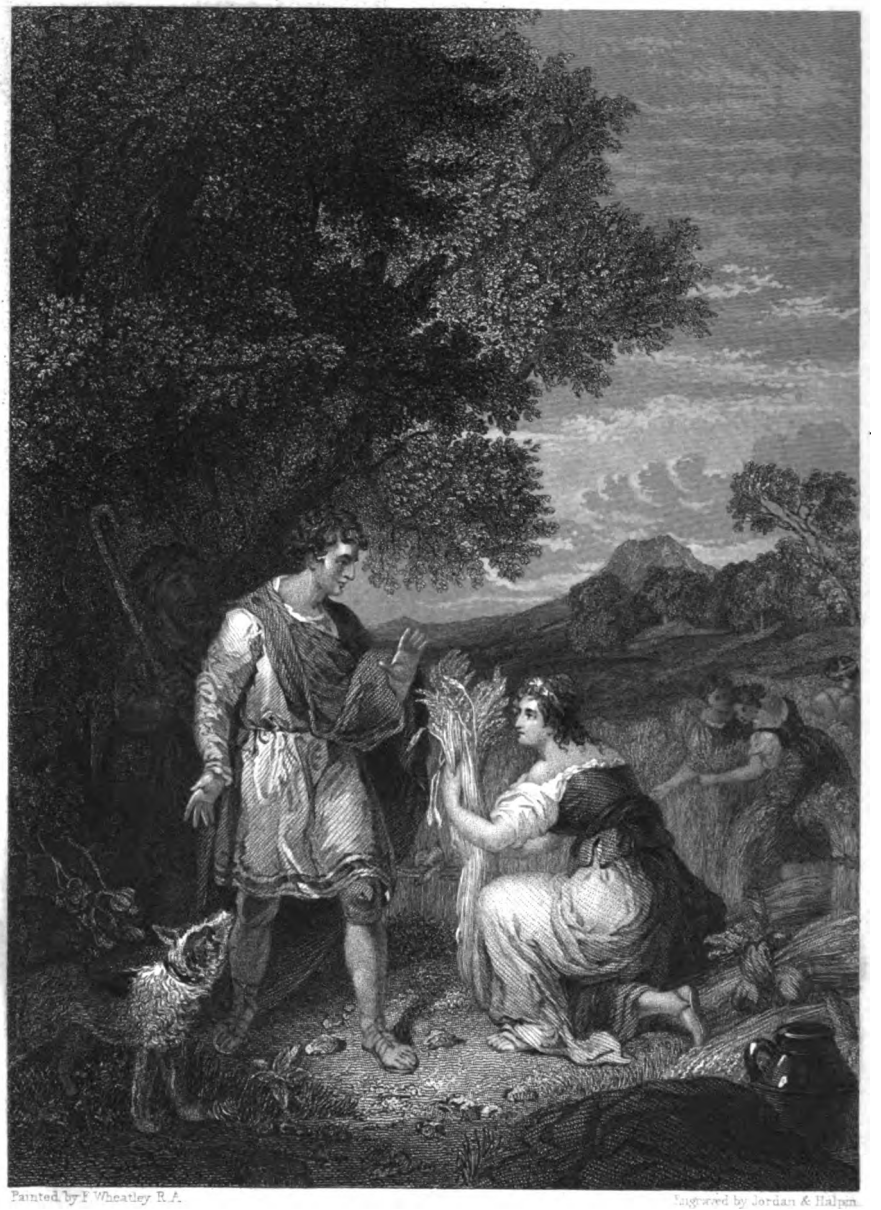

Painted by F. Wheatley R.A. Engraved by Jordan & Halpin.

"Then said Boaz to Ruth, go not to glean in another field."

Ruth II. 3

Engraved for the Ladies' Companion.

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THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, JANUARY, 1844.

RUTH AND BOAZ.

In the whole broad range of Bible poetry—and the romance of the affections is shed upon the heart from that holy book like incensed light from a golden urn—there is no one bright passage over which we have more fondly lingered than the delicate, sweet and sacred story of Ruth, the daughter-in-law of Naomi. The primitive and hearty customs and habits of thought amongst the chosen people of God, abounded daily in those inexpressible yet thrilling manifestations of the strength of the domestic affections, which our involved, polished, triturated and artificial institutions seem to have entirely rooted from the heart of the people. The great and divine law of FAITH IN EACH OTHER begot amongst men the fruits it needed; while in modern times, the hypocrisy, distrust and jealousy which we are taught each to entertain for the other, engender the very evils we think we would avoid, and people the tenderest and most loving hearts with foul and loathsome thoughts, which too often lead to actions that "make the angels weep!"

After all the elaborate sermonizing upon the reforming of society's fearful abuses, with which the press, the bench and the sacred desk are daily teeming, could *one lesson* of the simplicity and purity of the olden time—such as the touching picture of Ruth and her humble faithfulness—be presented to each heart, how far would the effect surpass all the wonders hoped to be accomplished by the eloquence of lip or pen, or the denunciations and inflictions of the violated laws! How truly hath the Bard, (he who is next on earth to that inspiration which came direct from Heaven,) said, "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin!" The simple, truthful, touching pictures of love and faith—of man's lofty honor, and woman's pure, self-sacrificing devotion—so profusely scattered over the sacred page, are, as it were, the precious relics, which, like a talisman, to guard from temptation and from evil, our young men and women should wear close to their hearts, both when they lie down to sleep and when they rise up to pray. Listen to the delicious harmony distilled by the quaint old tale:

"3. And Elimelech, Naomi's husband, died; and she was left, and her two sons.

"4. And they took them wives of the women of Moab; the name of the one was Orpah, and the name of the other Ruth: and they dwelled there about ten years.

"5. And Mahlon and Chilion died also, both of them; and the woman was left of her two sons and her husband.

* * * * * * *

"7. Wherefore, she went forth out of the place where she was, and the two daughters-in-law with her: and they went on the way to return unto the land of Judah.

"8. And Naomi said unto her daughters-in-law, Go, return each to her mother's house: the Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead, and with me.'

The good, but worldly-minded and simple Orpah saw the propriety of this advice.

"14. And Orpah kissed her mother-in-law, but Ruth clave unto her. * * * * *

"16. And Ruth said, Entreat me not to leave thee, *or* to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people *shall be* my people, and thy God my God.

"17. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, *if ought* but death part thee and me.

"18. When she saw that she was steadfastly minded to go with her, then she left speaking unto her."

Where is the heart that is not melted into exquisite tenderness almost too great to be borne, by the conduct of this simple, noble and glorious woman! Before such heroism as this, all other sinks into contempt and insignificance.

But we show our weakness, in thus lingering over a theme so familiar to the hearts and memories of our readers. The time of the story of Ruth chosen by our engraver, is that in which she first appears in the field of Boaz, in the humble character of a gleaner. "And she said, I pray you let me glean and gather after the reapers among the sheaves."

"Then said Boaz unto Ruth, Hearest thou not, my daughter? Go not to glean in another field, neither go from hence, but abide here fast by my maidens."

The artist has admirably caught and transfixed the very spirit of the hour and place. The rich and golden light of the harvest sun lies heavily upon the branches of the distant trees, and rests upon the waves of the ripe corn, bending down to the earth, beneath the burden of their own ripened fulness. The stillness of summer noon-tide seems fallen upon all around, and one almost is ready to pant beneath the sultry exhaustion of the hour; while amid all, that pure, cool, refreshing face—that graceful attitude—that full, rounded arm and shoulder—that exquisitely moulded throat and upturned head—that ancle stealing out from beneath the modest robe—give such an air of classic repose to the aspect of the scene, that you drink in the beauty of the artist's dream, and feel that it is good to be there.

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Original.

THE BROKEN ARROW.

AN AUTHENTIC PASSAGE FROM UNWRITTEN AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE YEMASSEE," "THE KINSMEN," ETC.

["THLECATHCHA," or the "Broken Arrow," is, or was, the very romantic name of a portion of country, lying in the Muscoghee territory, within the limits of Georgia. In this narrative, however, we have thought it not unseemly to apply this epithet to a chief, who, for a long period of time, was the master-spirit among his people, and whose erring aims, and melancholy fate, fairly deserve the appellation. The writer of this narrative, then a mere youth, happening, a few weeks after the assassination of General William Mackintosh, to pass through the nation in the immediate vicinity of the scene of execution, had his attention necessarily drawn to a subject which was then in the mouths of all around him, and upon which the general opinions were equally numerous and conflicting. In this manner he picked up, as well from Indian as from white authorities, sundry small particulars relating to the event. These were treasured in his memory, without effort; and, subsequently, the possession of certain documents—public, but little read or known—which furnished him with additional material—induced and enabled him to throw together the details which follow. These, in his opinion, form an exceedingly interesting passage in our unwritten domestic history, and may assist some more comprehensive chronicler, hereafter, in elaborating the train of events which are coupled with this, in the fortunes of the decaying people whom it mostly concerns. The reader will please to understand, however, that strict accuracy is not pretended to in regard to the minor details of this narrative. In the case of oral relations, depending, as they must, upon the uncertain memories of men—uncertain in the most tenacious instances—error becomes unavoidable, even where the spirit of the narrator is most conscientious. But the substantial truth of the leading events in this sketch,—the vital facts—may all be religiously relied on; and will be found freer from mistake of detail, and misconstruction of intention, than is commonly the case with what is usually called history. He may add, by way of further warning to the reader, of evil yet to come, that, by dipping thus deeply into the Indian chronicle, the author was insensibly beguiled farther than he originally designed to go, and before he well knew what he had done, had written out the whole known History of the Muscoghee Nation—gathered from its traditions and our chronicles, from the very moment, when, "covered with red hair, their gigantic ancestor, with thunder on his tongue, and a sheaf of lightning in his hand, sprang out of the chambers of the sun, in the west, and set forth on those conquests, turned eastward, which left his descendants in possession of their Apalachian hunting-grounds." But sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. At present, we afflict the reader with a more brief, certain and matter-of-fact narrative.]

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The war of 1812 with Great Britain brought, as is well known, the Creek nation of Indians into the field against us. Stimulated by the emissaries of the British, and bribed with their treasure, the bloody atrocities which they committed will long be remembered along the frontiers of the South and West. Scourged and humbled by the conduct and valor of that great man, Andrew Jackson,—the Indians sued for peace and obtained it; but only, among other conditions, by a large cession of their lands, the possession of which, by the whites along the borders, was justly esteemed necessary to their security and peace. This cession was followed, in 1818, by another, in which two other large tracts of territory were surrendered; and, by a treaty in 1821, a third cession made the Flint and Chatahooché rivers the Eastern boundary of the "nation." These subsequent cessions, it must be understood, were not granted by way of immunities. The lands were contracted and paid for, even liberally, in money and goods, at rates which would be considered monstrous by all European people, and infinitely beyond any measure of compensation, ever adopted by the early colonists in their transactions with the Indians.

But these cessions did not meet the emergencies of the whites. The great increase of our population, the certain result of institutions, which, like ours, enable man to assert his manhood, in the only christian and intellectual way, —carried the banner of civilization, day by day, still deeper into the forests. The red man, stationary but unperforming, impeded the progress which he refused to facilitate; and the urgent demands of the people of Georgia rendered it necessary that Government should make corresponding efforts to comply with their necessities. Accordingly, in the year 1822, Congress appropriated the sum of $30,000, for the purpose of defraying the expenses of such further confe-

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rences with the Indians as might accrue from bringing them together. It was desirable to extinguish utterly, their title,—desirable for many reasons—particularly to the people of Georgia, who felt all the inconvenience, annoyance and insecurity, which ensued from the proximity of a people so capricious and treacherous;—and, indeed, had the Government of the United States been true to itself, the close of the war of 1812, would have been signalized by the forcible transfer of the whole nation to the more congenial regions beyond the Mississippi. It was with some considerable reluctance, however, that Congress took the necessary steps to effect the same object, by treaty, in 1822. The immediate pressure of danger withdrawn, governments of the people are usually slow to provide against such evils as only threaten, or do not threaten —in the distance. The duty, solemnly assumed by the United States in 1802, by which it guarantied the early extinction of the Indian titles, was one, irksome on several accounts, to various portions and parties in the country—particularly in those portions where the measures resorted to, at an earlier period, were much more summary, and less equitable, for the attainment of a kindred object. The desire of Georgia was assumed to be one growing rather out of her cupidity, than because of any real annoyance or danger from the Indians. At all events, it is certain that the public mind in many parts of the Union was prepared to regard the proceeding with unfriendly eyes, and to address itself against it, with the most earnest opposition. False ideas of philanthropy prevailed, to bring about this feeling of hostility, with many, who failed to perceive that, though not actually engaged in war,—with arms in their hands, and fury in their hearts,—there was yet, and must be always, a tacit social warfare going on continually, between any two races, actually in contact, and differing so very materially in all moral and physical respects, as the red men and the white. These very differences produce dislikes, and the war of arms must ultimately ensue. The white man, conscious of intellectual and numerical superiority, will necessarily assert it; and the rugged and savage sense of independence, to which the Indian is accustomed,—not to speak of his anti-social modes of thinking and feeling on almost all subjects connected with morals and property,—would render him at all times a jealous, resentful and unsafe neighbor. The consequences of the propinquity of the two races would, to every thoughtful and inquiring mind, seem inevitable, and were so. But philanthropy does not often behold its object with the eyes of philosophy; and the fanciful and lofty notions which prevailed among an educated and highly refined people, were made to apply, as governing moral standards, to the condition of a very barbarous one. The feelings which inspire our poetry, were assumed to fill the breasts of a people utterly insensible to all the constituents of poetry, such portions alone excepted as possibly enter into the orgies and faith of the Scandinavian savage, or the Corinthian boor. It was assumed by Fancy—who sometimes puts on the habit, and looks grave, like Philosophy,—as a monstrous evil, that a people should be expelled from homes in which they had made no permanent habitation—which they had neither enriched by culture, nor made attractive by art or ingenuity. The changes were rung upon the deplorable cruelty which would drive them away from the contemplation of the graves of their fathers; and, from the expression of complaints like these, the wandering savage was, for the first time, instructed in the language of a suffering which he himself had never felt. The sympathy of the philanthropic among the whites, thus injudicously and unreasonably expressed, rendered the Indians stubborn—nay, furnished them with the arguments, by which they met the wise provision which alone could protract the day of their utter extermination. Their writings were prepared by white men, squatters in the nation, who found their profit in baffling the designs of Government, and keeping the Indians in a state of partial dependence upon themselves. Their very chiefs and head men were either whites or descended from white men; and these, generally the most abandoned of their sort, were just as regardless of the sympathies with their own color, as they were indifferent to the interests of the poor savage. From their knowledge of the people whom they had abandoned, they infused arguments and opinions into the minds of those whom they served—such arguments as were gathered from the wild declamation of newspapers, or the yet more wild declamation of the uneducated Western preacher. These, too, sometimes took wives among them, acquired property in consequence, and, becoming thus stationary, were loth to abandon their comfortable quarters, to share the fortunes of the people with whom they had allied themselves. Such a feeling of reluctance, though natural enough to the individual white, was yet of small importance to the Indians, until he furnished the arguments which made it equally imposing to them. That the savages should choose white men to be their chiefs and counsellors, excludes obviously the

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recognition of any independent notions of their own on the subject of their policy as a community. Thoughtless and improvident, as are all people who have never been practised in the holy and blessing tasks of labor, they were incapable of discussing their own interests with any likelihood of just and beneficial results. Their nomadic life made them really indifferent to place, unless as readily affording them the game upon which they subsisted; and thus, feebler than children, the policy which rendered them a stationary people, in a region which had been almost denuded of all resources of this description,—unless coupled with the stern guardianship which would have subjected them to the methodical employments of industry—would have been one as destructive in the end to themselves, as it would have been adverse to every hope of keeping them pacific. The whole argument, on this subject, equally comprehensive and simple, is comprised in a nutshell, which any ordinary mind may crack at any moment. We will not pursue it here.

The effects of this meddlesome philanthropy soon made itself apparent, and has made itself felt in repeated and painful occurrences ever since. Under the appropriation of 1822, made by Congress for holding conferences with the Georgia Indians, the Commissioners of Government appointed to carry this object into effect, repaired first to the Cherokee Nation, sometime in the autumn of 1823; and submitted to the Chiefs of that nation certain proposals for the cession of their territory. But a more potential voice had anticipated them in their designs, and prepared the Indians against their application. Certain of the Cherokee Chiefs were of white blood, had travelled among the whites, and gathered money and arguments, in liberal quantity, from the philanthropists in various parts of the Union. To the proposals of the Commissioners they returned a flat denial. The Cherokees, it may be well to state, had, by this time, made considerable advances, speaking with certain qualifications, in the arts of civilization—some few of them at least. Always a less wandering and less courageous people than the contemporaneous nations—regarded, with some contempt, as unmanly, by the Muscoghees, Chickasaws, Choctaws and Catabaws,—it was with them, a less difficult process, and a less degrading transition, to pass from the hunter to the pastoral and agricultural life. Long before the American Revolution, they had achieved certain advances in these labors which had placed them in an attitude of superior civilization to their neighbors; and the severe punishments which they received from the Carolinians in 1761, by more effectually subduing whatever martial spirit they may have had, rendered the adoption among them of the preliminary arts of civilization, more desirable and more easy. Until late years, however, their progress had not gone much beyond the cultivation of adequate supplies of Indian Corn, and the most ordinary provisions. They had small herds of cattle, which relied entirely on the forest ranges for their pasturage. No portion of their provision was raised in reference to their cattle; even their favorite beast of burden,—the Cherokee pony—which has a reputation of its own for hardihood and activity, derived its food from the cane-top, from chance depredations upon the meanly enclosed fields,—from the woods at large,—or from any source but their masters. But the grand step which the Cherokees had made, or were about to make, towards civilization, consisted in their having become stationary—in contracting their limits, the individual as the nation,—and this step was most probably forced upon them, by the pressure, on all sides, of the accumulating whites. Something, also, no doubt was due to the mixed blood of their chiefs and leading men, many of whom had received the benefits—important in the highest degree as well to them as to us,—of a grammar school education, and all of whom were in the habit of mingling, more or less, with the white population of the neighborhood. The women wove and spun a little. There was probably a blacksmith—a half-breed—among them; and, perhaps, they had a native carpenter, and others who professed a slight knowledge of other necessary mechanic arts. The nation possessed a newspaper, which, like many of our own, did an infinite deal of mischief in the hands of small politicians. A man of mixed blood, named Guess, the son of a white father and Indian mother—one of that class, which, for good or evil, will always have most influence among the Indian tribes of our country—had derived enough from his Anglo-American origin, to effect an achievement upon which the philanthropists every where could declaim, *ad libitum*, as a proof of the national genius and its paramount resources. Like another Cadmus,—such was the bruit—he had evolved the characters which embodied to the eye the sounds known to the language of his people; and this invention was the great and conclusive argument, which, with the enthusiastic and visionary, proved every thing. The benefits of this discovery, whatever they might have been, ensued rather to the advantage of

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the whites and half-breeds, within the nation, than to the still miserable people whose concerns they mismanaged. At all events, under the circumstances in which the nation stood, swayed by whatever motives or opinions, the Cherokee Chiefs positively refused, on any terms, to accede to the wishes of the Government. It should not be forgotten, also, that these persons, by this time, had been taught by the cupidity of the white squatter, that "there was gold in the land, and that the gold of the land was good." Cupidity and treachery are probably the two most prominent characteristics of Indian education, or, in Western dialect, of "Indian natur'." Besides, they had heard exaggerated accounts of the hardships endured by that portion of their countrymen, who had already, years before, emigrated beyond the Mississippi—the poverty of the soil, the want of "lightwood," and the proximity of dangerous neighbors;—and they either really felt these as objections, or they made them appear so in their declamations.

It was on occasion of this projected treaty, that the services of the somewhat celebrated Muscoghee Chief, William Mackintosh,—otherwise "The Broken Arrow," were put in requisition by the whites; and he was persuaded by the Commissioners to visit the Cherokee nation with the view to the promotion, by his eloquence,—which was plausible and ingenious,—of the object which they had in contemplation. Mackintosh had acquired the confidence of the whites in the last war between them and his own people. He was of the minority who took sides against the "red sticks," and joined the army of Jackson in their extirpation. He did admirable service against them, and against the Seminoles, when Jackson pursued the fugitive Creeks, down into the very heart of that outlawed nation. He had risen into power among his own people after the peace; and, strengthened by the whites, to whom his attachments were almost wholly given—for he too, was in part descended from white parentage,—he, perhaps, wielded the nation almost entirely at his will. This amazing influence, it may be well, passingly, to intimate, was the true cause of that jealousy among his associate Chiefs, which contributed, in a great degree, to overthrow and destroy him. But we will not anticipate.

As an artful politician, an able orator, a well known leader of the Creeks, and highly esteemed among the Cherokees, from which nation he had chosen his wife, Mackintosh visited the latter people in order to urge upon them the sale of their territory. He appeared in their Councils, and, publicly, to their assemblies, and privately to individuals, boldly urged the various arguments which he thought would avail to effect his mission. It is a well known custom among the Chiefs of the Indian tribes, when at peace, to visit one another, and, as warriors and sages, to take part in the national deliberations, precisely as if the visitor were a citizen, and had equal interests with those among whom he came. This courtesy has been frequently extended by them to their white guests, to whose counsels they listen with becoming gravity, though, perhaps, always with that suspicious judgment, which never sleeps when in contact with a superior person or intellect. Confiding in the honor of their guest, however, they are not unwilling to avail themselves of his wisdom; and in times of doubt or danger, the Muscoghee Council listened gladly to the advice of the Sachem of Cherokee, and, in turn, the latter yielded a respectful ear to the instructive comment or sagacious judgment of the orator from Tookabatchie. The appearance of William Mackintosh, therefore, before the Grand Council of the Cherokees, was neither a suspicious nor an unusual circumstance; but it is not improbable that, long before this period, Mackintosh himself had begun to lose the confidence and the affections of this people. Their leaders were in fact so many rivals; and the very intimacy which the Creek Chief possessed among the whites, was necessarily unfavorable to his influence over those of his own complexion. Their deference in hearing his arguments, was accorded to their custom rather than to the particular speaker. They listened with patience, but their fears were aroused, and their indignation excited. There was yet another circumstance that tended to lessen the influence of the warrior. He had become a tradesman. He had thrown aside the tomahawk and taken up the day-book—he had left the forum for the counter;—and this change, acting upon a disposition which is represented to have been naturally mercenary—as probably is the case with all savages—contributed to debase his virtues in the vulgar mind, which, least of all, is apt to forgive the *auri sacra fames*, in the heart of him that aspires to its rule and mangement. We state the opinions entertained by his opponents, without meaning to vouch for their authenticity. It is not improbable that, educated among the whites,—partially a white himself,—a man of great sagacity and forethought,—he had received the conviction, which would infallibly occur to any mind familiar with the true character of his people, that their only hope of safety,

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as well as independence, lay in their absolute removal from all connection with the superior people. The true purposes of Mackintosh may not have been the less patriotic, because they were so little popular. My own opinion is that no rulers have ever been more selfish in their aims and performances, than the Indian chiefs of our country in modern periods. Certainly, no people has ever been kept in a more squalid state of destitution than those over whom they hold the rule.

However equivocal may have been the motives of Mackintosh, he urged his arguments with the same zeal which he had ever shown as an ally of the American people. When his arguments failed, however, he committed himself and cause, by imprudently attempting to bribe certain of the most influential chiefs whom he had failed to convince. If they were dissatisfied by his previous efforts, they were now displeased. Besides, they were now able to crush him. He had furnished them the means to do so. They, accordingly, rejected his overtures with disdain, and denounced them. John Ross, the then President of the National Council, to whom he had submitted his proposals in writing, confronted him with them in open assembly of the chiefs, and denounced him as a traitor to his nation. The letter, written by the Cherokee chiefs, which discloses the perfidy of Mackintosh, to his own people, is worthy of perusal. It dates from "New Town," in the Cherokee nation, "October 24th, 1823." It is addressed to Big Warrior and Little Prince, the Head Chiefs of the Muscoghees, and runs thus:—

"Friends and Brothers:—We have this day gone through a painful and unpleasant ceremony. Your chief, William Mackintosh, arrived here soon after the commencement of the present council, accompanied by seven others of his countrymen, including his son and Interpreter. They were received by the General Council, as friends and brothers; an appropriation of money was made to procure forage for their horses. After having showed them every friendship, we did not expect that William Mackintosh had any ungenerous disposition towards the interest of the nation; but we were mistaken. We find that his visit here must have been entirely through speculative designs. He has used intriguing language with some of our chiefs, to yield the land to the United States Commissioners, who are now here for that object; and has made promises of obtaining large sums of money for them, in which he proposed to share. His words, at first, were not taken notice of, but he still pursued the same course, and made a written communication to John Ross, the President of the national committee, on the subject; promising nineteen thousand dollars to be paid over to such individuals as *he* may think proper, in case of accession. He further stated, verbally, to some of our chiefs, that he had offered his whole country to the United States Commissioners, at two dollars per acre, and *suggested the idea of the Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws and Chickasaws, all to surrender up their country, and emigrate west of the Mississippi River, and there to settle themselves under one government.* The letter aforesaid, has been exposed, and read in open council to-day, by John Ross, in the presence of William Mackintosh; and the General Council have decreed that William Mackintosh be, and he is hereby *discharged* from ever having a voice in our councils, hereafter, as a chief connected with this nation. Brothers," continues the letter of the Cherokee chiefs, "we are astonished at our brother's conduct in this place. We have lost all confidence in his fidelity; and advise you, as brothers, to keep a strict watch over his conduct, or he will ruin his nation."

This letter was signed by Pathkiller, the principal, and twenty-eight other chiefs.

The Muscoghees, thus forewarned of the probable dishonesty of one of their chiefs, became doubly suspicious of him; and, following the advice of the Cherokees, now maintained a more strict watch upon his proceedings than ever. For a long time previously, his great intimacy with the people, and some of the authorities of Georgia,—a state which, it was well known to the Indians, was exceedingly desirous of obtaining possession of their lands,—had alarmed their jealousy, and the mercenary disposition which Mackintosh had evinced as a retail trader in the nation, had contributed greatly to lessen him in their esteem as an individual. These suspicions, and their occasion, at length aroused the apprehensions of Mackintosh himself. He began to fear, not only the loss of his general influence, as a chief,—for he might be '*broken*' and deprived of his authority,—but he also saw that his personal safety was endangered. He became, accordingly, much more circumspect in his dealings with the white people, and more earnest in his assurances of fidelity to his own. But this was not enough for the jealous Muscoghees; and they proceeded to re-enact a law of their nation, made time out of mind "on the West Bank of the Ockmulge," which decreed "rope and gun"—in other words, death by shot or halter,—to any of their people who should propose the sale of any more of their lands to the whites, or seek, by any means, to impair the integrity of their existing title. In 1821, Mackintosh, with other leading chiefs, infringed this law by a treaty,—(pronounced illegal, but afterwards consented to by the rest,)—with the United States: and nearly incurred this penalty; 'till he showed them that the sale had become necessary, in order to meet the claims existing against the nation. Though this sale was concurred in, yet the penalty threatened against chiefs offending again in like manner, was solemnly re-enacted, on the present occasion; Mackintosh, himself, appearing as one of the advocates and signers of the law,—"which they then vowed to make permanent, as the only means of keeping their lands!" When the message of the Cherokees, denouncing Mackintosh, was brought to them, such was the excitement against him, that the law was again revived, or re-delivered to the people, at a place called Pole Cat Springs, and, as it is stated by his brother, and superior chiefs, revived by a proposition from himself. This movement was most probably designed to disarm their jealousy, and to disprove the presentations of these Cherokees. Ac-

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cording to their statement, he made an eloquent speech, while moving the re-enactment, the better to enforce its provisions upon the minds of all present. He told them, "that the law was for the whole nation, without any exception; not for any person in particular, but for all—*half breeds and all;* and even for the 'Little Prince' and 'Big Warrior'—their two principal chiefs." This law was to be rigidly enforced, for it ordained, among other provisions, that, if it should so happen, that the people of one town refused to prosecute and punish the offender, then 'law menders,' (executioners,) from the other towns were directed to do so;—and the property of him who violated the law was to be forfeited to those who enforced it by punishment. The re-enactment of this law, at the period referred to, and the stern decision of all the chiefs upon it, contemplated, in particular, the case of Mackintosh, whose intrigues with the whites were now notorious,—whose mercenary character was odious,—and whose doubtful patriotism was more than suspected.

But with all this prejudice against him, in spite of these suspicions, the superior cunning of Mackintosh enabled him to maintain his position as a chief, and to influence the feelings and opinions of a very strong party in the nation. These, it is true, were a minority, and were chiefly confined to the towns in his own neighborhood; but their very compactness gave them an appearance of strength, which equally deceived the Indians and the Georgians,—leading the former to conduct their proceedings with a studious caution, which, if it made their operations slow, rendered them more certainly effectual;—and prompting the Georgians to assume, as they did most probably on the representations of Mackintosh himself, that he was not only stronger than he really was, but that in fact he wielded the real vote, and prompted the true voice and feelings of the nation. It is barely possible that Mackintosh deceived himself in like manner. At all events, this prevailing error led to the catastrophe which followed. It made his enemies circumspect, while it made him audacious; and it so far influenced the governor of Georgia, as to prompt his too active and open interference in the concerns of the nation,—a circumstance which, while it increased the apprehensions and indignation of the Indians, stimulated their hostility against the individual to whose false representations they ascribed the interference which they resented, as well as the mischiefs which they feared.

The effect of the communication from the Cherokees was very soon and strikingly made manifest to the commissioners who came to treat on the part of the United States. The Creeks resolutely answered "No!" to every application for the sale of their lands. Their councils were directed, and their reply signed by four chiefs, Mackintosh, (then also the speaker of the nation,) being one of them. In their reply they allege that they are convinced that "their ruin must be the inevitable consequence of their removal beyond the Mississippi." The commissioners, not discouraged, renewed their efforts; and a long talk was addressed to the Indians, in council, the day following their refusal. This talk briefly sums up their history so far as it had connection with that of the whites,—insists upon the rights acquired by the latter from their conquest,—dwells upon the poverty of the Indians; their dependence and feebleness; and describes, truly, the destitution and the miserable state in which they lived, in consequence of their stubborn continuance of the destructive life of the hunters, in a region already denuded of its primitive resources. The reply of the Indians, signed by the same chiefs as before,—after giving their version of certain parts of their history, in which they differ from that given by the commissioners, ends by their returning the same repulsive answer; and, after several days of profitless negotiation,—profitless to both parties,—the proceedings were discontinued, and the Indians retired to their homes.

The commissioners alledge, and with strong probability in behalf of their convictions, that there was a secret agency at work against them, apart from that of the Cherokees, which brought about this effect. The Indians were, in fact, under the government of white men,—persons who drove a good business in the nation; and of squatters, who, having married Indian women, found it their own most certain interest not only to keep where they were themselves, but to keep the Indians equally in the same moral and geographical position. The removal of the nation to the west, would suggest a necessity for their removal also; and the prospect of change alone, suggested the probability of such an abridgement of their power as they were unwilling to contemplate; since it was very clear that their agency, in the affairs of the Indians, would be of far less importance to the latter when once they were withdrawn from all contact with the neighboring white settlements. The importance of the squatter to the Indian, was derived chiefly from the occasional intercourse of the savage with the settlers of the contiguous states. He

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drew up the accounts of the savages;—urged his claims, by writing either to Justice, Charity, or Favor;—sold and bought for him;—inspected the money which he received; wrote his memorials to Government;—and prepared his arguments, and furnished his histories,—as in the present instance,—when he met in council for the purpose of treating with the whites. In this way, a few white men of half breeds, possessed the most unqualified sway over the Indians. Their words were so many laws; and they employed their vast influence, most commonly, with a base and narrow reference to their own selfish interests and feelings, and not to the necessities or true policy of the ignorant barbarians who confided in them, and who knew not where else to turn for counsel. Even the messengers of the Gospel, the ministers of religion, were sometimes to be found among these perverse advocates. They, too, received their bias, against the removal of the Indians to a remoter region, from the consciousness of those superior toils to themselves, which such a removal would draw after it. Reasoning for the Indians, from that policy which undoubtedly would have been their own, they may be assumed, as they have been too frequently found, to be among the stumbling blocks in the way of Government, in all their efforts for the removal and consequent improvement of the tribes.

An attempt was renewed a few months after, to make a treaty for the desired object, at a place called Indian Springs. On this occasion, a large number of chiefs and head men attended;—and here again, as alleged, some secret management prevailed, if not entirely to baffle the execution of the treaty, at least to render its validity doubtful, and make its performance dangerous. A man named Hanbly, acting as one of the United States interpreters, and probably largely interested in keeping the Indians where they were, perceiving the progress of the commissioners towards the attainment of their object, alarmed the fears of certain of the chiefs, by assuring them that, if they did not fly, it was the intention of the whites to put them in prison. The savages, at this suggestion, took to the woods at midnight, and before the dawn of day, were distant twenty miles from the spot. It was conceived by those who were hostile to the treaty, that this would be a sufficient and sure mode for preventing its completion. In this, however, their policy was at fault. The influence of Mackintosh prevailed over those who remained, and the propositions of the commissioners were finally acceded to by himself and fifty-two others, all of whom, with the exception of himself, are represented as being inferior men among the nation; not chiefs,—of no general influence, and without any power either to make laws or conclude treaties. They were persons representing eight towns of the nation only, when the number of these towns was no less than fifty-six. When Mackintosh approached to sign the treaty, his hand was arrested by another chief, Opokbyobolo, who had stubbornly opposed it. This was now the speaker of the nation,—a man of comprehensive understanding, and an eloquent orator.

"Brother," he exclaimed, to Mackintosh, "what would you do? You are about to sell our country. You are in danger!"

The remonstrance was unavailing. A fatality attended the movements of Mackintosh, and the orator, with a look of warning, retired from the assembly. *He* had not signed the paper, nor had any of the principal chiefs, with the single exception of Mackintosh, who ranked as first chief, as the lowest among them. The rest, with all the subordinate chiefs and law-makers of the nation, embodied their objections to the treaty in a protest, which was immediately sent after it to Washington. This letter alleges the treachery of Mackintosh, and prays that the ratification of the treaty may be temporarily deferred, in order that time should be allowed to the Indians to deliberate, and to the Congress to inquire into the truth concerning the manner in which it was procured.

The prayer of the petitioners was not granted them. The treaty was ratified by the Senate of the United States, with the protesting memorial before them. Doubtlessly, they weighed the force of its arguments with a proper consideration—it is not easy to say, at this time, what variety of suggestions, of a political kind, had force in prompting them to set aside the protest of the dissenting chiefs; and, with the conviction which we feel, that the substantial good of the poor Indians was really best consulted by the measure of their removal, we are unwilling to assert that the ratification of the treaty, by the Senate, was precipitate, still less unwise. Considering the Indian tribes of our country, with a due reference to their savage and immature condition,—their ferocity and inferior civilization,—it was, perhaps, an error in the first instance, to have ever treated with them on terms of equality. A comprehensive view of the relations existing between any two races in actual contact, suggests the religious duty of the superior to take the inferior under its guardianship,—to protect it

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from injustice, from cruelty and spoliation,—to teach, to guide and to restrain it;—but, at all events, to do for it that which seems best for the preservation of peace and good will between the parties, and for the promotion of the moral and intellectual, as well as social progress of the minor and inferior race. A people like the North American Indians, in relation to the European colonists, were so many children only,—to be treated as children, and gradually lifted to the social eminences of civilization, by a hand equally firm and considerate. Any other process—that, in particular, which recognizes an equality of judgment and condition between them and the whites, which did not, and could not exist—was the very process most likely to result,—as it has resulted—in their overthrow and destruction. A like process of indulgence and deference, shown to our sons, would produce the same distressing consequences, even in the growing generations of the already superior race.

But, disquisition aside,—the evil was consummated. The Government of the United States recognized and ratified the treaty, as if made in good faith; and the distress and anger of the Indians, when apprized of it, were heightened to ferocity. Mackintosh became alarmed, and, conscious of his treachery, or perhaps warned of his danger by some friendly Indian, he fled within the limits of Georgia for safety. He sought Governor Troup, of that state, and declared his apprehensions. To calm his fears, and, possibly, at his own suggestion, the Governor dispatched one of his aids, Colonel Lamar—(the gentleman, we believe, who was late the President of Texas)—with a "talk" to the Indians of the nation, which was intended to soothe their anger and disarm their hostility. We are not sure that this proceeding was a wise one,—at all events, we are persuaded that the talk itself was not a judicious one. Its language of expostulation and warning, was expressed in tones which too nearly resembled those of denunciation and threatening, to be very successful in soothing a highly exasperated people;—a people, too, who believed themselves to be sacrificed to the desires of the very party whose messenger had thus addressed them. But whatever might have been the real feelings of the Indian chiefs, they took care to express none other than that of peace. Being older politicians than Lamar, they found it easy to beguile his confidence; and he left them in the full conviction that Mackintosh might return to the nation in perfect safety. It was unfortunate that Mackintosh shared in this conviction. He did return, only to commit another indiscretion which revived and increased the ferocity of the Indians. He presumed upon the power,—assuming an authority to which he had no claim,—of granting permission to Georgia, to make the survey of the ceded territory at an earlier period than had been specified in the treaty. It is probable that had he not taken this step, the Indians might have foreborne his punishment; and, taking counsel from their fears, and with some regard to their ancient veneration, have permitted him to go free, without attempting to enforce the extreme penalty which the violation of their laws had incurred. But this last proceeding, the precise tenor of which was not exactly understood among them, and the evils of which were represented by designing persons, as no less than their immediate dispossession of their lands, and the forfeiture of their slaves, stock, cattle and improvements, rendered them desperate, and left them without any restraints either of good will or prudence. Their excitement, as represented by the United States agent on the spot, was absolutely dreadful. The apprehensions of the whites, in and about the nation, were excited to such a degree, as to prompt their immediate flight; and every symptom was supposed to be shown, which would denote one of those bloody outbreaks of the savages, which could terminate only in the burning and massacre of the frontier. Meanwhile, lulled into a false security, Mackintosh remained in his fine dwelling on the Chatahoochie, where, amidst abundance of every kind—for he was wealthy—he either had no apprehensions of danger, or with ordinary Indian inflexibility, he contrived to conceal them.

The Chiefs, meanwhile, who were hostile to his course, were preparing themselves in secret, for the purpose of redressing the violated laws of their country. Having quieted the fears of the criminal, and beguiled him back to the nation, they were content that their proceedings should be slow in order that they should be effectual. They gathered in consultation only such of their number as could be thoroughly relied on. Their meeting took place at midnight, on the banks of a gloomy river. Every precaution seems to have been taken that their place of consultation, and purpose, should not be borne abroad. Their conference was rather as to the mode of carrying the punishment into effect, than of simply passing sentence. That seems to have been already done. The voice of the nation had condemned the offender. The judgment had been silently recorded in the bosoms of the great majority. The "Law Menders" simply met to

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arrange the manner of proceeding. The decree of "rope and gun" against William Mackintosh, was devolved for execution, upon certain chiefs of the Oakfuskies, Talladegas and Emuckfaus—tribes over which the influence of the criminal was too small to make it doubtful that they would perform the duty without favor or flinching, entrusted to their hands. From these tribes, a party of no less than four hundred warriors was made up, the direction of whose movements was assigned to the two Chiefs, Mad Wolf and Menawé, both of whom were supposed to regard Mackintosh with feelings of particular dislike and jealousy.

The victim, little dreading the fate which was at hand, remained with his family, and without a guard, at his dwelling on the Chatahoochie. His confidence in the assurances of protection from Georgia, and in the virtue of that "talk," which Colonel Lamar had borne to the hostile Chiefs,—with, possibly, not an unreasonable reliance on the strength of his ancient popularity in the nation,—rendered him less circumspect and acute than was his wont. Besides, he was naturally a brave man,—had acquired this reputation under one of the bravest of his own or of any time, (Jackson,)—and a sense of shame at the apprehension which he had recently shown, and which was no doubt only the natural result of a superior sense of guilt, emboldened him to stay, and stimulated him to the opposite extreme of an unwise confidence in his own fortunes. The Indian agent, (Col. Crowell,) ascribes this obtuseness entirely to the imprudent assurances of protection which he received from Georgia. He asserts, that, if Mackintosh had been left to himself, he would have baffled his enemies by flight. Delay was all that was necessary for his safety, and could he have avoided the danger, for the time, until the first fury of the Indians had overblown, it is probable that the execution of their judgment would have been foreborne for ever.

The "*Law-Menders*," for such, in the dialect of the nation, is the very appropriate title given to those who are appointed for the punishment of "*Law-breakers*"—proceeded to their tasks with a settled and sufficient deliberation. Their approach to the dwelling of Mackintosh was timed to take place at midnight, or just before the dawn of day. The house was surrounded in profound secrecy, without occasioning the least alarm. When this was done, and the leaguer was believed to be complete, they despatched one Hutton, a white man, whom they had brought along with them for this purpose, with a message to the family of Mackintosh. Hutton was instructed to declare their purpose, which was the death of the offender only;—and to bring out, and send away in safety, any white person who might happen to be lodging there for the night. Nothing could more certainly declare the deliberation, calm resolution, and a considerate regard of their relations to the white people, and the consequences of offending them, than this proceeding—a proceeding scarcely to be expected from any, and least of all, from a savage people, while laboring under an excitement so extreme and universal. Hutton's mission being concluded, and himself with the whites withdrawn from the dwelling, they sounded the terrific war-whoop, and advanced resolutely to the work of death. The first purpose of Mackintosh was to defend himself. He had with him, in the house, his son, Chilly Mackintosh, and one or two other Indians, all of whom were determined men. His dwelling was strong, and the summons of Mad Wolf, which was distinctly audible amid the uproar, commanding him to "Come out like a man, and die by the laws he had himself made," was answered by defiance. But his assailants were not disposed to afford him a chance for fight, and soon made it apparent that no measure of valor, in actual conflict, could avail him. The torches blazed beneath his windows; the flames were already seizing upon the timbers of his dwelling; when he bade his son, with the other Indians, to fly and leave him to his fate. They did so, and leaping through the windows, were permitted to escape;—a few shot being fired after them, less, perhaps, with a view to kill them, than to hasten their flight. Commissioned for the destruction of the one offender, they confined their deadly attentions solely to him. Alone,—hopeless, but fearless, the beleaguered chief, like the wolf driven to his den, and rendered furious by the fire, rushed boldly to the entrance. It was probably an instinctive movement of his hand by which it grasped the rifle. He did not attempt to use it, and could have had no hope that its use, even if he brought down his most formidable enemy, could have availed to extricate him from the four hundred by whom he was environed. If he did not utterly despair—if his movements were not prompted solely by a desperate resolution to meet death with a fearless and characteristic defiance—then, he probably flattered himself with the hope, that his presence and his voice might arrest their purpose. His former popularity, at one time almost boundless, might linger still in their memories;—and never, among all his people,

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had they known an orator so silver-tongued, so persuasive, so captivating as himself. Could they but be brought to look and listen—hear his voice, feel his arguments, understand his reasoning,—or, possibly, behold the treasures which he could display before their eyes, to enforce his entreaty,—all might yet go well, and the danger would pass by. Such may have been his thoughts, such his hopes, and, possibly, such might have been his success, had he been suffered to address the multitude. But the chiefs who came against him also knew his resources, and dreaded his arts and powers of persuasion. They knew too well the danger of permitting him to exercise them. His lips were barely parted for speech,—the sounds of his voice just beginning to be heard—when they were stilled for ever by the rifle of Mad Wolf. The bullet penetrated the mouth of the speaker, and was the signal for a general discharge. Nearly two hundred bullets took effect in the body of the victim. His house was burnt to ashes, and his property distributed among the executioners, by the same law which called them into exercise, as the ministers of its justice.

Original.

TO M———.

There is an image bright and fair,
That in my heart I keep,
Seeming an Angel's form to wear,
In visions of my sleep:
Nor in the ling'ring hours of day
Is it less pure to me,
When I devoted homage pay
Undimmed by mystery.

When Sorrow steals away my *friends*,
And darkens all below,
How fair the form that o'er me bends,
To soothe and share my wo!
And as it mingles in each fear,
Their anguish to beguile,
It offers me for every tear,
Affection's holiest smile!

When all the bliss of earth I feel,
And gone is darkling care,
What raptures o'er my senses steal,
As every joy we share!
How deep the pleasures then that thrill!
How sweet each varied tone!
As every thought assures me still
That I'm not bless'd alone!

There is an image bright and fair,
Close kept within my heart,—
That in its beauty dwelleth there,
And never shall depart:
In every care, in every joy,
Its airy form I see;—
And this, that Time shall ne'er destroy,
An image is of *thee*.

Original.

SUMMER EXCURSIONS FROM LONDON.—Number V.

BY MRS. E. R. STEELE.

A VISIT TO SALISBURY AND STONEHENGE.

Having engaged to visit a friend in Somersetshire, we agreed to make a circuitous route to London around the South Coast and Isle of Wight, taking our friend in the way. This then, must be called a continuation of Excursion No. II. In Bristol, we found much to interest us, especially the Cathedral, and the church of St. Mary Redcliff. This is said to be the finest old Gothic parish church of England. It was built in the fifteenth century—is two hundred and twenty-five feet long by one hundred and twenty-five. The tower is one hundred and twenty feet with a truncated spire. In the open space in front is a monument to the brilliant but erring Chatterton. In this church he found, or said he found, the manuscripts, which shed a bright but baneful light over his short career. If he has had injustice done him here, there is a "high world beyond our own" where he will be righted. The "dim religious light," which the monument of the unhappy bard sheds upon the soul, is a fitting preparation for threading the mazes of the solemn pillared aisles, and contemplation of time stained arch, graceful mullioned windows, and mouldering tomb. Here we found the monument of Admiral Sir William Penn, father to our Penn, over which was hung his helmet and antique knightly banner. Bristol must always be interesting to an American, for there have always subsisted most amicable commercial relations between us. Sebastian Cabot sailed hence to the Western land. I have spoken of Penn,—and now the Great Western alternately anchoring in New-York or Bristol waters, seems to bring us near together. Bristol is a stirring commercial place,—has many literary and scientific institutions—several fine churches, and one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants. Hannah More has thrown a charm over the place, and in gratitude, some liberal persons of the city have erected a monument. This is not a structure of stone or marble in the usual manner, but a charity school, conducted on excellent principles, by several of the chief ladies of the city, one of whom is our relative, where the young pupil learns with her book, to reverence the name of one who so devoted herself to benefit and enlighten her countrymen and her race. In the vicinity of Bristol, upon rising ground, is built the

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pretty town of Clifton, where invalids resort to drink the waters, and imbibe health from the breezes which blow over the Downs, from whose elevation they gaze over most enchanting scenery, and far down upon the winding Avon, which I described in my last. Tearing ourselves from these smiling scenes and dear friends, we were once more whirling along in the Great Western Railway towards Somersetshire. How shall I describe the varied and beautiful landscape which greeted us as we passed over the plain of Bridgewater, with its ancient town and pretty river, and glimpses of the Severn and Welsh coast—of the many quaint little villages—of the farms, villas, cottages—of the lovely vale of Taunton, bounded by gentle rising hills, covered with summer harvests! At Taunton, we left the railroad, as it was not finished farther. This is a large town, on the Tone, with several fine towered and turreted churches, and market-house. The remains of the old Castle famous in the civil wars, and built by Ina, King of the West-Saxons, is upon one side of Castle Square, while Castle Inn, built in castellated form, is on another. Here we dined. After dinner we left Taunton in a post-coach, and penetrated the leafy groves, and hedgy pathways of luxuriant Somerset and Devon. At the residence of our relatives, we were able to appreciate the quiet luxury of English farm-life, and the comforts of those cottage-villa houses where reside the

"English gentlemen who live at home at ease."

How would an American housewife, struggling for order with her "help," luxuriate in these houses of comfort,—how would she admire the neatness and order of the apartments devoted to the butler, the laundress, the brewer,—and above all, the respectful, quick, efficient servants. An English housewife is apparently as devoid of care as her guest. As in almost every family the "help" have been either born in the mansion or have lived there the most part of their lives. In the cities, particularly, housewifery is attended with but little labor, as almost every kind of provision is obtained by giving their orders to the vender, who calls for them each morning at the door. In venturing these remarks, I intrude into no privacy, as they relate not to one mansion alone but to the many, at which it was our privilege to visit. When Sunday came, we repaired in sober array down to the village Milverton. Oh, that quaint old village of Somerset, far from the haunts of men and rail-roads, with its mossy thatched stone cottages and latticed windows, with small leaden-framed panes, embedded in a wilderness of flowers! Oh, that antique ivy-covered church, with its Norman square stone tower, sending out its Sabbath chimes, while the rooks and daws were wheeling around it as keeping time to the solemn chaunt! We passed the crumbling tombstones, and seated ourselves in the old carved oak pews, so high that only the minister in his pulpit is seen. That pulpit was of oak, richly and beautifully carved. Around the church were suspended tablets, telling that in such a year, Dame so and so, left so many hundred pounds to support so many poor children,—or, some old knight had endowed a charity school for so many more. The old organ pealed, and the charity children chaunted—the fine English service was read. When the sermon was over, and the benediction had been pronounced, the villagers quietly withdrew and many of them stationed themselves on each side the path to make a low courtesy, or bow to those, who, higher in rank, and wealth, and education than themselves, they deemed of a superior order. Bows and kind words were returned as we passed along, and they separated to linger around the graves of their fathers, or take the pathway home. Our sad leave-takings over, we sat out in the post coach of the Inn, and in an hour found ourselves at Wellington. This is a town of about four thousand inhabitants, built upon the river Tone. It gives a title to the great General, who has a large domain here. On a hill a lofty column is erected in his honor, which on Waterloo day, is surrounded by the towns-people in grand celebration. Well does Devonshire merit its fame for fertility and beauty. The fields were covered with a luxuriant crop of wheat, or clover, the homesteads were shining with flowers,—the groves and hills were rich in waving foliage, and the famous Devonshire cows, whose celebrated cream we had enjoyed so much lately, were revelling in knee-deep clover. Especially charming to me were the fragrant hedges lining the roads every where with walls of living green, from which were peeping out the brilliant scarlet corn-poppy, fox-glove, valerian, and flowers white, blue and yellow; while festooned over the whole is the white honeysuckle, so cherished in our gardens, throwing out a delicious perfume as we passed. Hundreds of miles have we ridden between these flowery hedges, never tired of admiring the profusion and beauty of the blossoms which adorn them. In the northern parts of England, these are low and smoothly clipt, but in fertile Devon and Somersetshire, they attain to a height and luxuriance which sometimes hides the prospect for miles, except where a gateway gives you a view of the scenery, each

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opening making a sweet landscape piece. I will not linger to tell of all the little villages and towns which we passed, but will arrive at once at Exeter, which we reached in time for a late dinner. In the evening we repaired to the favorite promenade of the citizens, which was near our hotel. This is the environs and ramparts of the ancient Castle of Rongemont, once the residence of the Saxon Kings, whose ruins covered with ivy present a pleasing feature in the scene. The terraces and embankments are laid out in walks, shadowed by large elms, and set with benches, from which we may look over the city and surrounding country with the windings of the river Ex. Exeter is a large county town and city, with about twenty thousand inhabitants. It has a cathedral, twenty churches and meeting-houses, session-house, county jail, infirmary, asylum, custom-house, theatre, charitable institutions, museum, etc. There is here also an institution for the education of Baptist missionaries, with a fine mission museum. Exeter carries on considerable woollen trade. It presents to an inhabitant of the new world a very curious and antique appearance. High-street, particularly, has many old houses with the second story projecting over the street, with large bow windows. Guild Hall, is a very ancient affair, of dark carved oak. The Cathedral, however, absorbed all our time. These edifices, so grand, so exquisite in detail, are so totally different from any thing we can boast, that they always excite my attentive interest, and admiration. In describing that of York, a general idea of them has been given. The grand western façade is adorned with eighty-seven statues of Kings, Abbots, and Archbishops, surrounded with beautiful carved tracery. The tombs of the celebrated family of Bohun are in this church. The chiming of city bells, and cantering of the fine troop of Scottish Greys of Waterloo memory, proclaimed this to be a festal day. My companion had been so long absent from his native shore as to have lost the run of the gala days, and asked the waiter of our inn the cause, who informed him it was the Queen's *Ascension* day. We then remembered it was the anniversary of the Sovereign's *Ascension* to the throne. We left Exeter one fine summer day, in a post-chaise for Sidmouth, on the sea coast, sixteen miles from Exeter. There can be nothing finer for travelling than an English post-chaise. It has but one seat, and in front are windows, which enable the traveller to view the scenery without dodging out at each side window.

How refreshing the sight of old ocean once more! How charming our rambles and scrambles over the cliffs, and high, green sheep downs, where we could gaze at will upon the rolling waves, some of which I delighted to fancy had touched my own far land.

The last hour of our stay, however, at pretty Sidmouth had arrived, and we seated ourselves in the large bow window of our sitting-room, in the York Hotel, to gaze out once more over the beautiful scene considered the finest on the Devonshire coast. A summer morning, bright as any of our own brilliant American days, was shining out over the ocean before us, turning the wave crests to diamonds, and throwing a silvery radiance over the white sea-spray as it dashed up upon the dark Sandstone cliffs. Upon their sloping summits the grassy carpet was spotted with white sheep, nibbling their early morning meal—the only living creature yet stirring. Soon, however, horses were led down to the bathing machines—bathers appeared from out the different lodging houses which alternate with the billiard rooms, libraries and museums, which line the beach—and the broad esplanade in front of our hotel is now alive with early walkers, and the seats which are ranged along it, occupied with those who, tired of bath or promenade, sit watching the waves curling among the pebbles below them, or the curtained bathing machines, which are dragged far out in the waves beyond. A loud horn and tramping of horses, proclaims the approach of a stage-coach and four—we are soon seated in it, and leave pretty Sidmouth far behind. I should not linger thus on the road, or we shall never reach Salisbury. At Lyme-regis we staid all that night—wandering most of the day about this *Mausoleum* of the *Lizard* family, for this is the dèpot of those wonders of geology, the Saurian family, who once dragged their huge bodies, geologists tell us, through the antediluvian mud—some sixty, and others eighty feet long. The grey limestone cliffs are full of interesting petrifactions, but the best have been taken away, and are in the British museum. The shops are filled with petrifactions of great value. This town is in Dorsetshire, and is frequented by sea-bathers. It has the usual quantity of amusements, as libraries, billiard and ball room, and contains a population between two and three thousand. The scenery, after we left this town, was magnificent. Our road lay over a style of country which is unknown with us. I allude to the chalk downs;—smooth, round, green hills, formed of chalk, but covered with a short, green herbage, mixed with thyme, a sweet, small, purple flower, much loved by the sheep. There is very little cultivation upon them, they

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being mostly used to raise sheep. The white lines which you see crossing their green surfaces, is the road. The earth is here white with chalk, the dust of which we found very disagreeable. These hills are, some of them, four hundred feet high, and when steep, required six horses to draw us up. From the summit, we caught bright glimpses of the ocean, while each valley, more verdant than the hills, contained a pretty hamlet, surmounted by the ivied tower of a grey, antique church, and rustic cottages, covered with moss-grown thatch, lighted by lattice windows, and adorned with a little garden, gay with summer flowers. Upon the summit of one of these downs, we observed two Roman encampments; one of these, Maumbury, is said to be one of the most perfect specimens in England. Near one of them was a group of the dark-visaged sons of Egypt, huddled around their cooking apparatus—the first gipsies we had seen. We stopped to look at Dorchester, the capital of Dorsetshire. A long avenue of elms and beaches led to the entrance of the principal street, up which we drove, and stopped at a large hotel. Dorchester is a pretty town, and has quite an ancient appearance. There are many churches, among which Saint Peter's is celebrated—also, meeting-houses,—charitable institutions,—town hall,—shire hall,—market-house, etc. A lady, who had been my fellow passenger, turned to me as we drove up the avenue, and said, "I suppose, of course, you mean to try the Dorchester ale, which is so celebrated."

"Is it very fine?" I asked.

"Dear me, have you never tasted Dorchester ale?"

"No, madam, nor have I ever been in this town before." She looked at me in some surprize, as my speech was not Irish nor Scotch. When I told her I came from the United States, she gazed upon me with the greatest curiosity, and with an expression which said, "is it possible that this decent-looking body, dressed very much as we are, can have come from the United States?" The country now becomes richer. Among the wheat fields, is one three miles long, which we were told belonged to his little highness, the Prince of Wales. The sheep of Dorsetshire all have horns, a peculiarity of this country, which gives them a very singular appearance. A very beautiful mansion, surrounded with smooth parks and gardens, all blooming bright, was pointed out as belonging to Lord Portman, whose lady is Lady-in-waiting to the Queen. At Blandford, we dined. It is a large town, seated on the Stour, containing about three thousand inhabitants. It has a newer look than the towns we had past, there being a new Grecian church, town hall, etc. The hotel was handsome, the rooms well furnished, and our dinner excellent. Here we left the post coach, and took post chaise to Salisbury. Upon one horse rode the postillion, in white corduroy breeches, long, white-topped boots, and blue jacket, set thick with white, pearl buttons. We were now in Wiltshire, which showed no peculiarity, except fences of wattles or rough basket work, instead of green hedges. At six o'clock we arrived at Salisbury, having travelled seventy-five miles. The coaches, however, were so easy, and roads so smooth, that we felt very little fatigue, but still were glad to see the figure of a white hart, decorated with a golden chair, standing over the portico of a large stone house, as we knew that was our resting-place, the White Hart Hotel. All taverns and hotels, in this country, are obliged to exhibit either the name, or the image or resemblance of some peculiar thing by which they may be designated. A bright June day called us forth, and we asked each other, shall we visit first the far famed Salisbury Cathedral, or drive over Salisbury Plain to wondrous Stonehenge? The cathedral was preferred, and threading many a narrow street of ancient, projecting houses, and under the remains of the old walls, we at last stood before the grey walls of this vast and majestic building, whose tall, graceful spire, carved curiously in knots and diamonds, arose four hundred feet above us. This cathedral is the only complete specimen of the early English gothic, remaining in England; it was built in 1219.

As we entered, the simplicity, the grace and purity of this exquisite temple excited our strongest admiration. The long aisles, the high-springing arches, supported by clusters of tall, slender pillars of grey marble, and the glory pouring over them from the three hundred and sixty-five windows, mostly of stained glass, produced a picture grand and solemn,—but more touching were the mouldering monuments, on which knelt or lay the figures of those who here once walked and admired and prayed, years before our own country was visited by their race. The costumes were representations of those they had worn in life, and the features were resemblances. The choir,—a portion divided by screens of oak, from the rest of the church for divine service—is one hundred and forty feet by eighty-four. Here they have departed a little from the severe simplicity of its architecture, and the carved oak canopy over the throne of the

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bishop, is beautifully carved and decorated. On the great window over the altar, is a painted representation of the Resurrection. There are some modern monuments in this church, by Chantrey and Flaxman, but I was smitten with the mania for antiquity, and cast merely a glance upon them, beautiful as they were. Among the ancient monuments is one to the Boy Bishop—in the frolicsome days of merry England, he lead the christmas revels as Abbot of Misrule. The chapter house is a curious, octagon building, used as chamber for the ecclesiastical meetings. Among other curious carving, is an ancient *bas relief*, running around the sides of the apartment, representing scripture scenes from the creation to the destruction of Pharaoh's host. From this we were shown, by our obliging guide, to the cloisters, an arcade running around four sides of a grassy court. Here the friars of old were wont to muse at evening tide, shut out from the passing world around, and while gazing at the tablets which line the walls, lift their thoughts from these memorials of their brethren who have passed away, to that eternity which they now inhabit. We had revelled in antiquity—had visited the tombs and palaces of the English kings—of Norman, Saxon and Dane, but I was now to penetrate the haunts of the Druid, and gaze with my own eyes upon Stonehenge! We drove out of town in a pretty, open, donkey chaise, over Salisbury Plain. Upon an elevation, two miles from the city, is Old Sarum, the finest remains of a Roman encampment in England. Leaving our chaise, we ascended the embankments, which are still quite perfect in places, and upon the summit, found a mass of brick and stone, last remnant of the haughty Roman. The city of Sarum or Salisbury once stood around these ruins, but was built where it now stands, seven hundred years ago. The old one has crumbled to dust. Until lately, it has sent two members to parliament, and as there was no city, the election was held in a booth under a tree, which is now shown to the traveller. This rotten borough has been abolished. From this spot is a fine view of the city of Salisbury with its cathedral and inimitable spire. Salisbury Plain is nearly thirty miles square, covered with a short grass and the sweet, purple thyme, so fragrant and so agreeable to the sheep. Over it were scattered many flocks, each guarded by a shaggy dog, and shepherd with his crook. A shepherd and his crook I had often seen in pictures, and had read of, but this was my first glance of the veritable articles themselves. We looked among them, thinking of Hannah More's old shepherd, that greatest of all philosophers, whose happy maxim was, "whatever pleases God, pleases me." Nor was dear, quaint, pious Herbert forgotten, whose footpath led over this plain to the city. We passed the pretty village of Amesbury, and the beautiful house and grounds of Sir Edmond Antrobus, and then all signs of cultivation ceases, and we find ourselves alone on a wild plain. No human being or habitation was in sight, when amid this dreary solitude, in the centre of the plain, we saw the old hoary temple of the Druids, where it had stood 'since the world began,' for aught we knew. It consists of three circles of huge, massy stones, inclosing a diameter of one hundred feet. These are fashioned by some rude instrument, to about ten feet wide, and thirty high. A row of long stones lay on the tops of these, connecting the circle, and fastened by grooves being made in the upper ones, and a spike cut out of the top of those standing. The inner circles are shorter stones. Many of them are fallen, and we were thus able to examine the grooves in the top. The outer stones are fine, white sand-stone, the next, grey gneiss, and the last, a blue, slaty stone. In the centre is a stone altar. These different circles were for different grades of priests and people, perhaps, as in the Hebrew courts, while the Arch-Druid stood in the sanctum within. It takes one's breath away to think of the ages which have passed since this extraordinary temple was erected! How many nations, and faiths, have come and gone, since that day! By choosing such imperishable materials, they deemed their fane would stand until the world should decay. And it will remain—not as they fondly hoped, to perpetuate their worship, but as a monument of their destruction; a triumphal arch for Christ! Desolate is it now—not a living creature near it,—no moss, no ivy in pity covering it; the image and superscription stamped upon it is death! How these immense masses of stone were here transported, and how erected, in those early and rude ages, is one of the wonders of Stonehenge. The worship of Greece and Rome may have been more gorgeous, and there might have been more in their beautiful temples to please the imagination of men, but there was a serene simplicity and solemnity in the Druid rites, which is far more touching and elevating to the soul. Art, with all its glorious accessories, was rejected, and they worshipped alone in nature. From their rude stone temple, they looked to the blue sky over them, and the groves of majestic oaks which waved around them. Like the ancient

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prophets of old, the Druids ruled as patriarchs and judges of the people. Their teaching was rude as their age, and consisted of a few laws,—worship the Gods, do no evil, and be heroic under difficulties. As they worshipped fire upon their altars, and believed in the transmigration of souls, built no temples, except these rude erections, and worshipped the Misletoe; they were probably disciples of Zoroaster. The Celts are supposed to be of eastern origin, and in this manner might their faith have been here transported. While on this spot, one imagines the New Year day's gathering of the sacred Misletoe—the procession of white-robed priests crowned with oak-leaf garlands—the white bull led to sacrifice—the gloom of their awe-inspiring oaks, as the train enter the "lonely coverts of the grove," and stand around the wreathed oak. The Arch-Druid then approaches, and with a golden knife, cuts the mistletoe boughs, which fall in the next priest's lap; the air is then filled with the songs of bards and triumphal rejoicing. Let us hope, with the historians, the account of their sacrifice of human life is not correct, or is a scandal of the Romans, when they wished to extingnish their faith. It lived, however, long in the hearts of the people, and some of their rites are still continued, we are told, in May-day frolics—midsummer eve—all hallow, mass, and christmas misletoe.

Original.

TO MARIA.

BY THE LATE SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

What if the awful mandate should be given,
By Him who spoke creation into birth,
To blot for ever from the map of Heaven
The polar star—would this enamored earth
Still pay its adoration to the spot
Where once it twinkled? Banish such a thought—
Nay, dear Maria, believe me, it would not.

And would the widowed needle still present
Its polished point to where that planet shone?
Would all its mystic powers be idly spent,
Its homage paid to vacancy alone,
While Love's warm star was beaming in the West?
Oh, no—its influence soon would be confest—
Till pointed there the trembler would not rest.

Such is thy heart—its favorite star is gone,
And is it doomed to tremble without rest?
Oh, must such matchless beauty rest alone,
Designed by Heaven to make a lover blest?
Oh, no, dear girl! defeat not Heaven's design,
Reward my love; oh, say thou wilt be mine,
Or give me hope, and I will not repine.

Original.

THE CARNIVAL;

OR, THE MOCK-MARRIAGE.—A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," "KYD," AND THE "QUADROON."

I.

It was the gay season of the Carnival. The streets of Vienna were thronged with motley processions, and music and the merry laugh and the voice of pleasure were substituted for the hum of commerce, the serious tones of business and the brow of care. The city had put on its holiday suit, and mirth and revelry reigned from hall to hovel. Night came and the streets were filled with maskers on their way to various places of amusement. The gorgeous hall of the Hotel de l'Empereur was lighted up with the splendor of noon, and its avenues were thronged with the carriages, and caleches of the élite; and graceful and stately women in masks, and noble appearing men, in rich costumes, alighted from them and ascended the broad stair to the hall to which they were directed by the sounds of music and revelry, that gaily reached the ear.

Beside the door stood marshals to receive the swords of the gentlemen, at the same time, according to the usual regulations, commanding each as he passed into the hall to lift his or her mask. The object of the first being to prevent blood-shedding in any chance quarrel; that of the latter to see that no improper person entered.

"Nay, Sieur Marshal, thou shalt not have my sword, nor by mine honor will I lift mask at any man's bidding."

These were the words spoken by a tall, but evidently youthful masker, representing a Venetian cavalier. The elegant and graceful costume displayed his fine person to advantage; while his lofty and haughty carriage gave an air of truth to the assumed character; for ne'er a cavalier of Venice carried himself with nobler bearing. He wore a slender rapier at his thigh; and his face was closely concealed in a black silk visor. A snowy plume depending from his velvet cap swept his left shoulder, from which his scarlet mantle, silvered with embroidered flowers, fell gracefully, as low as his breast. On his arm hung a graceful female figure, slight of form, but with a proud carriage. She wore the costume of a noble Venetian lady, and was masked in a half visor of silk, which left exposed a chin and throat of the most exquisite beauty.

The voice of the cavalier, as he answered the

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marshal, was arrogant and defying. The corridor without was thronged with maskers, waiting to enter, and regarding with surprize and curiosity the extraordinary scene.

"Nay, then, Monsieur," replied the marshal, placing his sword across the entrance, "thou shalt not pass."

"I will not be stayed by a servitor of the hall! Stand aside, marshal," answered the cavalier, fiercely; and he drew his sword and struck down the weapon that opposed his passage.

"Ho! Les gens d'armes! Ho, the guard!" shouted the marshal, and the crowd without.

"*Arrête vous*, Monsieur," challenged a second marshal within the door, placing the point of his sword at his breast.

But the bold cavalier struck it aside, and passing into the hall mingled with the throng of maskers before he could be arrested, and when the *gens d' armes* arrived he was not to be discovered with the strictest search.

Half an hour elapsed and a monk of the Capuchin order came to the door of the hall and applied for admittance. His cowl was down and his features invisible.

"Lift your mask, good father," said the marshal.

"Nay—the rule applies not to me—masks only are to be lifted," answered the Capuchin.

"But dost thou not call thy cowl a mask? It surely is, or thou art a true monk, and as such can have no business here."

"I have business here, and cannot be delayed; stand aside, son!"

The marshal awed by his voice and manner, instinctively drew aside, and the monk entered and was lost to the eye of the bewildered marshal in the crowd of maskers.

II.

The scene is in the Imperial palace. The Emperor is alone in his audience chamber, about the hour of the masquerade. His brow is troubled, and he paces up and down the apartment with his hands behind him. He suddenly stops and summons a page.

"Send M——, hither."

The order had hardly been issued and the page had not quit the presence when his Minister sent in requesting an audience.

"Admit him. Well, M——, what now?" he said, when the page departed, and closed the door leading into the anti-room. "Your manner indicates haste! Any more of this mad youth's pranks!"

"I am sorry to say that he is again the subject of my visit to your Imperial highness."

"Out with it. I have lost all patience with him. If he escapes again he shall be shot. I will give the soldiers instructions to fire upon him!"

"This would be impolitic, your highness, and bring the censure of all Europe upon you!"

"I would not care, so he were out of it. But what have you now?"

"He has again eluded the vigilance of his keepers, and has fled from the gardens, but has not left the city. I have made every inquiry and parties are secretly on the search."

"I will have Colonel—— shot for his neglect. How happened this?" demanded the Emperor, in a fierce tone of displeasure.

"He was suffered to walk in the grounds as usual, at four this afternoon, with the usual precautions of a soldier following him, and a porter-sentinel. By some means he suddenly vanished from the eyes of the soldier and sentinel, as if he had dissolved into air. The men hastened to the spot, pursued every avenue, and hunted the whole enclosure in vain. One of them then, satisfied of his prisoner's escape, turned his musket upon himself, and blew out his own brains."

"He did wisely, and only anticipated with his own hand the work another would have soon done. What of his fellow?"

"He came tremblingly to Colonel ——, and told the truth, that no further time might be lost in the search after him. He was placed under arrest, and Colonel ——, reports that at once every means were set on foot to discover the fugitive."

"And without success?"

"Not wholly, your majesty. After night closed in, and Colonel —— could yet learn nothing of him, he waited on me with his report."

"You placed him under arrest?" said the Emperor, sternly.

"No, your highness; his liberty was necessary for the present, to aid in prosecuting the search."

"As soon as you leave me, issue an order for his arrest."

"Your majesty shall be obeyed. But may it please your highness to hear me further. While he was with me, a person was announced who came in guarded by two soldiers, who had reported in the street that he saw a man descend the garden-wall by means of a grape-vine, where a Capuchin friar met him and hurried him away."

"A Capuchin! I will raise their monastery for this treason. What said the fellow further?"

"Nothing that we could act from with any cer-

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tainty. I then made no delay, but hastened to acquaint your majesty with what had occurred."

"And you have done it as quietly as if you had come to tell me the young prince's squirrel had broke his cage and taken flight. This is no light matter."

"I am aware of the importance attached to the safe custody of this young man."

"The peace of Europe, nothing less. How now, sir page!"

"General, the Count——, desires an audience with your majesty on a matter of moment."

"This may touch upon this affair, M——. Admit him. But how can he have heard of this escapade? If it is known that he has escaped, and is still in the city, there is such a romantic sympathy for him, that half the hiding closets in Vienna will be open for him. Let it be kept only among the soldiery on duty. Good even, Count! What tidings bring you that you come at this hour, and in this hurried guise into our presence?"

"I beg your majesty pardon a father's anxiety, which can give him little leisure to pay deference to time and costume. I have come hither to solicit your majesty's aid in finding my daughter. for she cannot yet have quit the city. During my absence from home two hours ago, she fled, leaving this note, saying that before I beheld her again she should be the bride of the man who had long held her heart."

"Then 'twill be a happy bridal! But I will jest not with thy grief, for we have ours also. Saw no one the flight? Suspect you no one?"

"I do not, your highness. She never had an attachment—for she is very young—save for one person, and he it cannot be."

"And who was he?" demanded the Emperor, quickly.

"The youthful French prince, your majesty's *protegé!* They often met in childhood, and occasionally since!"

"And he, and no one else has run away with your daughter!" cried the Emperor. "We have just had intelligence of his escape. It is plain enough now that Colonel —— has been outgeneraled! Love and a woman! If thy daughter be taken, she stands a chance of being arrested as a traitor, Count!"

III.

We will now go back to a period still prior to the night of the carnival. The cruel imprisonment of young Napoleon by the Austrian government, is well known to the world, and has, perhaps, more deeply moved the sympathies of the young of all nations, than the fate of any other living personage. During this imprisonment, when at the age of seventeen, he was detained for some weeks at a monastery, the garden of which adjoined that of the castle of General Count—who had an only daughter of the age of fourteen, who often came to the barrier, and by the indulgence of his keepers, talked with the prince; for she knew his story, and felt for his sad fate. They thus became acquainted, and the prince, from being grateful, became deeply enamored with the beautiful, generous-hearted girl, who, in many ways, secretly tried to soften the rigors of his imprisonment. After the prince was removed, on this very account, to closer quarters in the city, this young maiden deeply interested her confessor in his fate. Three years passed on, during which interval, by accident, she had twice met the young Napoleon, and they had interchanged glances. It was enough. Each felt that they were beloved. At length the maiden resolved to make a bold effort to effect his escape. Father —— she knew to be her firm friend, and a friend also of the unfortunate prince, for he had been in Bonaparte's army. To him she committed her plans. True to her confidence in him, he promised to second her wishes. He succeeded in corrupting the prince's confessor so far as to make him the medium of a correspondence between the two lovers. This correspondence continued for some time, when the prince declared his passion and his desire to be united with her. He was now twenty-one, she seventeen, and both were beautiful! he, tall and manly, she, lovely as womanhood in its first spring-time.

But how should he escape! how should they meet! how should they be united! how should they afterwards fly?

These were obstacles indeed, but Love is powerful, and will prevail. At length circumstances favored them. A masquerade was to take place the third night of the carnival; and this suggested an idea to her mind. She sought her confessor, and through him her plan was made known to the prince, who had, the day before, in a note written, "whenever you can find a shelter for me without, I feel confident of being able to elude my sentinels. It is not so difficult to escape from the garden as to elude observation in the street; for my person is known to every soldier in the city, for once a month my good relative, the Emperor, passes them in review, or rather me in review before them at my balcony. I have discovered a tree which I can easily ascend, (having been practising it, seemingly, for exercise,) from which extends a lateral limb

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which touches another growing from another tree. Along this I can reach the branch of a third tree, and so a fourth and fifth, 'till the last limb brings me within reach of the wall, which is a hundred feet distant from the first tree. I can pass along these limbs if I can leap unobserved into the tree, entirely concealed by the foliage. This way, if any, affords me the means of escape."

It has been seen that he availed himself of it with singular success. This is the note in reply to his, which led him to make the attempt:

"My noble friend will avail himself of the means he has explained when he next walks in the garden at four P. M. A capuchin will receive him, and conduct him to his monastery which is close at hand. There he will ascertain what further touches his safety."

The prince, on letting himself down from the wall, was hurried by the monk into the court of the monastery, and conducted to his cell. There, to his surprize, the prince beheld the disguise of a Venitian cavalier, which a note from the daughter of Count ——— desired him to assume. He obeyed, and then looked to the monk for further instructions.

"Is it your highness' desire to be wedded to the maiden who has facilitated your escape?" asked the monk.

"This would only complete the happiness of this hour of freedom," he answered, warmly. "Our hearts are one, father; why may not our hands be?"

"Then hear the plan arranged for this consummation. To-night is the great masquerade at the hotel de l' Empereur! It is planned that you accompany the young Countess ——— hither, she in the costume of a noble Venitian lady. There, I shall also be present, and during the various scenes that take place there for the amusement of the guests, you shall come up to me, and gaily propose to be united to the lady for the entertainment of the company. I will then proceed, and go through with the marriage ceremony which shall solemnly unite you."

"This is well conceived, and may succeed," said the prince; "but how shall I meet with the fair Countess Nitenne?"

"Come with me," answered the capuchin, leading the way along the shadow of the corridor to a postern, which he opened and passed through.

A few minutes' walk through the streets, which was filled with maskers, among whom they attracted no particular attention, brought them into a lane in the rear of the gardens of the General Count ———.

"Wait here a few moments, your highness," said the capuchin, unlocking a private gate, and disappearing in the garden.

Before the prince had time to grow impatient, the monk re-appeared, leading the Countess Nitenne, whom young Napoleon ardently clasped to his heart. In a minute afterwards, a carriage which the monk had provided, came up, and getting into it, they drove to the Hotel de l' Empereur, leaving the monk, who said he would soon follow.

"Your highness will not remove your mask during the evening," he added to the prince, as he took his leave.

"No," answered the prince, firmly.

IV.

"There is to be a mock marriage in the other part of the saloon," said several of the maskers; and a general movement of the crowd was made towards that quarter, to witness it. In the midst stood the Venitian cavalier and the lady, both masked, but both striking, from the grace and dignity of their persons and carriage. Near them stood the capuchin. A marble pedestal was converted into an altar, by placing upon it a crucifix and candles snatched from the candelabra.

"Kneel, children!" said the capuchin, solemnly. They knelt, and the monk proceeded to go through the service, while all the crowd stood around, observing it as they would a scene in a play.

V.

The Emperor and his minister, Metternich, and General, the Count ———, were still together, when a messenger entered, and announced an officer of the guard. He was admitted.

"Pardon, your majesty—but if the Prince Napoleon has not escaped, there is in Vienna a person whose voice and carriage are his own."

"What mean you? Of whom do you speak?"

A mask, attired as a Venitian cavalier, who entered the hall a few minutes since, as I was loitering near. He refused to lift his visor, and forced his way in, with a lady on his arm, also masked, and habited as a Venitian. His resemblance in voice and air to the prince, induced me to hasten hither to inform your majesty."

"You have done well, Colonel Necker. I give you my commands to take with you sufficient means, and arrest and bring before me this cavalier. Haste, and return soon, with him and the lady in custody. Metternich, you will also accompany him. It must be our flown bird."

"And he is as silly as a bird, to appear thus publicly. I will soon ascertain who this cavalier is, your highness."

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VI.

The ceremony of marriage was ended, and the priest was pronouncing his benediction, when a commotion was apparent in the farther part of the hall near the door, and the throng gave way in terror before the stride of Metternich and the officers of the Imperial Police.

"What means all this?" demanded Metternich of a general officer, as he came near.

"A mock marriage, prince, but, by the mass! the priest hath done it with a grace and unction as if he were in right earnest. There stand the happy couple, who, were the capuchin not a priest in masquerade, are as safely tied as ever were man and wife!"

"They are the two," said Colonel Necker."

"It is *he!* arrest them! Also the capuchin!"

The prince resisted, and drew his sword. In the melee, his mask fell off, and betrayed to all eyes the well known features of the captive prince. There was a general utterance of surprize, and a feeling of deep interest! Simultaneously, several of the maskers made a movement so as to obstruct the police, and favor his escape. He was soon separated from Prince Metternich and Colonel Necker, and before the mass could be penetrated, the bridegroom and bride had been assisted by some French officers out of the hall into a carriage. Several of the gentlemen sprung upon the box and the footboard, and it drove with rapidity to a distant part of the city, where the prince and his bride were soon in safety in a retired mansion near the walls, occupied by a French officer. Here they remained many a month, secreted, while every means were set on foot by the Emperor for their discovery, and at the same time plans were constantly forming by their friends for getting them out of the city.

At length their retreat was discovered. The prince was arrested, but his wife escaped in disguise, and reached Paris. His confinement was now more rigorous than before; the severity of which, added to his grief at the separation from his lovely and devoted wife, soon wore upon his spirits and health; and in a few months afterwards he died a captive. The Princess Nitenne, who had implored to share his captivity, and had been forcibly borne from danger by the faithful French officers, on hearing of his death, gave birth to a son, and surrendered up her life. This child, the *grandson* of Napoleon, still lives not far from Paris, a treasure dearly guarded and cherished by those who, disappointed in their hopes of his father, look forward to the day, not far distant, when France shall once more rule the nations under the destiny of a Napoleon.

Original.

THE LESSON OF OMAR.*

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

Omar and Mahmoud, were the sons of a poor man, who lived in the suburbs of Bagdad, and inherited but a trifling sum at their father's death. But fortune smiled upon the little they had, so that in a few years they became eminent merchants in Bagdad. Mahmoud was benevolent, and lived freely, entertaining strangers with unbounded hospitality; Omar was more covetous, yet it so fell out that the speculations he ventured upon to increase his wealth, diminished it sorely, and he found the strictest prudence necessary to save him from bankruptcy. In his embarrassments Mahmoud came promptly to his relief.

Ere long, as Omar had often foretold, the liberality of Mahmoud worked his ruin. Several persons for whom he had stood security, failed, and he was obliged to pay their debts. One of his ships, laden with a valuable cargo, was lost at sea; and his creditors, seeing the state of affairs, pressed for immediate payment. In his difficulties, the merchant had recourse to his brother; but to his astonishment and grief, Omar refused to give him more than five hundred zechins, that amount having been once paid over to him by Mahmoud. The soul of the generous brother was pierced by this meanness; and without a word, he returned to his house, and the next day called a meeting of his creditors. To them he delivered up all his effects, and left Bagdad with his wife and child, leaving no adieu for his unnatural brother.

It was not long before Omar felt the consequences of his barbarous conduct. His brother's failure injured his own credit; and people began to shun and distrust one who had shown himself hard-hearted towards his own flesh and blood. It seemed as if Fate had determined to avenge Mahmoud; one loss followed after another. Omar murmured bitterly, but would not ask assistance; indeed he knew not to whom to apply. He had seen his brother's summer friends scatter at the first blast of adversity, and he had always lived up to his maxim that it was safest to have no friends. At last, being without the means of paying the debts that were due, and pressed by clamorous creditors, he came to the resolution to quit Bagdad secretly, leaving his house and furniture to satisfy the most importunate claims.

* This little tale is altered from "Die Brüder" of Tieck.

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He departed at night, carrying with him a small sum of money, which alas! soon melted away. His misery increased as he saw his treasure diminish.

He had wandered close to the boundary of his native country. All his money was gone except three small coins, with which he intended to pay for supper at some caravansary; and filled with gloomy thoughts, he sought out a place where he could pass the night.

"How wretched am I!" he said to himself. "Fate is my enemy, and has resolved on my ruin. I must die, or subsist on alms; must bear the pity and scorn of those who are my inferiors. What a dreadful lot! Oh, poverty! how canst thou abase a man! Fortune! how partial art thou, and unjust! Thy favors are showered on the unworthy; the virtuous may die of hunger."

Omar forgot that he had once shared the favors of fortune. Weary of the hard rock, he took his seat on a knoll of turf beside the highway. Ere long his painful revery was disturbed by an incoherent noise; and he saw on the road a beggar walking with crutches. He was covered with squalid rags; pale and emaciated; his sunken eyes were blood-shot; and his whole appearance calculated to move compassion. He stretched out his poor, thin hand with a gesture of supplication to Omar, who asked him his name. The beggar shook his head sadly, murmured an inarticulate noise, and then Omar comprehended that he was deaf and dumb.

A thrill of pity ran through his veins. "And I—I murmured, but now!" he said to himself. Can I not labor? will not labor supply my wants? And this poor beggar—how gladly would he change places with me! I was ungrateful towards heaven!"

In the impulse of his generosity, he gave his last coins to the beggar, who after a low obeisance, moved away.

The heart of Omar felt lightened, and it seemed to him that the All merciful had vouchsafed to him this vision, to show him how miserable man can be, and to teach him content. He felt strength within him to endure and overcome poverty. He formed a thousand plans, and wished only for an opportunity to put them in practice, and prove his industry.

A little further on, a higher rock overlooked the way; and to the top of this Omar climbed, that he might survey the surrounding country. At his feet lay rich plains, diversified with streams and forests, and bounded by majestic mountains, crimsoned with the glory of the setting sun. Omar's soul expanded within him as he gazed on the beautiful scene, and he felt as if all the landscape belonged to him. "Mine are those gorgeous hills, those burnished streams," he exclaimed—"by heavenly grant, and man cannot take away this rich possession."

He sate down on the rock, resolved to go no further 'till the rising of the moon, and feasted his eyes on the beauty of nature, which he had never discerned 'till now. The crimson and gold faded from the west, the mountains grew dark, the stars, one by one came out in the clear blue sky; and Omar, by the tranquil loveliness of the scene, and by the deep silence that had fallen over the earth, lay striving to number the multitude of stars, and thinking of the majesty of that Being who had formed the heavens and hung this globe in space.

He took no note of time while thus employed, but was startled all at once by the appearance of a brilliant beam of light shooting upwards from the farthest horizon to the zenith. There in space it hung so bright that the stars grew pale before it, as it were another sun; and the heavens were filled with a soft and rosy radiance; which gradually descended to the earth. Omar saw with amazement that it overhung him like a tent, spreading over the plains and woods, and covering the mountains, while the clouds on their summits were bathed in palest gold.

"I salute thee, virtuous and compassionate one!" said a voice of the softest melody, above him; and the entranced Omar, as his ears drank in the delicious harmony, and his eyes opened to the shape of unspeakable beauty hovering in the air, knew that it was the angel Azrael. "Come," said the spirit-voice—"for Allah looks down on thee with pleasure. Come to the mansions of light."

"How can a mortal follow thee, angel of death?" asked Omar, tremblingly—and the voice answered—

"Give me thine hand."

Suddenly the vision disappeared, and it was night. Omar awoke with a shriek of agony, for he had fallen from the top of the rock, and broken his leg. The moon had just arisen, and poured her light upon the spot where he lay.

As his senses collected themselves, the unfortunate traveller began to complain more bitterly than before. "Was not my evil fate satisfied," groaned he, "but I must be beguiled by a false dream, and fall from the rock, to die here the prey of hunger? How have I deserved such accumulated misfortunes? Who is now more wretched than I?"

A rustling among the bushes interrupted him,

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and presently he saw the beggar, who had indulged himself with a short repose, pass on the road at a little distance. Omar called aloud for help, but the cripple he had succoured, could not hear; and he did not see him, because he had fallen on the other side of the rock. Again the poor merchant cursed his destiny.

As the hours of night wore on, his leg grew very painful, and fever burned in his veins; nay it seemed that every breath caused him pain. Omar thought death approaching, and recalled the deeds of his past life. Then it was that he thought of his brother, and of his own cruel conduct towards him.

"Oh, wicked Omar!" a voice seemed to say within him "you dreamed that Heaven was open to you, because moved by a generous impulse, you gave some money to a beggar; what will one good action do towards balancing a life of selfishness?"

Omar acknowledged himself guilty and lost; and wept tears of repentance. "Could I but live to ask forgiveness of God, and wish for death!"

The moon was still shining, when a small drove of camels came slowly through the valley. It was a caravan. The love of life revived in Omar's breast: he called to the men, and implored their assistance. They brought him out, and placed him on a camel, to be carried to the next town. They reached this by day break, and the merchant to whom the caravan belonged, having sent for medical help, came himself, to inquire after the sick stranger. Omar started as he recognized his brother Mahmoud. It was indeed he; and with tears and anguish, the penitent brother confessed his fault, and prayed for pardon before he should die.

"You shall not die, my brother!" cried the compassionate Mahmoud; and truly, from this moment he took the fortunes of Omar into his care. He had himself entered into a lucrative business at Ispahan, and thither, as soon as Omar recovered, the two brothers repaired. They became once more wealthy and happy; but Omar never forgot, in his prosperity, the lessons reverse had taught him.

TRUTH will ever be unpalatable to those who are determined not to relinquish error, but can never give offence to the honest and well-meaning: for the plain-dealing remonstrances of a friend differ as widely from the rancor of an enemy, as the friendly probe of a surgeon from the dagger of an assassin.

Original.

THE MYSTERIES OF PARIS.*

ITS CONSEQUENCES, WITH A MORAL—IF THE READER CAN FIND IT OUT.

NOTWITHSTANDING the opinion of certain aristocrats who take pleasure in vilifying the producing classes, it must be confessed that if they have faults of a flagrant character, they also possess qualities that are invaluable. Certes, there are but few who can say which of these two things, the flagrant faults or the rare qualities, would turn the scales, but all the world might affirm, without fear, that among the working classes, *qualified* as brutes and drunkards, there are those who, full of courage and self denial, have succeeded in raising themselves above the vulgar as much by their exemplary conduct as by their intelligence, developed by dint of laborious and painful study. The number is small we admit, but this proves that there is wanting but the assistance of the wealthy to double that number.

Unfortunately many workmen who seek to improve themselves, turn pale before the obstacles that they meet with. The body shattered by long and painful labor—deprived of elementary works proper to initiate them in the sciences they burn to master, they waste their time in useless efforts, which far from being favorable, serve but to plunge them yet deeper in that moral lethargy which envelopes the greater part of their fellow laborers. Besides, tired of studying unsuccessfully, they feed their already too much heated imagination, with unhealthy and often immoral romances. What is the result?—debauch or *désillusion!* Some become gross and perverse—others, whose minds are filled with intoxicating chimeras, lose themselves in ethereal regions, from which they are sure to fall mortally wounded.

The following recital will give your readers proof positive of the fact we have just advanced. It is a true story from beginning to end, changing only the name of the young man who is the hero of it.

In the course of last winter, Paul Bertrand, a young journeyman mechanician, left Lyons, his native city, and went to Paris to make himself perfect in his profession. Virtuously brought up by his parents, who were in easy circumstances, Paul had contracted a great repugnance for the morals of the working classes, whom he loved,

* From the French (not) of Eugene Sue.

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however, as brothers, but whose society he always avoided, fearing that his friendship for them would cool if he approached the threshold of their pleasures.

Always alone during the few moments left him by his labors, having a sort of melancholy, for the existence of which he could not account, he sought to fill up the void he felt in his life, by reading. It became a passion. Every evening after his labors he greedily devoured the *feuilleton* of some journal, and his stay at Paris, far from weakening this growing passion, gave it on the contrary greater intensity. It was his favorite pleasure—he could not sleep without having taken his *potion de lecture*. His pleasures which furnished him emotions more or less lively, had not yet drawn him into the golden land of chimeras. This came about, however, and, *voici comment :*

All the world will remember the immense success which attended the publication of the "Mysteries of Paris," from its debût. The success of this work, which the author finished but yesterday, increased from day to day. At last the "Mysteries" fell into Paul's hands, and made the most profound impression on him. Among the numerous personages of this beautiful romance, one alone particularly attracted the attention of the young mechanician ; it was that of the Goualeuse, *Fleur de Marie*. He saw her in all his dreams—in fact he had but one ever present thought, that of rescuing some lost one from the mire and making her his own.

One evening, when his imagination was filled with this idea, and he was about entering the narrow dark alley, at the bottom of which was the staircase that led to his small apartment, he heard a piercing cry, which arrested him on the threshold. He hurried immediately to the spot from which the cry came, and there saw a young girl extended upon the pavement, and a little further on a retreating coach, the horses of which were receiving rather a vigorous supply of the whip. He bent over the young girl and found her in a swoon. Then throwing a glance through the whole length of the street, he saw that all the stores were closed. For an instant he knew not what to do, but thinking it would be inhuman to leave the young girl in that state, he took her up carefully in his powerful arms ; then mounting slowly the flight of stairs that led to his chamber, he placed her on his bed and was prodigal of his eager cares.

For a quarter of an hour, "there or thereabouts," his anxiety received no reward, but anon the young girl opened her eyes. Then throwing a glance expressive of suffering around her, and seeing Paul who was watching her with the most painful interest, she exclaimed :

"Who are you, Monsieur? Who brought me here?"

"Re-assure yourself, Mademoiselle," replied Paul, with a trembling voice; "you are in my apartments, where you will receive all the respect you so well merit. Just now while on the point of entering this house, I found you in a swoon in the street, and as every other place was closed, I thought it would be better to bring you here than to go to others for aid, which they would probably have refused——"

"Oh! Ah, yes—yes! Now I remember," interrupted the unknown, at the same time passing her hand over her forehead. "Yes, I remember—a coach upset me and I felt a pain so powerful, so—sharp—that I immediately lost all my senses——"

Saying this, the young girl made a slight movement, and immediately uttered a plaintive cry.

"Ah, what is the matter, Mademoiselle," asked Paul, with anxiety.

"It is here, Monsieur," replied the unknown, pointing to her right leg. "Ah, what terrible suffering! My leg is broken! Gracious heavens! What will become of me! What shall I do?"

"Console yourself, Mademoiselle, your misfortune is not so great as you think it is. It is now late, take some repose, and to-morrow you shall tell me the residence of your parents, to whom I will conduct you."

"My parents?" replied the girl, weeping, "I have none left—I am alone in the world."

"*Grand Dieu!* You an orphan!—but you have a home?—*un état?*—what do you do then?"

"What do I do?" replied the young girl, hesitating, "what do I do?—but after all you are too good a young man that I should make a secret of my life. My name is Clara, and as to my profession, read that and you will know me entirely." She drew a paper from her pocket, and gave it to the young man.

Paul threw his eyes on the paper and remained stupified.

For several moments there was a melancholy silence, during which nothing was heard but the sighs of Paul and the sobs of Clara.

"Do you regret the pity with which I have inspired you?" said the young girl, at last, and in a tone at once sad and disdainful.

"Oh, no!" replied Paul, approaching her. "No! whatever your profession may be, you

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are a woman, and that title alone is sufficient to claim my pity. And then," continued he, feeling his favorite dream agitating him, "I do not share on this point the prejudices of other men—if you can listen to me you will perhaps have quite a different opinion of me."

Paul recollected or fell back upon himself for a moment, then breaking silence, he opened his heart to the young girl. He told of the dream that unceasingly haunted him; he spoke to her of the happiness, the glory, he should experience in making of the vile and despised girl a virtuous and respected woman; then he spoke of the passion he would have for her, and the joy that he should experience if, as a reward for his good attempts, she would return his passion with equal depth, and as sincerely as he felt he should.

During this recital, of which we have given but a faint idea, Paul saw not the efforts made by Clara to conceal her laughter. When he stopped he turned towards her his eyes which, during his passionate declaration, had been fixed on the ground.

"It is a noble project," she replied, "and if your choice has fallen upon me, my whole life will not suffice to show you my gratitude!"

"You accept then, Mademoiselle?"

"Can you doubt it, Monsieur?" exclaimed Clara.

"Then I am the happiest of men, and you the best of women," cried Paul with enthusiasm, "but," replied he, squeezing her hands with tenderness, "you have need of repose—rest then and to-morrow early in the morning, I will procure you a gown, of which you stand in need, as this is covered with mud."

"Adieu then, *Mon Sauveur!*"

"Adieu, my *Fleur de Marie!*"

Clara answered Paul with a tender regard, then closing her handsome black eyes, she tried to sleep. For some moments she sighed like one in insupportable pain; but by little and little her sighs ceased, and her calm and regular respiration induced Paul to think she slept.

At early dawn, the moment that day-light appeared, he stole softly out of the room and hastened to purchase some *effets* for his tender *Goualeuse*, as he delighted to call her. Diligent as he was, he was absent two hours. When he returned, out of breath and heated, what was his surprize to find Clara gone. He had not yet recovered from his surprize, when he discovered upon his table a scrap of paper, upon which some lines were written, that were yet moist. He threw his eyes over them and read the following:

"My Dear Friend:

I have reflected upon the offer made by you to me, and it is with pain that I see it will be impossible for me to accept it. I thank you sincerely, and to prove to you my profound gratitude, I take from your *commode* all your money, of which I have great need, and your watch, which I will keep—as a *souvenir* of you—or at least until misfortune shall compel me to take it to my *uncle*.

I thank you for your trouble, and kiss you on both hands.

Thy affectionate

Clara."

This epistle gave a mortal blow to Paul's imagination; his illusions were stripped of all their leaves, and he remained in his room for several days without eating. Winter set in; business languished, and the workshops of Paris threw two-thirds of their workmen on the pavé. The *patron* to whom our hero had been recommended, profited by his want of attention to get rid of him. The poor young man, crushed by his misfortune, without employment, delivered up as it were to himself, associated with other unemployed workmen, for relaxation. They took him to the *barriéres*, and soon spent for him the little money he had left. By and by he imitated them in their habits of intoxication, and the first step once taken, he threw himself body and soul into the drunkard's ways.

Drunkenness often renewed exhausts the faculties of the mind. This misfortune fell upon Paul; his warm imagination became frozen, and gone is his extreme sensibility, which like the rose shut itself up from contact with impure air, now—for he still exists—he now labors merely for the gratification of the grossest instincts of his nature.

Here would terminate this veritable history, if we had not just learned that Paul, while passing the *Palais-de-Justice* a few days since, recognized Clara in custody with five or six other women. On again seeing her he experienced no emotion; he merely remarked to some one with him:—

"Stop! strange! look at the third one; about a year ago she slipped off with my watch and money."

S. N.

ORIGIN OF GOVERNMENT AND LAWS.

The same self-love, in all becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, Government and Laws.
For, what one likes if others like as well,
What serves one will, when many wills rebel?
How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake,
A weaker may surprize, a stronger take?
His safety must his liberty restrain:
All join to guard what each desires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus by self-defence,
Even Kings learn'd justice and benevolence:
Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
And found the private in the public good.—*Pope.*

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Original.

VALLEY OF THE CONNECTICUT.*

The American who neglects an acquaintance with the magnificent natural beauties of his native land, to pine for foreign scenes, or to exhaust his youth in traversing Europe, without aim or purpose, other than the pitiful vanity of being considered "travelled," exhibits a puerility of mind and want of true appreciation of the sublime and beautiful, really deplorable. Scattered broadcast by the lavish hand of the Creator all over our beautiful country, are to be found every variety of natural beauty under heaven, and in the very highest form of development—from the thundering Niagara to the sweet lake locked in amongst the fragrant hills, asleep since creation dawned over chaos—from the wild and terrific fastnesses of the Alleghanies, or the remoter Rocky Mountains, to the smiling and peaceful valley, crowned with the labors of the merry husbandman, and musical with the hum of bees. In climate, too, the United States embraces the invigorating atmosphere of the sparkling and frozen north—the fruitful and expansive breezes of the temperate regions, and the bland velvet skies, the dreamy clouds and orange-blossom air, the fierce sun and terrific tempests, of the tropics. With all these advantages—and with his dearly beloved "flower-flag" floating on every breeze, and the sounds of free, happy, prosperous industry greeting him on every side, and extending to him the warm welcome of a fellow countryman's hospitality—and protected in person and property from all annoyance, extortion or oppression, and with the proud consciousness every where swelling his bosom, "this is my own, my native land,"—why will the mere traveller for pleasure leave his country behind him, and plunge into all the countless and inexpressible vexations of European travel? The passports—the custom-houses—the extortion every where mercilessly practised as a system—the wretchedness and beggary of the people—the meanness and sordid poverty of governments—the difference of manners, habits of thought, modes of life—the absence from all one holds dear—these, it would seem to us, are a potent *disenchanter* of the delights of European tour-making.

However, our motive at present is not to disparage Europe or European travelling, but simply to draw the attention of our readers to one of the most remarkable scenes to be found in the beautiful valley of the Connecticut—admitted on all hands to be as sweet a spot as ever the sun shone upon. The whole course of that river, from its source in the White Mountains to its *debouchure*, is one continuous panorama of magnificent landscapes, relieved by the silver winding of the river, which glides like a sluggish serpent amid the heavy and luxuriant verdure.

Mount Holyoke is a bold and picturesque bluff, bare on the face towards the water, situated on the east shore of the river, opposite the romantic and lovely village of Northampton. The elevation of Mount Holyoke is about eleven hundred feet above the level of the river, and the horizon embraced by the natural vision from its summit is about sixty miles in diameter—including Mount Tom, Northampton, Pascommuc, and several smaller villages, on the west bank of the Connecticut, and on the eastern shore, the exquisitely lovely village of Old Hadley—a small hamlet at the foot of the mountain, called Hoccanum, and several other well known localities.

Northampton, the principal feature of this splendid scene, so far as civilization is concerned, was called Nonotuc by the Indians, and was first purchased in 1653, by John Pyncheon, of six Indian chiefs and one squaw, for "one hundred fathom of wampum by tale, and ten coats,"—and embraced a beautiful and fertile territory of something over ninety square miles! Truly, "real estate" has "riz," since this purchase was accomplished!

The history of the settlement of Northampton presents nothing peculiar. Fights with the Indians, robbery, peril, fear, captivity, and at length the extermination of the red man, were the usual course of events which transpired at the foot of old Mount Holyoke and across the blue and glassy river that wantons around its base, turning and returning upon its path, as if reluctant to leave so fair a scene—as fresh and undimmed in its surpassing charms as when it came first from beneath the hand of the Creator.

A wit is a very unpopular denomination, as it carries terror along with it; and people in general are as much afraid of a live wit in company, as a woman of a gun which she thinks may go off of itself, and do her mischief. Their acquaintance is, however, worth seeking, and their company worth frequenting; but not exclusively of others, nor to such a degree as to be considered only as one of that particular set.—*Chesterfield.*

* See Plate II.

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Original.

A TALE OF THE MOORS.

BY MISS H. J. WOODMAN.

"In the year 1820, when Ismael, a native of Malaga, was King of Granada, the Infant Don Juan, Senor of Vizaya, while hastily retreating from the Vega of Granada, fell dead from his horse, and owing to their speed, and the darkness of the night, it was not perceived by his followers. The body was found by some Moorish cavaliers, who, informing the king of the fact, he ordered it to be brought to Granada, and placed it in the noblest hall of the Alhambra, in a splendid coffin, covered with costly cloth of gold, and surrounded with numerous torches of wax. There he assembled all the Moorish nobles and cavaliers, and all the christian captives, commanding them to offer christian prayers for the soul of the deceased. He then sent the body with noble pomp and attendance to the family of Don Juan, who resided at Cordova."

'Twas night upon the hills of Spain,
And through the darkness fled the train
Of Don Juan, nor heeded they
That on the turf their leader lay.
They missed him not amid the throng
That fled like frighted deer along.
They saw not that he reeled and fell
Far down in a romantic dell,
Where the pale moonbeams never fall
To gild the gloom, which like a pall
Hung o'er the soldier's grassy bed,
And curtained well that princely head!
His dying hand essayed in vain
To raise the cross, that once again
Unto his lips the holy thing
In a long, sweet embrace might cling.
His faithful horse refused to fly,
And stood, lone watcher, meekly by!
One star sent down its holy ray
Upon the bed where Juan lay;
And he who thought with human pride
In his ancestrel halls to 'bide
The coming of the shadowy king,
Must perish here like worthless thing!
And from that lone, sequestered place,
His soul was called the path to trace,
Which ne'er permits its pilgrim guest
To share again in earth's unrest!
Mourning within his princely halls!
And one pale mourner wildly calls
Her chieftain to return once more,
That she may bless him o'er and o'er!
Alas! she well might envy now
The placid quiet of that brow,
Which ne'er will feel the pressure more
Of helmet which he proudly wore!
See in the court-yard with the speed
Of arrow winged, comes Julian's steed!
His jetty coat is dashed with foam—
He neighs a welcome to his home,
Then drops his arching neck, and lo!
He stands like one opprest with wo!
"Without a rider! oh, my God!
Juan lies bleeding on the sod!
Haste ye! if saddle, girth, or rein
Bear one foul mark or bloody stain,
Then mount your horses and away,
Avenge your master's death this day!
But if a captive to the Moor,
With proffered gold and gems allure
The craving scoffer to release
A prince of Spain in health and peace!
Spare not, but drain our coffer's wealth
So he return in peace and health!
Not dead! no, no, my thoughts are dim!
Death cannot claim one loved like him!
And, Holy Mother! to his soul
Whisper the love that mocks control,
And weeps and watches day by day—
Whose only solace is to pray!
I give him to thy holy care—
Mother of Bethlehem's infant, spare!"
So spake Don Juan's lovely bride,
Then turned, her flowing tears to hide,
And knelt beside the altar dim,
In speechless agony for him!
Scarce had Don Juan closed his eyes,
When a dark throng in mute surprize
Were gather'd round with gleaming blades,
And torches flashing through the shades!
The noble horse around him threw
A fiery glance, then onward flew
Through mountain pass and forest shade—
O'er hill-tops where the moonbeams played,
'Till at the palace gate he stood
Covered with foam, in restless mood!
The swarthy band round Juan closed,
And torches to their view disclosed
The placid features of the chief,
Unmarked by any show of grief.
As stern in death the look he wore
As when his vassals proudly bore
His splendid banner to the field,
Whose folds no spot of shame revealed!
They knelt around the sacred dead,
And from the turf upraised his head,
And bore him silently along—
A hushed and strange funereal throng.
He was a foeman, but they knew
A warrior so renowned and true,
And scorned the littleness to show
An insult to a harmless foe!

They reached Alhambra's lofty towers,
Through orange groves and perfumed bowers;
And in the more than regal hall,
With cloth of gold—a kingly pall,
And torches on his sleep to shed
A light that could not reach the dead!
They left him sweetly sleeping there,
Unmindful of the pomp and glare
That spoke the boundless wealth of those,
Who treated him like kingly foe!
"Summon the nobles of the land,
And all the captive Christian band!
'Tis fit that Christian prince and knight,
Receive from those his burial rite,

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Who speak his language and adore
The cross which he in triumph wore!"
Thus spake the Moorish monarch, while
His voice rang through the noble pile.
Then at his bidding quickly came
His nobles, rich in martial fame,
And decked in vesture richly wrought
With jewels, blood and valor bought.
Then with a solemn step and slow,
With hands bowed down in tearful wo,
The Christian captives knelt around
The prostrate prince in grief profound!

"And thus to meet," at length they said,
"The captive kneeling to the dead!
Thou scion of a royal line,
How can thy country well resign
The hopes that mingled with thy fate,
Now sadly dark and desolate!
And thy sweet bride,—how waits she now
To part the damp locks from thy brow,
And tell thee in love's holy strain,
How much of anguish must remain
With those who blend not with the fight,
But watch and pray by day and night!
Blest virgin! in her widowed lot
Don Juan's bride is not forgot!
Thou art the hapless mourner's friend,
We pray thee on her path attend!"
And now they chant the service o'er,
And consecrated water pour,
And waft the curling incense round,
While all is hushed in peace profound!
Then a fitful wail arose,
And anon the lofty arches rung
With the hymn the captive mourners sung,
As the sacred rite they close!

DIRGE.

A requiem for the dead!
Solemn and slow for a spirit fled—
For a chieftain on his bier!
His banner waves o'er his dreamless rest;
His shield still covers his pulseless breast!
What doth the sleeper here?

There is mourning now for him,
And tearful eyes are with mourning dim!
Shall he return no more?
Oh! yield him back to his father-land,
To sleep with a brave and princely band
Who ruled in days of yore!

For him there is perfect peace!
From pain and care he hath found release!
But the captive still must pray,
And pine, and weep in his wan despair,
And die unshrived by the voice of prayer,
And sleep with unhallowed clay!

We mourn not for the dead!
But solemn and slow shall the prayer be said
For the living and bereft!
Bear him away! He will wake no more
To the trumpet-note, for his toils are o'er;
But the breaking hearts are left!

The service ended, forth they go
To chains and servitude and wo!
But one pure ray of tranquil light
Shot o'er their spirits' frowning night—
Don Juan would at length repose
In hallowed ground untrod by foes!
And soon a long and courtly train
Went winding slowly o'er the plain.
Nor halted, 'till the palace-gate,
Where the proud charger stood so late,
Opens anew that Juan's bier
Might leave its precious burden here!

And now the Moorish nobles stood
Round the pale corse in pensive mood:
Then came a piercing shriek, and sprung
The widowed bride those forms among.
"Blessings upon ye for my dead!
Soft be the turf where'er ye tread!
Peaceful your death, and homes of love
Be ready for your souls above!"
Then like a broken flower she fell.—
Such depths of anguish, who can tell!

Then bounding to their saddles, flew
The dark-browed throng with tidings true,
Back to Granada's land of kings
Whose harps knew no discordant strings;
Whose wealth and valor shall no more
Bid nations tremble as of yore!

Boston, Mass.

Original.

SONNET.—MANHOOD.

BY MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

THE steadfast sweep of the mighty storm
As it tosses high the waves,
The breaker's huge and foam-capt form
As the rock's cold side it braves;
The endurance stern of Sorrow's heir
As his earlier hopes are flown,
The eagle's scream in his mountain lair
As the feast of blood is shown;
The tramp of men on the battle-field,
Where the fruits of strife are death,
The cry by anguished pilgrims pealed
Where the monsoon pours its breath:
These, if aright the truth we scan,
Make up the hurried life of MAN!

Philadelphia, 1843.

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Original.

THE BRIDAL ROBE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"Can this be death? there's bloom upon her cheek:—
* * * * * *
It is the same:—oh, God! that I should dread
To look upon her beauty!"—*Manfred.*

NEVER had a more brilliant fête been witnessed, even in festival-loving Mexico, than that which was held in honor of the nuptials of Count Alvarez da Carrero with the young and lovely Celestina d'Atayde. The bridegroom was young, rich, well-born and eminently handsome. The bride was one of the loveliest of her sex, and the attributes of rank and fortune were to her but as the golden setting of a picture, which, in itself, would have been priceless. Educated in the seclusion of a convent, she had known nothing of the world, until, at the age of eighteen, she emerged from her retirement, an affianced bride. An arrangement had been made, in which, as usual, the inclinations of the parties most interested had been the last thing considered, and Count Alvarez, having satisfied himself, by ocular demonstration, of the beauty of his destined bride, offered no opposition to the plan. But Love is a plant of rapid growth in fervid climes. It needed but a few interviews between the betrothed, to convert policy into passion, and the count was soon as devoted a lover as ever knelt at woman's shrine.

The young Celestina was full of romance; her heart was abounding in unappropriated sentiment, and many a beautiful dream had she woven in her convent home, of mutual love and reciprocal affection. To her ardent fancy, her fairest vision seemed realized in the person of her affianced husband. The flash of his wild, bright eyes was as sunshine, and the tones of his rich voice as music to her soul. She was in a trance of happiness, and earth was all fairy-land to one whose hopes were so near their perfect fulfilment.

The charge of providing all things suitable to the rank of the parties was gladly assumed by their haughty relatives, and nothing that wealth could afford of pomp and magnificence, was wanting. The mother of Celestina had long been noted for the excessive vanity which led her ever to outshine her compeers in dress and equipage, and now, the energies of a spirit, which ever wasted itself upon small things, were exerted to excel all others in the splendor of her preparations. But the bridal robe—that object of especial interest on such occasions to all who feel a pride in the bride's appearance,—was the chief object of the mother's care. She resolved to devise something which had not before been seen in Mexico, and for this purpose the utmost secresy was preserved respecting it. The gossips were all at fault; in place of finding the bride's dress and ornaments exhibited, as usual, to all admiring friends during the whole week previous to the nuptials, no one was admitted into the apartment where was secured the gorgeous paraphernalia. It was said that the richest looms in Europe had been taxed to furnish the fabric of this superb dress; but all was conjecture,—no one really knew any thing about the matter, and it may be conceived how much interest was therefore awakened in a community of frivolous and unoccupied women.

Never had a more brilliant assemblage of rank and beauty been drawn together in Mexico, than were now met to do honor to the noble pair. There is perhaps no city in the world where magnificence in dress is carried to such an extent as in that ancient capital of a rich kingdom, and there was no lack of display on the present occasion. Diamonds, (the only precious stone which a Mexican lady condescends to wear,) flashed a second sunshine over the scene, and the dark eyes of the stately dames were almost outshone by the brightness of the gems which sparkled in their raven tresses. But foremost in beauty appeared the youthful bride. Her classical features, the exquisite beauty of her full, dark eyes, the curve of her small mouth, the exceeding grace of her tall and noble figure, were acknowledged by all who looked upon her loveliness. To the eyes of her own sex, however, she offered an attraction far exceeding her personal beauty. That dress was at last exhibited, and words were found to be quite inadequate in the praise of its unique beauty. It was a robe of rich lace, so delicate in its texture, that it might well be called 'woven air,' while the tracery which covered its transparent surface, was like nothing, so much as the inimitable arabesques that in northern climes are wrought by the night-frost upon a window-pane. The drapery which ornamented the skirt, was looped by knots of gold fillagree, so exquisitely wrought, and of such pure metal, that they were as pliable as if formed of silken ribbon, while pearls of great size and purity were set in the interstices of their network, and a single diamond formed the centre of each. The same rich ornaments looped the full, hanging sleeves, through which the white arms of the lovely wearer gleamed like moonlight through a mist. Nothing could be ima-

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gined more surpassingly beautiful than the effect of this fantastic but superb attire. The ladies well knew that however costly might be the pearls and diamonds lavished upon its adornments, yet the lace, so fine, so exceedingly delicate, and yet so richly wrought, that it seemed to have been the work of fairy hands, was far more valuable than all the gems. The men looked upon the loveliness of the bride until they could have envied the bridegroom his happiness, but the ladies felt their hearts burn with desire to possess so exquisite a dress, and they forgot even to be jealous of the face which excelled all others. For a whole week after the nuptials, nothing was talked of among the Mexican ladies but this magnificent dress, and though it was not again seen at any of the gay festas which followed, yet its rare beauty and costliness were not soon forgotten.

A year passed away, and a second grand fête gathered a crowd of gay friends in the hospitable mansion of Count Alvarez. An heir to the honors of his noble house had been born, and the christening was expected to exceed in splendor the nuptials which were yet so vividly remembered. Nor was public expectation disappointed, for the banquet and the ball, the concert and the fireworks were alike inimitable. Foremost still in beauty appeared the lovely countess, and now, for the *second time*, she wore her bridal robe. Not a fold of its rich texture seemed to have been displaced, and the eyes of the observers followed with delight the beautiful woman as she glided gracefully among her guests, while her delicate drapery enveloped her like a half-veiling atmosphere of light.

Yet there were some present who fancied that her beauty had lost something of its brilliancy during the interval which had elapsed since first she wore that bridal robe. There were some who noted that the healthful tint of quiet happiness which once painted her smooth cheek, had given place to a bright burning spot that told of feverish excitement rather than content. Her eye was keener and more restless in its glances, and there was an unquiet drooping of her heavy lids, as if tears lurked beneath their shadow. Yet only those who possessed the power of deep discernment, the faculty of reading the soul, could have seen aught but joy in the beaming face of the youthful countess.

Alas! how little to be desired is the power which enables one to look beneath the smiling surface of life! how fatal is the gift which brings before the mental vision those dark and creeping things which lie beneath the flowers and verdure of our daily path! Sorrowful is the lot of him whose eyes have been touched with the fairy wand of disenchantment, and who finds the trail of the serpent even in Paradise. Sorrowful indeed the lot of him, who may not rest his gaze upon the calm surface of a summer sea, but is compelled by a mysterious power, which he cannot resist, to look down into the deep, dark depths of sin and sorrow. By suffering alone is won this fearful faculty, and in suffering, only, is its power perfected. A weary gift is that second-sight which can foresee the coming sorrow, but far more fatal is the gift of inner vision which can perceive the melancholy of the smiling present.

Such a seer might have read in the bright and beautiful face of the countess a tale, perhaps but too common, of disappointed hopes. Like all earnest and imaginative persons, she had imaged a vision of such perfect happiness as never can exist on earth. She had fancied that unselfish devotion, unchanging constancy and undeviating tenderness were as inherent in the fervent passion of man's nature as they are in the deep affection of woman's heart. Love was, with her, religion, —the religion of a pure, unsullied breast. She had given up her whole soul to this engrossing faith, and she had met a woman's reward.

The count was high-minded and honorable, passionate in his feelings, and impetuous in his will. His impulses had ever been the guides of his conduct, and he had never looked into his own nature to learn its mysteries of good or evil. Volatile and fickle in all his feelings, unstable in principle, and possessing an insatiable love for pleasure, he was little likely to realize a woman's dream of devoted love. He had surrounded his wife with every luxury, he had worshipped her with that delicious homage which so intoxicates and enervates the heart of the idol at whose feet such incense is poured out,—he had imbued her with the knowledge of what passionate love might be even in this cold world,—and then the purple glow of passion grew dim in the sunshine of enjoyment. He became weary of the monotony of happiness, and the restless excitement of a life of daily-changing amusements drew him abroad into the world. The birth of his son awakened in him the pride and pleasure of paternity, and, for a time, he seemed to return to the heart-joys of domestic life. But the countess had learned a lesson of distrust, and this transient gleam of happiness could not revive the freshness and bloom of her withering hopes. Her bridal robe had once been folded over a bosom filled with hope and joy,—now it veiled the dull throbbings of a heart which lay in the iron grasp of disappointment.

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Another year passed on, and again were friends assembled in the richly-garnished apartments of Count Alvarez. It was the anniversary of his bridal day. Yet the guests looked not like those who had met to celebrate a festival. Alas! sad indeed was the occasion which had again summoned the assembled throng. In a room hung with black, and decorated with all the insignia of mourning, stood a bier, on which, extended in utter lifelessness, lay the lovely countess. Again, and for the last time, she wore her bridal robe. It was the custom of the land to bury the dead in their richest attire, and the mother's grief had found something of solace in thus decking the form of her child in its priceless array. That magnificent dress which had excited the admiration and the envy of so many, was now folded over the rigid form, which even in death had not lost its graceful outline. Those snowy pearls whose hue was yet unsullied by the breath of time,—that fine gold, yet undimmed as when it came from the hands of the cunning workman,—those diamonds glistening like tears amid the drapery which swept stirlessly down from the fixed and stony figure,—all were now the adornments of the bride of death,—the vain decorations of one who must now lie down with the worm.

How beautiful she was as she lay upon that funeral couch! with her thick, black tresses bound, as on her marriage day, with a tiara of diamonds,—her delicate hands, sparkling with gems, laid meekly on her breast; her rich robe with its glittering ornaments; and her small feet, clad in jewelled slippers, crossed with a sort of childish grace, she seemed like some fair creature, who, weary with the merry dance, had lain down to slumber in the very moment of enjoyment. Beautiful was the curve of those long, black lashes, shadowing the white cheek,—beautiful the smile which parted those sweet lips,—beautiful the repose of that young, fair brow. Yet this was death! Those eyes would never again lift up with tenderness,—that cheek would no more kindle with the blush of womanly feeling. She was dead!—the victim of unregulated sensibility,—the martyr to an unrewarded faith.

The mother sat beside the bier, and ever and anon, her hand would adjust the folds of that gorgeous death-robe, or smooth caressingly the rich braids of raven hair, which she had so often adorned for the festival or the banquet. No tears fell from eyes whose fountain time had sealed, but in cold, calm, unutterable agony of soul, she watched beside her dead child; her habitudes of thought and action unconsciously showing themselves in the occasional arrangement of her funeral array.

The countess was borne to her grave amid the tears of all who loved her, while the grief of the bereaved husband was in full proportion to his consciousness of previous neglect; and he mourned over that which was lost to him for ever, with the passionate grief of a child who weeps for the toy his own hand has destroyed. Within the dim aisles of the cathedral, the bier reposed before the great altar. The mass was sung,—the services of the holy church performed, and a solemn requiem for the soul of the departed echoed sweetly and mournfully beneath the lofty arches of the sacred dome. Then came the moment of farewell. All pressed forward to look their last upon the beautiful dead; one tearful glance was all that could now be allowed, and, as the shades of evening fell over the mournful scene, the portals of the vaulted tomb closed upon the fairest form that ever death embraced.

—

Many months had elapsed, and the untimely fate of the Countess Alvarez had been forgotten in a thousand new excitements. Even those who loved her best seemed to have found solace in their wonted habits of life, for her mother was again seen in the gay festas and at the gorgeous spectacle, while the count had returned to the excitements of the wine-cup and the gambling table. He had wedded again, and his new bride had a stateliness of demeanor, and a sternness of aspect which little resembled the gentle loveliness of her predecessor. No one doubted that the count had been tempted by his lady's wealth, which his diminished coffers sadly needed, and few, therefore, were surprized that the cloud which had gathered over his brow when he gave his fairer bride into the keeping of death, should deepen and darken, instead of being dissipated by the smiles of his newly chosen partner. The present countess possessed a turbulent temper, and an indomitable will. There was nothing of the gentle, loving woman, in her hard, cold nature, and as time advanced, the count found deeper reason to remember with tenderness the wasted affection of her who was gone for ever. Wayward and fickle as Alvarez had ever been, there were yet glimpses of better things in his nature, which might have been developed, had he early fallen under nobler influences. His love for the dead seemed now to hallow the inmost recesses of his heart, and profligate and reckless as he seemed, he now sought the cup of pleasure rather to drown painful thoughts, than from actual enjoyment of its draught.

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Moods of melancholy came upon him, when despondency was like an incubus upon his soul. He grew morbid and irritable, his physical strength seemed to fail, and his vigor of mind decayed. His noble beauty of visage was marred by lines of painful thought, and there were not wanting persons who remembered that the blood of his family bore a fearful taint. His grandfather had died a raving maniac, and his father had shown a degree of eccentricity, which, but for his early death, might have developed in utter abberration of mind.

It was under the influence of one of his fits of gloom, that the count suffered himself to be persuaded to accompany a large party to the theatre. A new opera troupe had just arrived from Havana, and the prima donna was said to be not only beautiful, but also gifted with a voice of the most exquisite melody. No one had yet heard her, for Mademoiselle Pauline had refused to admit any one to the rehearsals which preceded her appearance. She was a sort of feminine Napoleon in her limited sphere, and relied upon the first grand effective movement to win success. She wished to carry her audience by sudden surprize, and therefore she resolutely concealed herself from all eyes and ears, until she should appear amid the gorgeous accessories of scenic splendor.

The theatre was crowded,—the walls seemed literally lined with expectant faces, and all eyes were bent with eager gaze upon the dark curtain which shrouded the beautiful actress from view. The opera was a favorite one, and at the conclusion of the brilliant overture, the bravas of the delighted audience resounded on all sides. Suddenly the music changed, and all became still as death. A tender and beautiful melody ushered in the heroine of the night, and as the curtain slowly rose, there stood revealed by the soft light which illumined the stage, *the living semblance of the buried Countess Alvarez!* The similitude was perfect,—the black hair wreathed with diamonds,—the white arms half hidden in their veiling drapery,—the fine form decked in that peculiar and inimitable robe, with its many gems sparkling in the rich and flowing folds,—all was the same;—it was the countess as she had appeared on her bridal eve,—it was the countess as she looked upon her funeral bier!

A murmur of horror ran through the gay assembly, but high over all the sounds rang out the cry of mortal agony and terror, as Count Alvarez, fell, in the fierce struggles of a strong convulsion. The theatre was instantly a scene c o nfusion. Some gathered round the unhappy Count, whose livid lips were wreathed with foam and blood, while others sprang upon the stage and eagerly surrounded the terrified actress, and others again shrunk in superstitious awe from her whom they believed to be risen from her sealed grave.

The mystery was soon solved in the presence of the ministers of justice, before whom the unconscious Pauline was carried, to give an explanation of this strange apparition. The poor girl, ignorant of the nature of her error, was sadly alarmed, but the simplicity with which she related her story soon exonerated her from all censure; while a nearer observation of her faded and tarnished countenance destroyed much of that frightful similitude which her attire and the illusion of distance had occasioned. But her dress was actually the robe in which the Countess had thrice been seen. The sacristan of the church into whose care the keys of the burial vaults were always entrusted, had found avarice too strong for principle. The custom of burying the dead in all their richest jewels, had long before tempted him to commit the sacrilege of robbing their tombs, and scarcely had the friends of the fair young Countess left her to the repose of the grave, when the wretch had despoiled her lifeless body of its costly vestment. By the aid of a confederate, the dress with all its decorations had been sent to Havana, where it was supposed it might safely be exposed for sale, and falling in the way of the admired actress, who was as extravagant as she was vain, she had purchased it at a price far below its real value, and certainly without being made acquainted with its previous destination.

But Count Alvarez had received a shock from which he never recovered. A severe and prolonged attack of brain-fever reduced him to a degree of imbecility of mind almost approaching to idiocy. He fancied the apparition of his buried wife was ever beside him, and he would talk with the airy phantom as if it had been the real living and breathing Celestina, who had long since mouldered in the grave. For five years he lived, a quiet, harmless monomaniac, as feeble in body as in mind, but nothing could ever again restore his faculties to their wonted vigor, or dissipate the delusion which made him happy in the fanciful possession of her whom he had lost.

(*Note.*—The incident upon which the foregoing tale is founded may be seen in Madame de la Barca's Life in Mexico. The main circumstance is there stated upon the authority of a distinguished Mexican lady, and it is further asserted that in consequence of this strange discovery the dead are no longer entombed with all their jewels, although custom still requires that they shall be arrayed in their gayest apparel.)

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Original.

COUNTERFEIT PRESENTMENTS.—NO. VI.

CAPTAIN MARRYATT, R. N.

"Quid rectum, sit apparet,
Quid expediat, obscurum."
LIB. TRAN :

What is plain to be seen
Has no curtain between.
(A very judicious remark.)
What is very obscure,
(A fact equally sure)
Remains, as it were, in the dark.

THE SAILOR'S REVENGE.

"FILL up, gentlemen, fill up! Pass the wine, Barker! Now then, all charged?"

"All!"

"Here's success to the jolly old Incognita,—a better craft, manned by a better crew never floated in salt water."

"Hurrah!"

"Steady, my boys, take the fire from me. Now then, hip!—hip!—hip!—hoo-rah!—hooo-raah! Whooo-rraah!"

"Hallo, Sims! you've got the candlestick in your mouth."

"That be damned. Well, so I have, by Jupiter. Never mind, it only shows that I'm *waxing* drunkish—that's all."

"Whose call is it—who sang last?"

"Every body."

"Who's to sing next?"

"Any body."

"Damn it, there's no fun in this—pass the wine—who'll volunteer?"

Altogether. { "'Twas in the good ship Rover,
Loud roared the dreadful thunder—
Did you ne'er hear of a jolly youug waterman?"

"Phew! the deuce take it—don't all sing at once."

"Gen-ge-gentl'm'n ch-cha-charge your gl-gl-asses, I'm go-go-n'to—'*pose toast*——"

"Quick! Whoorah!—silence; if you are gentlemen, behave *as such*."

"Who said I lied? Da-amn—go to——"

The above may perhaps give you a slight notion of the interesting and highly intellectual nature of the conversation which took place in the principal chamber of the Blue Anchor Public House at Deal, about one week after the officers and men of the Queen's Frigate Incognita had received her majesty's permission to waste sundry of her sterling coin in drunkenness and debauchery. But as the small drinkers dropped off one after the other, either asleep or under the table, the field was soon left to that select few who either at hunting or drinking hold on after the crowd has tailed off.

"Well, Hogg," said one of the party to a fat bacon-faced individual, who richly deserved his savory patronymic, "have you found out any thing more about that devilish fine girl you were looking after yesterday?"

"Let me alone for that," said our porcine friend, with a villanous attempt at a knowing expression; for like all those hall-door-knocker-headed fellows, whom no woman on earth would look at except to contrast his infernal ugliness with some nice young man of their acquaintance, he labored hard to gain a character for gallantry, and great success with the liberal sex. "I've seen her," he continued, "and what do you think? By Jove, it's a good joke. She's going to be married in a week or two. But I can't see her sacrificed—damn me—I'll take pity on her, and redeem her from the clutches of the clod, whoever he be."

"Why, you won't interfere between man and wife, for it's all the same."

"If I don't, my name's not Hogg," he said, with a horrid leer, the brute both by name and nature.

"But what do you intend to do?" inquired Sims.

"Do! have her myself. *If I die for it, damme*," roared the licentious *man*. I shall no more degrade the brute by a comparison.

"But come, the wine's out: let's have a couple more bottles. Hollo! there, house—'landlord,' more wine, and another box of segars. Come, Trever, give us the 'Admiral.' Confound it, he's asleep—fast. The service is going to the devil. Three men left out of thirteen, and only thirty bottles of wine, and a sprinkle of brandy drank. Shameful—damnable. Well, let them lie, but first we'll empty the water bottles over them—it's refreshing. Now then, hurrah! Yoicks! who cares a damn!—we'll make a night and a to-morrow morning of it."

Out they sally, and carried their intention, by rousing the whole town with diabolical noises, which they called serenading—pulling out sundry bells, and bursting off several knockers—insulting an old apple-woman—getting exceedingly well thrashed by some stout market-boys, and finally passing the reflective matutinal hours on the cold floor of the Deal watch-house. A primitive establishment, which could not boast a *deal* of refinement by all accounts,—not like *the* Marquises favorite Station House in London, which, he sent an order to his upholsterer Gillon, to fit up, for his own private incarceration. And now, having given, through one, a tolerable idea of the

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termination of all such gentlemanly recreations, we'll leave them to their

"Lodging upon the cold ground,"

merely hinting that soda water was not obtainable at any price.

—

And now, dear reader, let me lead you by the eyes, into a small, though neat and comfortable apartment, in the outskirts of the town, where, seated at work, you may perceive one of the sweetest specimens of womankind that ever rose before the poet's or the painter's fancy, glowing with the rosy freshness of full health, radiant as a star, and all unconscious of her extreme loveliness. Happy is she too, and contented, for hark! as she plies her constant needle, she sings merrily a little village ditty—a touching ballad, respecting one

"Sally Smith, and her sweetheart, young Thomas, the true."

But in the midst of her song, her breath stops with a bound from her heart; her eye glistens, faithful memory tells that her lover's footstep is on the threshold, and in an instant more they were together.

Primitive, sensible, but true to the very heart's centre, were the loves of Mary Wearing and Harry White, the former the belle of Deal, and the latter the expertest mechanic, and the finest young fellow for thirty miles around. You can imagine how far preliminary matters have progressed by listening to their conversation.

"Well, Mary, my sweet one," said Harry, seating himself beside her, with one arm round her yielding waist, and her not unwilling hand clasped in his. "The old folks are not against us, and with your consent, and God's blessing, next Sunday week will see me the happiest fellow in merry England."

Mary blushed, nor could she return a more eloquent answer. 'Twas not shame's coloring, but the rosy veil that curtains purest innocence.

"We *shall* be happy, my own one, shall we not?" tenderly inquired Harry.

"Heaven send it, Harry," replied Mary, "but happiness is not within our gift, nor can we promise it to ourselves. We must endeavor to deserve it, and look upward in hope of getting the reward."

"You are all goodness, Mary," replied her lover, "and if *you* are not happy on earth——"

"Heaven's joy will be most ample recompense," seriously interrupted Mary.

"At all events," said Harry, with ardor, "you are mine—no obstacle prevents that—nor can any earthly power part us."

Poor short seeing mortal—unthinking braggadocia! At that very instant, the ruffians, composing a press-gang, rushed into the room—claimed Harry as a deserter from the Incognita, and notwithstanding Mary's heart-rending screams, and although he fought and struggled with the desperation of a maniac, carried him off wounded and insensible.

When he recovered his senses, he found himself in the cock-pit of the Incognita, and a surgeon beside him dressing his wounds. He relapsed into delirium, in which state he remained many weeks. And when at length he was able to walk, the vessel was far at sea, and Harry was a sailor.

As all the officers, more especially Hogg, were most kind and attentive to him, assuring him that the whole affair originated in mistake, and that after a short voyage he should return with plenty of money to his old sweetheart, Harry became comparatively contented; learnt his duty quickly, and executed it in seamanly manner; and before three months had passed, there was not a better hand on board than he—esteemed by his officers and idolized by his shipmates.

The cruize over, after having overhauled and taken a slave ship, the compensation for which gave each sailor a large sum, the good ship spread her wings upon the favoring breeze, and "homeward bound," dashed proudly through the foam-crested wave. One heart in that noble craft beat high and hopefully, as the distance between it and its soul-star lessened day by day, and hour by hour. But there was another in the same ship, that shrunk back appalled even from its own thought, lashed by conscience and shivering with anticipation of a terrible revenge.

And now, with a hearty cheer, the crew respond to the cry, "Land ho!" and ere the day closed, the Incognita anchored within almost sight of the spot, dearer to Harry's soul, ay, almost than his eternal hope. He soon obtained leave from the Captain to go ashore, and, the happiest of a happy boat's company, pushed off from the ship.

On gaining the land, he gave his shipmates the slip, and darting off in the direction of Mary's cottage, was obliged when within view of his destination, to stop and regain breath, so utterly had he exhausted himself in the vain endeavor to make his body travel as quickly as his soul. Approaching in a strange flutter, with every nerve unstrung, but with a sort of joyous sunshine pervading all, the first check he encountered was when he perceived that the little patch of garden which used to be Mary's especial care,

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was a neglected heap of wild weeds and rank grass. He knew not why, but that suddenly struck a chill to his very heart.

Trembling with a presentiment of ill, he slowly raised the latch and gazed round the little room where he had last parted so sadly from his love, —all was lonely and quiet. There was her chair in its old place, but unoccupied; and on the table was an open bible. There was something awful in the solemn stillness, and although nothing definite appeared to warrant the feeling, yet Harry's frame shuddered, his blood crawled heavily, and he could *hear* the loud beating of his heart.

Suddenly, a low wailing moan caught his ear from above, followed by a shrill scream. In a perfect delirium of fear, Harry rushed up to the room from whence the sounds of dread proceeded: and there his eyes were blasted by the sight of his young heart's love—the sole hope of his existence—the very light of his life, stretched in death. 'Twas her last sob that he heard, but did not see the life-light fade from those beloved eyes. Her poor aged mother had fallen into a swoon. And stunned and speechless, Harry gazed in a sort of abstraction upon the dreadful scene.

Slowly the old woman returned to consciousness, and seeing Harry, she exclaimed wildly—

"The avenger!—the avenger! God, I thank thee, a mother's prayers are heard. Welcome Harry White—see," she continued, pointing her attenuated finger to the bed, "is not that a bold achievement—isn't that a mighty work?—They have slain her, my darling,—my pride! They have slain her—look where she lies. That, but for devilish villany, had been still alive in innocence and joy. Oh! 'tis a terrible stroke, and hard, most hard to bear. Oh! may the bitter curse of a white-haired, lonely mother fall on him and his, who trampled on my breathless flower. May misery and ill-luck hang on his footsteps, and may a bloody death end a joyless life only to begin an eternity of torture."

The dark words of the old woman terrified Harry. But when, shortly after, the mother of his heart's treasure unfolded the black machinations by which she was destroyed, he rose to his feet, silent and apparently calm, save that his white lips were painfully compressed, and his dilated eye shot forth visible gleams of fire.

Approaching the bed where the still blood-warm, though breathless form of her that was his Mary rested, he stooped and fervently kissed the pale lips, saying, "Thus I take a last farewell of life and life's anticipations. All—all —save *one*," and he ground his teeth with terrible energy. "Come, mother," he continued, subduing himself into quiet, "tell me, who has done this?"

"A fiend, in human form; one whom you have lived near, and breathed the same Heaven's air with,—an officer in yonder ship,—a devil from yon floating hell!"

"His name?"

"Hogg!"

"Eternal God!" cried Harry, starting to his feet, "he, the vile pusillanimous dastard—the mean, crawling coward's slave. *He!* and when he,—dared he to meet me day by day, and face to face, without fearing that his soul's damnable guilt would be imprinted on his countenance? Oh, God! oh, God!" and plunging his face into his hands, he groaned bitterly, but still without a tear; large drops forced from the hot vapor of his scorching brain, rolling down his brow.

After a few moments he again neared the lifeless clay, and flinging himself upon his knees, prayed a silent but soul-agonizing prayer. Again and again he kissed the cold hand that should never rest lovingly in his. At last, rising slowly,

"Mother," said he, in a voice unnaturally low and calm, "take this," placing in her hands the savings of his voyage, "I did hope——" his voice faltered—he was unable to proceed, and without waiting a reply, he rushed from the place.

The madness of despair was in his eye, as he walked or rather strode through the town, but saving that no alteration could be observed in his manner. He rejoined his shipmates—hailed them even with a wild and hearty laugh; no longer refusing as he had hitherto done, to share in their libations, but to the astonishment of his companions swallowed glass after glass of raw brandy, who seeing that there was something wrong, with the deference which even the lowest pay to the sacredness of sorrow, forebore questioning.

At length they started to regain the ship; none plied the oar more dexterously than Harry; none join in the noisy mirth with more apparent glee. The fire-flash in his eye and the nervous twitching at his lips alone evidencing the internal tempest. They reach the ship's side, and with a burst of joy jump upon the gangway. Hogg, from the quarter-deck had watched intently the countenance of Harry, as he rowed along side. But perceiving nothing to indicate the mental strife that raged within, and thereby judging that his crime was undivulged and all

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was well, felt for the first time relieved of an overwhelming load; and his heart bounded with something akin to happiness; yet still he kept his eye on him now and then, thinking that he could detect a meaning in his glance, but which changed so suddenly, that he could not tell whether it was real or imaginary.

In about an hour afterwards, Hogg having charge of the quarter-deck, was alone, when he saw Harry walking slowly in his direction along the gangway. Every now and then he would stop—pick up something, a chip or a small end of rope and fling it overboard, whistling the while with apparent unconcern. The Lieutenant completely thrown off his guard, by the carelessness of Harry's conduct, turned to retrace his steps, when the latter with one bound reached the quarter-deck within a few yards of him. Starting quickly round from the noise, he saw Harry, approaching. As this was interdicted ground, there was no longer a doubt as to his intention; and if any proof were needed, it might be found in the deep heaving of his chest—the wild glare of his eye, and the now, for the first time all confessed, maddening rage that swept over his countenance. Sudden as thought, the dastard Hogg, exclaiming "Mutiny!" drew a pistol from his belt, and levelling it full against Harry's breast, fired. He fell! but for an instant, darting up again, he sprung like a tiger upon his enemy, and griping him by the throat with preternatural strength, dragged him, although a powerful man, to the nettings. Utterly nerveless, and as it were death-stricken, the doomed wretch was but as an infant in the hands of that terribly excited man. Plunging his teeth into Hogg's very neck, with one tremendous burst of exertion, he rolled himself over the nettings, and having the seducer grasped tightly in his arms, dropped with a heavy plunge into the water.

All this did not take up a minute scarcely, in occurrence. In vain were the boats lowered; for the avenger had so twined himself around the limbs of his victim, that they sank instantly and for ever; and the troubled foam that for a moment marked the position of their common grave, was the sole and fleeting memorial of *The Sailor's Revenge*. B.

LEISURE is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; so that, as poor Richard says, A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things.—*Franklin*.

Original.

BEAUTY.

OH, tell me! does beauty, bright beauty ne'er dwell
But in song of the Poet, or Fancy's spell?
Does she sleep but on canvass the painter has framed,
And smile but from marble the sculptor has claimed?

Must I mount on the wings of the wild winds afar,
And pierce the bright veil of some silvery star,
Or sink 'neath the depths of the dark ocean wave,
To find 'mid its wonders her pearly gemmed cave?

I read the soft answer, portrayed on each flower,—
Come search there for Beauty, in Nature's gay bower—
Then say, do her form and her features grace nought,
But the touch of the artist, or poet's high thought?

Thou may'st trace in the dew-drops that glance o'er the isle
The light of her eye, and her magical smile;
Thou may'st list to her song, 'mid the forest's dark trees,
And gaze on her tresses, that float on the breeze.

She's found in the arbor, where buds the green leaf,
And blushes 'midst roses that bloom on the heath;
She dances with joy, in the sweet gliding stream,
And plays in the shadows of moon-light's soft beam.

Around us, on mountain, through dell, and o'er plain,
She leaves her soft foot-print, and skips o'er the main;
No star of the evening, no drop of the morn,
But displays some sweet grace of Beauty's fair form.

MARIA.

Original.

ANACREONTIC.

BY WILLIAM RUSSELL, JR.

I'LL pledge to thee my heart, love,
Now, by this ruby wine,
And oh! ere I depart, love,
As fondly pledge me thine:—
Raise to thy coral lips, love,
The glass I've filled for thee,
Soft as the fairy lips, love,
Drink, dearest, unto me!

Love sparkles in the glass, love,
And whispers in its flow,
Then as the moments pass, love,
Let's feel its gentle glow;
Come pledge to me thy heart, love,
Now, by this ruby wine,
And oh! ere I depart, love,
I'll fondly pledge thee mine!

Oswego, N. Y., Nov., 1843.

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Original.

DIVINE WISDOM.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

"Temporal afflictions sometimes hide those eternal blessings to which they lead;—as temporal enjoyments cover those eternal evils, which they too often procure."—*Pascal.*

—

God's will,—God's will, my soul! and not thine own,—
No, not thine own.
Thou had'st an earnest choice,—
To look on pleasant things, beneath the sun,
Sweet flowers, and fruitful vines,—but most of all
For that dear love, which bindeth heart to heart,
In close communion.

But thy choice was made
In darkness, and thou know'st not what was best,—
He knoweth—the Eternal!
They who hoard
Metallic heaps, say, what will this avail
When from their death-struck hands, the gold shall fall,
O'er selfish, thankless, or estranged hearts,
While they, amid the tossings of disease,
Part to return no more?
And they who make
Ambition master,—and his bidding do,
Upon the war-cloud,—trampling fiercely down
All loves, all charities, all bonds of right,
And bringing plagues upon the souls of men,
That they may swell in greatness, is their gain
A blessing,—or a boast,—when they shall tread
That lone St. Helena, which conscience makes,
And wrestle with the death-pang, unsustained
By treacherous fame?
Even they, perchance, who reap
The fulness of their hope, in earthly love,—
Finding each sorrow lulled by sympathy,
Each joy reflected from the mirror-plate
Of a quick answering heart, repose they not
Too fondly on their idols? Feel they not
Firm property in that which is but dust,—
And so complain, when on the winged winds
Uplifted lightly, it doth fleet away?
Doth heaven's rich bounty make the erring heart
Shrink, from the travel of eternity?
It may be so;—and therefore He, who knows
Our frame, hath gathered round our banquet-board
The hyssop-branch, and taste of bitter herbs,—
And where we reach'd a rose-cup, as we thought,
Gave us a thorn to kiss.
And He doth send
Deep voices to us, from the spirit land,
Swell'd by the lips which once on earth were lov'd,—
Parent or child, or well remembered friend.
And tenderly they teach us how to strike
The key-note of that never-ending song,
Which through the arch of Heaven's high temple swells,
"God's will, not ours!—God's praise, for evermore!"

Original.

THE BUNKER-HILL MONUMENT.

BY DR. WILLIAM BOWEN.

"To-day, it speaks to us;—its future auditories will be the successive generations of men, as they rise up before it,—and gather around it."—*Webster's Address.*

—

"To-day, it speaks to us,"
Of the times that tried men's souls,
When hostile ships rode where yon bay
Its deep blue waters rolls,—
When the war-cloud dark and lowering hung,—
Portentous o'er our land,—
And the vassal troops of Britain came,
With wildly flashing brand.

"To-day, it speaks to us!"
Of deeds so nobly done,—
When patriot-hearts beat high with hope,
Ere freedom's cause was won,—
Of the conflict fierce, where fell
New-England's dauntless men,—
Who wav'd their Country's banner high,—
Though warm blood dyed it, then.

"To-day, it speaks to us,"
Of the spirits who would brave
The battle's scathe, ere one would live
To be the despot's slave:—
Of the high, and holy purposes,
Of those whose seals were set
With the falchion's point, to freedom's bond,
When freedom's foes they met.

And will its voice be stilled,
When the thousands of to-day
Who have come, like pilgrim worshippers,
From earth shall pass away?
No! no! that silent Orator
To future time shall tell
Where Prescott, Brooks, and Putnam fought,—
And gallant Warren fell.

Shall tell of countless others,
Brave men, who born, and nurst,
In stormy times, on danger's lap,
Have dared oppression's worst;—
Of Vernon's Chief,—and him who came
Across the Atlantic flood,—
To offer to the patriot's God
A sacrifice of blood.

Long as the "Bay State" cherishes
One thought of sainted sires,
Long as the day-god greets her cliffs,
Or gilds her domes and spires,—
Long as her granite hills remain
Unchanged, so long shall be
Yon monument on Bunker's height
A beacon for the free.

Massillon, Ohio.

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Original.

CALANDRINO, BRUNO AND BUFFALMACCO, IN SEARCH OF THE HELIOTROPE.*

[" *Done" into modern English from Boccaccio, for the Ladies' Companion; by an Amateur.*]

In ancient times there lived in the beautiful and romantic city of Florence, one Calandrino, a poor, simple, thick-headed fellow,—a house-painter by trade, but who was much fonder of embellishing the tip of his nose and his rubicund physiognomy in general, with that deep and delicious purple imparted to the complexion by wine, than of adorning the walls that his customers would fain have placed under his brushes, —for Calandrino, when he chose, was a very skilful painter, and knew all the secrets of producing those brilliant, firm and unfading tints for which his countrymen have always been so celebrated, and which are still to be seen, as bright and vivid as if they were but painted yesterday, on the disinterred walls of Pompeii.

But Calandrino, as we have said, was a silly fool, and spent most of his time at the coffee-houses, or loitering about the public walks, while his thrifty and bustling wife had hard work to make both ends meet, of a Saturday night, and to lay aside a little something, (as all Italian wives feel bound to do,) for the Sunday holiday dinner. Calandrino had a great deal of vacant curiosity; and was wonderfully fond of the marvellous; and it may well be supposed that his pot-companions, who soon found out the trick of his temper, were not backward in feeding it to "the top of its bent"—in other words, in "running saws" upon him to his heart's content. Amongst the most constant of his companions, were Bruno and Buffalmacco, who were painters, like himself; and one Maso del Saggio, a merry young gentleman, and a most inveterate wag, who, hearing of Calandrino's "verdancy," as we now term it, sought for some amusement at his expense, by "stuffing" him with some monstrous story, which the poor fool, Calandrino, would be sure to swallow, provided it was only gross and ridiculous enough.

So,—finding his victim one day loitering about in St. John's church, (the churches are always kept open in Catholic countries, you will recollect,) and intently examining the carved work and painting of the tabernacle, which had just been placed over the high altar, he sought a companion to witness the sport, and both proceeded to the church. Here, pretending not to see Calandrino, yet taking good care to place themselves within ear-shot of him Maso and his friend began conversing in a mysterious tone upon the virtues of different stones,—which Maso seemed to understand as well as if he had served his time with a lapidary. Calandrino, whose ears were always wide open for any thing smacking of the wonderful, soon joined the talkers, which was exactly what they wanted.

Leading off the conversation to the subject of stones possessing magical virtues, upon which he dilated with great eloquence and unction, Saggio was shortly interrupted by the eager Calandrino, who inquired where these stones were to be found.

"For the most part," replied Maso, "they are met with in Berlinzone, near the city of Baschi, in a country called Benzodi, where they tie up the vines with large links of fat sausages, and you can buy a goose for a penny, and have the goslings thrown into the bargain,—where there is likewise a great mountain of grated Parmesan cheese, and the people residing upon it do nothing but make cheese-cakes and maccaroons, which they boil in capon-broth, and are constantly throwing down the sides of their mountain,—while those below amuse themselves by scrambling and scratching after these choice dainties. Here, too, is a river of the most exquisite Malmsey wine, as pure and clear as sunshine, and without a drop of water or any sort of adulteration."

"Sanctissima!" broke in the eager Calandrino, who had been listening with mouth and ears wide distended,—"but this must be a fine country!—what do they do with the capons after they are boiled?"

"Oh, the people eat them."

"And have you ever been there?"

"Indeed have I,—and if I have visited that charming country once, I have a thousand times."

"And how far may it be away from this?"

"Many thousand miles."

"Further than the Abruzzi?"

"A trifle."

Calandrino, seeing that Maso del Saggio told all this, and replied to his cross questionings with an imperturbable gravity, swallowed the whole in a lump, and observed:

"Believe me, sir, were this journey not so great, I should like to go and take a scramble for those same maccaroons and boiled capons. But is it in that same country, also, that these wonderful stones of which you were telling, are also to be found?"

"Yes, there and elsewhere," replied Maso.

* See plate third.

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Two there are of especial virtue: one of these, which comes from Montisci, they make into millstones, which will produce flour of themselves,—whence comes the saying, Grace comes from God, and mill-stones from Montisci. These mill-stones are frequently set in rings, and sent to the Sultan; who, in return, gives them whatever they may demand.

"The other stone I spoke of, is called the HELIOTROPE, and has the wonderful power of rendering him who possesses it, invisible."

"And where," said Calandrino, "is this wonderful stone to be found?"

"It is most usually met with," replied Maso, on the plains of Mugnone."

"What is its color, and of what size is it?" inquired the trapped Calandrino.

"Oh, they are of a great many different sizes, but all are of a blackish hue."

Calandrino, having got all the information he was likely to obtain from del Saggio, suddenly remembered that he had business in another part of the city, and made his way out of the church. His first thought was to find his two friends, Bruno and Buffalmacco; and, having poured into their somewhat incredulous yet wondering ears, the story of his wonderful discoveries, all three set off together in search of the precious stone.

"But what is its name?" asked Buffalmacco.

"A plague on my short memory," replied Calandrino, "I have forgotten that. But what have we to do with names so long as we secure to ourselves the virtues of this wonderful stone? Let us set forth immediately."

"But what sort of a stone is it?" inquired Bruno.

"They are of all sizes," replied Calandrino, but generally black; therefore I am of opinion that we should pick up all the black stones we find, until we come to the true one; so, let us lose no time."

It was finally agreed, however, that the expedition should be postponed until the next Sunday morning, which, being a holiday, their absence would not be so much noticed. A mutual promise of secrecy having been passed, Calandrino took his departure, while Bruno and Buffalmacco, laying their heads together, came to the very sage conclusion that Calandrino had either been humbugging them, or else had been most egregiously humbugged himself; and they determined to make him suffer, in either case.

Sunday morning came, and the eager Calandrino arose by day-break; and, calling upon his friends, Bruno and Buffalmacco, they left the city by the gate of St. Callo, and proceeded to the plain of Mugnone. Calandrino was in high glee, and skipped along before the others, stooping whenever he saw any thing like a blackish stone, and putting them all in his pockets. His companions went moderately to work, picking up here and there a stone, until he had filled all his pockets, his bosom, and coat-skirts, which he had tucked up for that purpose with his belt.

It being now dinner time, Bruno said aloud to Buffalmacco.

"Where is Calandrino?"

"I do not know," said the other, "but he was here between us just now."

"Then I suppose he has gone home to his dinner, and left us here on this fool's errand."

"Well, we are rightly served, for believing such a ridiculous story. Who but foolish fellows like ourselves would ever have thought of finding such wonderful things here on a public common?"

Calandrino hearing this, took it for granted that he had discovered the true Heliotrope, and was suddenly become invisible. Being overjoyed at this discovery, he started immediately for home, leaving them to follow at their leisure. As he was going, Buffalmacco said to Bruno.

"Well, what must we do? Why do we not go home again?"

"Certainly," replied Bruno; "but I vow this is the last trick he shall put upon me. If he were here now, I would give him a token that he should remember;" at the same time he struck Calandrino a severe blow with a pebble, which made him stagger,—although he said nothing, and continued his way to the city, confident that he had in reality the true Heliotrope in his possession,—paying no attention to the "tokens" of his waggish friends, who continued pelting him at every step.

Arriving at the gates a little in advance, they let the guards into the secret, who humored the thing, and let him pass, as if they did not see him. The people being mostly at dinner, poor Calandrino went on through the streets to his own house, without being molested, and fully persuaded that he had in his pocket the true Heliotrope, that would, on all occasions, let him into the secrets of every one, without being himself visible. His wife, however, who was a strong-minded and strong-armed woman, totally destitute of imagination, met him at the door, and began covering him with such a shower of abuse, for being too late for dinner, as convinced him that she, at least, saw him. Thinking that the ill-nature of his wife had broken the charm

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of his magic stone, (declaring that women made every thing lose its virtue,) Calandrino flew into a terrible passion, and beat his better half most unmercifully, until she was fain to hide herself from his violence, and weep and scold by turns, 'till the very rafters of the house trembled with apprehension. At length the two friends arrived and rescued the poor woman from the fury of her husband; who, after a great deal of explanation and coaxing, became reconciled to his sad misfortune,—never dreaming for a moment that he had not at one time possessed the true Heliotrope, the virtue of which had been destroyed by the unlucky interference of his wife. F.

Original.

THE MERRY SLEIGH.

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN, U. S. A.

I.

Jingle! jingle! clear the way,
'Tis the merry—merry sleigh!
As it swiftly scuds along,
Hear the burst of happy song,
See the gleam of glances bright,
Flashing o'er the pathway white,
Jingle! jingle! how it whirls,
Crowded full of laughing girls!

II.

Jingle! jingle! fast it flies,
Sending shafts from hooded eyes,
Roguish archers, I'll be bound,
Little heeding who they wound.
See them with capricious pranks,
Ploughing now the drifted banks;
Jingle! jingle! 'mid their glee,
Who among them cares for me?

III.

Jingle! jingle! on they go,
Capes and bonnets white with snow,
At the faces swimming past,
Nodding thro' the fleecy blast;
Not a single robe they fold,
To protect them from the cold;
Jingle! jingle! 'mid the storm,
Fun and frolic keep them warm.

IV.

Jingle! jingle! down the hills—
O'er the meadows—past the mills—
Now 'tis slow, and now 'tis fast,—
Winter will not always last.
Every pleasure has its time!
Spring will come and stop the chime!
Jingle! jingle—clear the way,
'Tis the merry—merry sleigh!

Fort Ontario, N. Y., Dec., 1843.

Original.

THE ARRIVAL.

BY MRS. SARAH A. CUNNINGHAM.

The incident which occasioned the following lines took place in the summer of 1838, and is here related exactly as it occurred —with its merciful result.

The vessel neared the homeward bay,
The sky was clear, the breeze was fair,
And on the waves the moonbeams lay,
*A paler daylight** trembling there.

And who was he, who ling'ring last,
Stood on that deck with lifted hand,
His eager glances forward cast,
And pointed to the distant land?

One, who in boyhood's rip'ning hour,
From college scenes awhile apart,
Comes, like the sweet spring's budding flower,
To light with hope a mother's heart.

Now on his couch—fond Fancy's wand
Fills with lov'd forms the charmed space—
He hears, he feels, the voice, the hand,
The welcome and the warm embrace—

No more! A crash! The dream has fled—
One bound, and to the deck he springs—
There the wild rush, the question dread—
The tumult, that around him rings,—

All tells of danger and dismay,
For like stern Fate, with viewless force,
A rock unseen, unheeded lay,
And stay'd the vessel's joyous course.

She fills—she sinks! The boat! The boat!
A moment, and delay were death—
God grant the crowded skiff may float,
Though trembling at the breeze's breath!

Brave boy! Be cloudless still thy brow!
Thine the quick hand, the trusting tone—
An Eye that sleeps not, marks thee now,
An Arm unfailing bears thee on.

No cloud those silver'd waters shades,
No rising gale that frail boat tires,
No wave its quiv'ring brink invades,
While the strong oar the seaman plies.

But as some bird of pow'rful wing,
Whose leafy bed the storm has riven,
Flies the doom'd spot with upward spring,
And sweeps unharm'd the clouds of heaven.

So sped they on—and ere has smil'd
Glad morning on the busy shore,
There rests the boat—and there, my child!
Thank God, I clasp thee thus once more!

"* This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick,
Only a little paler."—*Merchant of Venice.*

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Original.

THE TWINS.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM G. HOWARD.

"Theirs was a different life,
A different doom."

It seems but yesterday,—although twelve years have rolled away since,—that I was spending a few weeks, during the sultriness of mid-summer, in the pleasant village of S——, which lies embosomed amid the towering hills of western Massachusetts, and is distinguished, among the residents of its immediate vicinity, by the medicinal properties of its cool and refreshing waters. On the evening that preceded my departure from this delightful resort, a brilliant assemblage was collected at the spacious mansion of the principal family in the place, composed of the élite of a somewhat fashionable society, and through the urgent solicitation of an intimate friend, I was induced to become one of the company, and mingle in the festivities of the occasion, in order to witness the debût of two young ladies, who, until that period,—they were then in their seventeenth year,—had been strangers to promiscuous society.

* * * * *

The moment had arrived for the young ladies to appear, and the earnest glances and occasional whisperings of the company,—for in so small a place, such a circumstance as the first appearance in public of the lovely and beautiful of the other sex, is always replete with interest,—plainly indicated that they had already arrived. I had hardly prepared myself to obtain a full view of the objects of so much excitement, when a rosy and roguish girl of my acquaintance touched me upon the elbow, and suggested a wish to favor me with an introduction to the bright beings, who were, just then, the centre of attraction. Placing her hand upon my arm, therefore, we proceeded at once to consummate the purpose of my companion, and very soon the extreme felicity was allowed me of enjoying a familiar chit-chat with two as sweet and charming creatures as I had ever beheld.

The elder of these ladies, by exactly one hour, was a remarkably fine-looking and fascinating woman. Her large black eyes beamed with the mingled rays of intellect and affection. Her glossy ringlets of raven black, clustered in rich profusion over a neck pure as polished ivory. And her form was a model of symmetry and elegance; while the most unstudied ease and gracefulness of manners embellished her whole demeanor. But sweeter and more endearing than all the rest was the unsullied purity and the warm affection that sat cushioned upon her lips, and imparted their peculiar charm to her sentiments and language. Her unaffected simplicity, her gentleness and frankness, rendered her the admiration of all. "None knew her but to love her, none saw her but to praise."

Her sister, in personal beauty, and intellectual accomplishments, so nearly resembled her, that it was impossible for one, who met them rarely, to distinguish them apart. The same vivacity, the same sallies of keen wit and sparkling humor, the same brilliant colloquial powers, the same softness and melody of voice and chasteness of language characterized them both. And yet Sarah, the younger, in her disposition and feelings, was entirely different from Mary. Wild, impetuous, and heedless of constraint, with a bosom always rent with conflicting emotions, and more like "a cage of unclean birds," than a home of purity and love, she was neither happy herself, nor consulted the happiness of others. And yet the two, although the very antipodes of each other, were bound together by the strongest cords of reciprocal sympathy and affection. Springing, like twin rose-buds, from the same parent stem, nourished on the same maternal bosom, their very dissimilarity appeared to beget a more ardent attachment. They were rarely asunder, and their main delight was seemingly derived from each other's society; establishing the correctness of the maxim that "opposites constitute the most pleasing agreement."

Three years subsequent to the interview to which I have briefly alluded, Mary was united in marriage with a young and intelligent clergyman. Naturally of a serious turn, she had early become devotedly pious, and was peculiarly fitted for the important and interesting relation of the wife of an efficient and useful minister of the gospel. Their mutual influence was exceedingly beneficial. Their deeds of charity and mercy were known and appreciated. And now, surrounded by a smiling group of healthy and affectionate children, and happy in each other's society, they are admirably and pleasantly located among a generous and confiding community.

* * * * * *

The history of Sarah,—the rude and reckless child of passion,—is a sad one. Animated by no respect for the feelings or the interests of others; with no fixed principles to regulate her conduct, or direct her footsteps in the paths of peace; she became, in an evil hour, the victim of the perfidious arts of an infamous miscreant, in the garb of a gentleman, and after a chequered career of

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vice and suffering, she languished and expired in the arms of squalid wretchedness, about two years ago, and her body has mingled with the dust of one of our southern cities. There is a valuable moral deducible from the history of these twin sisters so imperfectly given, and it is briefly told. There is no security for a life of comfort, peace and prosperity, but in the cultivation of correct and virtuous principles, the strict avoidance of the least "appearance of evil," accompanied by a constant and assiduous effort to cherish all the benevolent and generous affection of the heart—

"Then virtue shall be thine,
Then peace and joy its rich reward."

Original.

LESSON OF THE SEA.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

I.

Go down unto the sea,—
Where white-wing'd navies ride,
Whose mighty pulses heave so free
In strong, mysterious tide—
Within whose coral cells,
Where sunless forests creep,
So many a wandering child of earth
Hath laid him down to sleep.

II.

Go forth upon the sea,—
And at the break of morn,
Teach its young waves, the words of prayer
Before the day is born,—
And when the night grows dim,—
Beguile the billows wild,
With the holy hush of thine evening hymn,
As the mother lulls her child.

III.

Go,—bow thee to the sea,—
When the booming breakers roar,—
And a meek-hearted listener be,
To all their fearful lore,—
And learn, where tempests lower,
Their lesson from the wave,—
"One voice, alone, can curb our power,—
One arm alone can save"

IV.

Go homeward, from the sea,—
When its trial-hour is past,
With deeper trust in Him who rules
The billow and the blast,—
And when the charms of earth,
Around thy bosom creep,
Forget not, in thy time of mirth
The wisdom of the deep.

Hartford, Conn.

18

Original.

A LOVER'S VOW.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"Hear what the Highland Nora said."

I WILL not love thee: I have ever cast
Too many passion-flowers on life's dark tide,
Then, like a truant school-boy, idly past
My vacant hours to watch them onward glide.

I will not love thee: why should I re-ope
My bosom's secret treasury to thee,
And cull its richest gems, without one hope
To see them shine amid thy blazonry?

I will not love thee: thou shalt never find
My hopes to thee, like incense, offered up;
I will not fling sweet odors to the wind,
Or melt another pearl in passion's cup.

I will not love thee: though I know thee all
That women envy and that men adore,
Though on my soul thy smiles like sun-beams fall,
My heart may *worship*, but must *love* no more.

Original.

TO MISS S. S****.

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF MRS. WIRT'S "FLORA," OPPOSITE THE ARTICLE "OATS."

BY JOHN C. M'CABE, M. D.

WHY ask me to twine with your beautiful wreath,
Those flowers of mine? they are wild from the hills;
And their leaves have been formed by the Ice-Spirit's breath,
That catches and chains all the wandering rills.

'Mid those flowers so brilliant, so lovely, so rare,
Why throw my *wild flowers* to wither and die?
Too worthless to braid in your beautiful hair,
Too trifling to merit a glance from your eye.

Yet perchance as you bend o'er your vase of sweet roses,
To catch the rich fragrance that lingers erewhile;
Where my own simple flower all meekly reposes,—
Perchance, o'er the trembler you'll graciously smile.

The flower and song, are now laid at thy shrine,
Is the offering accepted that friendship would bring?
Then take my wild flower—sweet lady 'tis thine,
And take my wild song, 'tis the last I may sing.

The flower may wither, the tones of my lay
May die like the winds on the murmuring sea;
But the sun-beams of friendship will steadily play,
Round the mem'ry, sweet lady, that's sacred to thee.

Once more,—when afar in thy childhood's bright home,
Like the dove that has wandered away from its nest,
Thy footsteps shall turn; thence no longer to roam,
No tear in thine eye and no pang in thy breast,—

While the smiles of glad friends shall be mingled with thine,
And memory brings forth all the past to thy view;
With the names it shall whisper, say *Susan*, will mine
Claim a place in your thoughts?—lovely stranger, adieu!

Norfolk, Va., 1843.

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Original.

SONNETS TO THE POETS.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

I.

TO WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Author of "The Ages," "The Fountain," etc.

SERENE as light, and silver-like in flow
As streamlet flowing through a flowery vale,
Thy verses glide; or, eagle-like, they sail
O'er crags and olden oaks; or, moth-like, low,
Where early violets and mosses grow,
They pause to gather fragrance from the green
Of golden grasses—seek the sylvan scene
To paint the dappled deer—the hills to glow
With sun-set glory—float upon the breeze
Blowing from primal prairies, where the brave
Of dim remembered tribes have found a grave,
Or swell with roar of solemn surging seas.
These are thy themes, and, in these paths (well trod!)
Walk on, walk on.—Who lovest these, loves God.

II.

TO JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Author of "A Year's Life," "Rosaline," etc.

King of a fairy realm, where fancies throng
To wait, like Genii of the wondrous King,
Their masters mind's commands, and then take wing
Filling the air with subtle threads of song—
All hail! for thine is power to stir the strong
With words, the same the ancient Spenser wove
Into undying verse; to fill with love
Of radiant Right the votary of Wrong;
To thrill the heart of beauty with the themes
Of passionate tenderness, and the sadful soul
With soothing visions that serene control
And lull the listener into languid dreams—
Dim dreams of knights and dames, and castles grand,
And Puck and Oberon and Fairy-Land.

III.

TO ROBERT CONRAD, ESQ.

Author of "Aylmere," "Conrad of Naples," etc.

Warm-hearted, tuneful friend, whose lofty lyre
Is only struck to deeds of high emprize;
For never lays of love to lady's eyes
Flow from its chords; but with a Saxon fire—
A fire of days of Eld! Thy heaving heart
Swells the strong song; and, as the eagle cleaves
The circumambient air, and soaring, leaves
The lessening earth, so upward dost thou dart
To seek the sun of kindred mighty minds—
The pinions of thy stirring song dispread
Shadow or land or sea, and where the red—
The crimson armed Mars clangs on the winds
His brazen shield—there, from the hell of strife
Thou tearest, Titan-like, thy Lays of Life.

IV.

TO JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Author of "Mogg Megore," "Moll Pitcher," etc.

Champion of Right and foe of Wrong art thou—
Firm foe of crime and folly! In thy hand
Lies strength to crush the vices of the land,
And lo! they melt before thee, like the snow
Before the sweltering sun. The gorgeous glow
Of thine own autumn sky burns in thy song
That giant as thy granite hills, or strong
As thine own torrents, with a mighty flow
Rolls roaring onward down the tide of time.
Yet in its wildest mood, thy hand can stay
Its headlong fury, and awake a lay
Of love of human kind and faith sublime.
Champion, speed on!—God speed and give thee might;
Thou art his own; for "God is with the Right."

Philadelphia, Sept., 1843.

Original.

UNREST.

BY WILLIAM WARBERTON.

MY weary form is bent with care,
The frost of grief is on my hair,
The auburn hue which late was there,
Hath left it now.
My bones are marrowless and chilled,
My heart with freezing water filled,
And clammy dews, by pain distilled,
Are on my brow.

Death beckons with his skinny hand,
He points me to the Silent Land,
To name his will, is to command,
And I must go.
But ere my spirit leaves its clay,
On untried wings to soar away,
I would a word of comfort say,
To calm thy woe.

Death brings to me nor grief, nor fear,
Longer I would not linger here,
I see my life, without a tear,
Approach its goal;
For, ever since it did begin,
Through joy and sorrow, truth and sin,
I've felt a restlessness within
That shook my soul.

Striving to quell th' internal war,
I took ambition's guiding star,
Followed it fast, and followed far,
In search of fame.
Toiling by day—waking by night—
I burnished armor for the fight,
And high on glory's shaft of light
Engraved a name.

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But when the race of Fame was run,
Its heart-consuming labors done,
And all its glittering prizes won,
  And at my feet;—
I found all valueless and vain,
My youthful toil, my early pain,
And still throbbed on my burning brain
  With ceaseless beat.

Again, to quench the inward fire,
I sought the waves of soft desire,
That heave responsive to the lyre
  Of youthful Love.
I ventured there—the waters bright
Sent forth their streams of golden light;
Methought to gain the joys of might
  Which seraphs move.

Alas for Love!—the lights that lay
Within his waters, only play,
To show the treacherous array
  Of rocks beneath.
And all too oft, the souls that dare
To trust their fragile shallops there,
Shipwrecked, lie stranded on Despair,
  The young heart's death!

Still, still, within I found no peace,
In vain I struggled for release,
Alas, my throes did but increase
  The strange, wild thrill.
I struggled on—my days sped by,—
Weep not, dear brother, I must die,—
Yet e'en Death's pangs these throbs defy,
  I feel them still!

But now the radiant beams of light
That shoot from Heaven's portals bright,
From 'round my soul the clouds of night
  And darkness roll.
I know, at last, these inward springs,—
They are the ceaseless flutterings,
The growing efforts of the wings
  Of my young soul!

Oh, chafe not 'neath *thy* mortal chain!
Life here, all wearisome and vain,
Begins, continues, ends in pain,
  Ond dreary night—
But then, its postern portal opes
On Heaven's land of brilliant hopes.
Where the freed soul no longer gropes,
  But soars in light!

Brother, farewell! within this clay
My spirit will not longer stay,
Its wings are strong to fly away,
  It would be free.
I feel at last its pinions rise,
It bounds, it trembles, flutters, flies,
It leads me, brother, to the skies—
  There follow me!

Yonkers, Nov. 1843.

Original.

MARY.—A MEMORY.

BY ANNA MARIA HIRST.

There were no laurels on her girlish brow
  When first in childhood's holy hours they met;
There were no words of love, no whispered vow,
  No trembling tones to cause his wild regret.
She was too innocent to dream of love,
  And thinking, hoping not, he thought her fair
Passed on, while *he*, in solemn silence, wove
  The thoughts that wrought him all his future care.

They met again—the girl had passed away,
  And, in her place the lovely woman stood;
There was deep love within her eyes of grey,
  And, in her heart a magic, merry mood;
There were sweet graces in her ways, that stole
  Like winds that pilfer from unknowing flowers
Their balmy breaths, the worship of his soul,
  His heart, his hopes, the lightness of his hours.

He saw her fairy form in dreams by days,
  He felt the pressure of her hand at even,
And heard her voice of melody, and lay
  Like one who hears, entranced, the hymns of heaven.
He watched each motion of her rustling dress,
  Each lustrous movement of her liquid eyes,
Envied the air its undisturbed caress
  Of her whose presence was his Paradise.

And Time rolled on, and things, they had their change;
  He saw she loved him, but too poor to claim
Her hand with honor, with a wild and strange,
  Stern passion taught the maid to hate his name—
Taught her to hate him, when his heart was all
  One world, of which she was the single sun—
Taught her to hate him, and the heavy pall
  Fell on his hopes—his day of joy was done.

She was a child of song! Her heart was bred
  In love of God and God's most lovely things;
Her lofty soul to passion's dreams was wed,
  And, Sappho-like, she felt its serpent stings;
But, unlike Sappho, with a secret scorn
  Of him who left her, lived in silence on,
Her hope the future, her remaining morn
  Stained with no thought of one so basely gone.

And he grew rich and they were yet apart,
  She knowing, dreaming not he loved her still—
That he had ever loved her—that his heart
  Was yet the utter plaything of her will;
For they were friendless of the kind of friends
  Whose single word had torn the veil away
That kept from these two hearts the love that lends
  The light to love—that changes night to day.

And Time still passed; and Fortune who had rent
  The twain asunder, with a smiling eye,
Again her glances on their pathways bent;
  And heard with pitying ear each lingering sigh;
And, like two streams that through a waste had crept
  For weary leagues in sight but yet apart,
Their tides of love together flowed, and slept—
  The peaceful ocean of a common heart.

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VALSE

DE

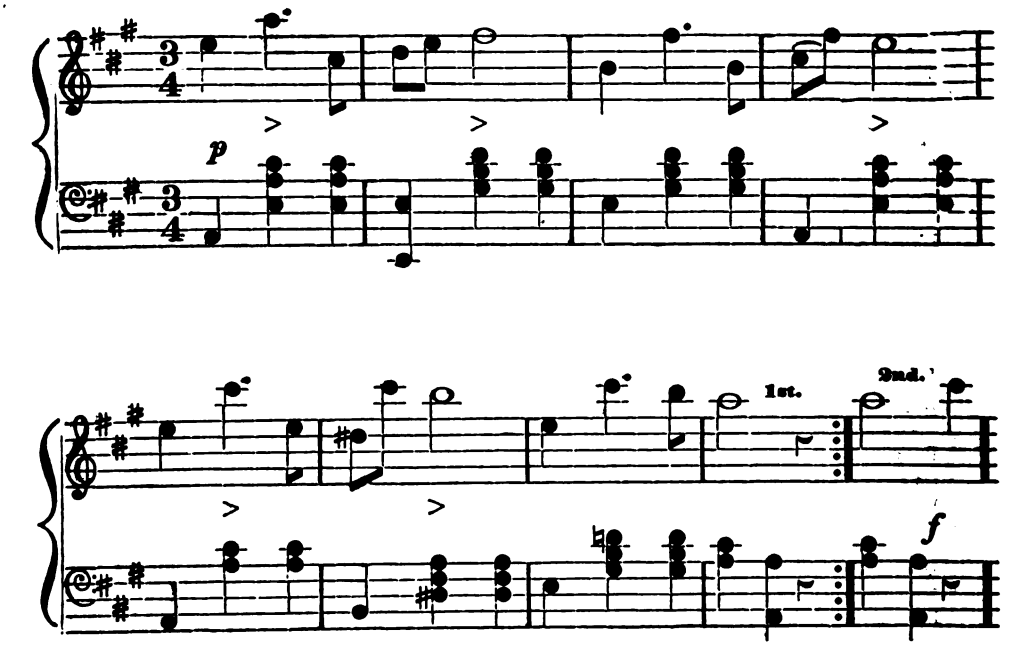
LA FILLE DU REGIMENT

POUR LE

PIANO FORTE,

PAR

MUSARD.



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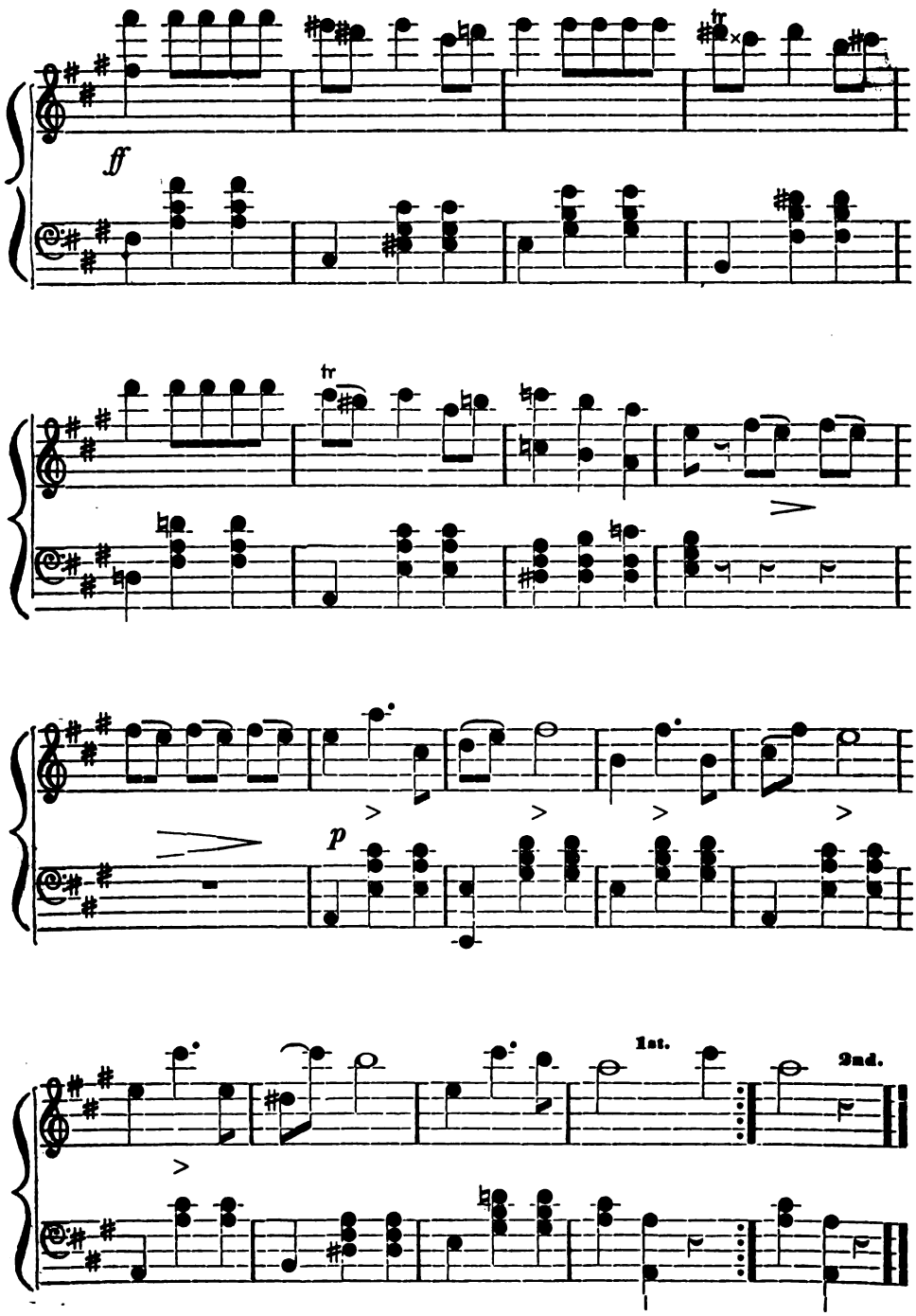

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EDITORS' TABLE.

Frost-work for the New Year.—Is it possible for moderate and simple persons, such as we are, to say any thing new or interesting upon the return of this heart's holiday? Truly, we doubt; and even if we had the undisputed ability, we much lack the will. We hear the clear ring of the icicles, as they crack and tingle in the beautiful air, sometimes breaking away from their support, and falling like a flash of starlight, to the earth; and the merry music of bells comes pouring in a mingled tide through the window, stirring our hearts like the clangor of a trumpet to the knights of Ashby de la Zouche. We pant to leave our dim-lighted chamber, and these heaps of books, and all the paraphernalia of our sometimes delightful, sometimes wearisome profession, and to make a part of the glee that every where rings around. Our fingers contract reluctantly upon the unwilling pen, and the ink in our cornucopia, (a present from a dear friend, who is thus ever present at our dearest tasks, in the morning and in the deep midnight,) looks, for once, heavy and frowning, as if nothing bright and beautiful lay within its shining depths.

Heigho! 'tis in good sooth, weary work to bend over the desk, straining the brain after some inkling of inspiration—trying to force still another spark of electricity from the exhausted Leyden jar—while the heart rebels against its confinement, and is clamorous to be away. So many delicious temptations conspire at this sweet season to seduce one from labor, and to draw him within the great maelstrom of social pleasure and enjoyment that every where is roaring around, that we should hold ourselves half excused, dear ladies, for playing truant ourselves, for once, and neglecting the little tête-à-tête which, for so many years, we have held with you at the commencement of every month. But no! We will not now begin to manifest a want of interest in our work, after it has been so kindly and universally adopted by our countrywomen as their cynosure. Every month shall see us making renewed exertions to merit the smiles of our dear friends; and we look forward with hope and pleasure to many long years of an agreeable and profitable Companion-ship.

We think we have been most successful this month, in presenting you a "Companion," as brilliant, as intellectual, and as fascinating as the joyous season that brings it to your boudoir table. Our ample pages sparkle like the diamond snow-crust, with the gems of thought and feeling scattered over them, and the spirit of wit and beauty presides in our picture-gallery. The Valley of the Connecticut, (Mount Holyoke,) is a landscape of most surpassing beauty and magnificence. The likeness is wonderful for its accuracy, and the artistical effects of the engraving are most superb. The rich and pathetic print of Ruth and Boaz has never been exceeded for delicacy of conception or sweetness of execution. It speaks and lives to the holiest and most precious of our senses and perceptions. But the gem of our present number,—a feature as novel as it is striking and effective in the fashionable monthlies,—is that exquisite embodiment of truthful humor and refined wit, "Calandrino, Bruno and Buffalmacco, in search of the Heliotrope." We are certain that if the good-natured Boccaccio could himself examine this picture, he would pronounce it, in every respect,—what *he* would have produced, had he been painter instead of author.

It will thus be seen that we present our readers with three splendid steel engravings in our January number,—omitting the usual fashion-plate. There has been so little change in the fashions since our December issue, that we have thought a plate unnecessary. We have only to make the general observation that the rage for gaudy and brilliant colors has subsided, in fashionable circles, ere yet others had fairly succeeded in imitating it; and now, with the exception of furs and feathers, worn in unusual profusion, every thing in dress, as it always should be, is plain and unobtrusive. The imperious goddess, Fashion, never does such wretched violence to the sense of true beauty, as when she bedecks and bedizens her fair votaries in gay and flaunting colors. Good taste, like great genius, rather interests and absorbs the attention than seeks to startle by melodramatic show and spectacle. A fine woman, well and properly dressed, is like a fine picture; it does not strike very particularly at first; but, as you continue to contemplate it, you are more and more fascinated and enthralled by its latent beauties, which steal out one by one upon the visions, like stars in the evening sky, until the very air is radiant with beauty.

Our Copy-right Trial.—Probably every one of our readers has heard, in one way or another, of our "copy-right trial." It has been read by at least half a million in this city and the immediate vicinity,—in all sorts of shapes,—some malignant, some witty, some stupid, and one or two fair and candid. Our only object in referring to it at all, is to show our readers that, although acting innocently, and in all good faith, we have hazarded a large sum of money for their gratification. From the commencement of our career, we have never hesitated to make any expenditure, or to incur any responsibility, that might increase the value of our periodical. To gratify our subscribers has ever been our only ambition. Law suits and threats have never for an instant deterred us. We have battled to the last for our rights, and the interests of our subscribers,—and, whatever may be the nature of the obstacles we are for the future to encounter, we will continue faithfully to do so. There is something in the relation in which we stand with regard to the ladies of New York and America, which creates a feeling of chivalric devotion to them and their enlightened tastes, that is very dear to us, and stimulates us to the greatest and most unceasing exertions in their behalf.

A full explanation of the circumstances under which we were innocently placed in a position that enabled Mr. Millet to take advantage of us, we were anxious to substantiate upon the trial; but our testimony upon this point,—as well as that which we offered to prove that Mr. Millet himself had appropriated the *words* of the song, without permission or knowledge of the author,—was ruled out by the court, who decided the question, (as perhaps it was justified in doing,) simply upon a technicality,—although, by the same rule, had Mr. Millet been able to have proved the whole amount of our circulation, (say fifteen thousand,) he would of course have been entitled to thirty thousand dollars for a song, the words of which he himself appropriated without leave, as well as six hundred and twenty-five dollars! This would be paying tolerably dear for a song, at all events—and would probably have been sufficient to have purchased "the Cot beneath the Hill," itself,—with perhaps, a very pretty potato-patch adjoining!

But seriously—this prosecution, all things considered, is a strange one. in May last, our musical editor, without consulting us, (as had always been the custom,—we having the most implicit confidence in his judgment,)—gave out to the printer a song, entitled "the Cot beneath the Hill," which appeared in the June number of the Companion. It subsequently was discovered by us, that the same song had been published in 1841, in the usual form of music-sheets, by Mr. Millet. Without consultation with any one, we immediately wrote the following explicit acknowledgment of the error into which we had been drawn, and of the source whence the song was derived,—which was printed in the Companion of the next month, (July;)

"*The Cot beneath the Hill.*"—The music in our June issue belongs, as we have learned since the number was published, by copy-right, to Mr. Millet. We regret exceedingly that such a circumstance should have occurred, as we would not, under any consideration, have done the *semblance* of injustice to so generous and enterprizing a publisher as the proprietor of this copy-right. We copied the music, with some alteration, from the "Boston Musical Visitor," and if any of our subscribers are anxious for the original and correct piece, they can secure it by applying to Mr. Millet, 329 Broadway.

In addition to this, it was proved that *five hundred copies only* of the song were printed by Mr. Millet, at fifty cents each; and still he prosecuted us for *three* thousand dollars! while his entire edition,—provided that, from May, 1841, to June, 1843, the whole of it had been sold,—would have amounted to just *two hundred and fifty dollars!*

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But Mr. Millet's edition of the song, up to the time of its publication in the Companion, had scarcely been entered upon by purchasers. Our publication of it did him good, and drew public attention to it. Every lady keeps her collection of music for the purpose of binding, and our pages could not be incorporated with those of regular music-sheets—consequently, if the composition were a superior one, every lady, (after our acknowledgment in our July number,) would send to Mr. Millet for a copy of his music, to be placed with her collection already accumulated.

Thus we contend that Mr. Millet has been largely benefitted by the publication in the Ladies' Companion of "the Cot beneath the Hill,"—for which we have been, (very reluctantly we assure you!) made to contribute still further, by a direct tax upon our pocket. We must say that our cause was well conducted by *Mr. E. H. Hudson*, a young but eminent lawyer of this city.

How far we have been to *blame*, in the business, we leave our readers to judge.

THE HEDGE-HOG OF NEWSPAPER LITERATURE.—It is seldom that in the conduct of the "Ladies' Companion" we condescend to notice the isolated attacks of scurrilous writers, much less to enter into controversies with individuals, who having themselves become outlaws in the Republic of Letters, seek to injure and to vilify all those whom they have failed to drag down to their own contemptible level. It is pleasing to know, that persons of this degraded class are very scarce. The paths of honest industry are so thickly strewn with the flowers of pleasantness and peace, that true talent is never tempted to swerve from them. It is only turbulent spirits, who, like that revolting counterfeit of humanity, Park Benjamin of the New World, are fond of wallowing in the sloughs of depravity and corruption, that prefer following a less congenial course. The predatory character of the wretch we have just mentioned, is so well known, that, albeit, his attacks upon our reputation and our prosperity, have been very numerous, we have almost invariably suffered them to pass by "as the idle wind which we regard not." Secure in the consciousness of our rectitude,—flattered by a steadily increasing patronage,—and supported by a *corps* of contributors, among whom will be found some of the brightest and most cultivated intellects in the country, we have allowed the scorpion to crawl unmolested, convinced that its sting was poisonless, and its rage as impotent as the last struggles of an expiring rush-light. We are not sure that a slight degree of commiseration for those bodily deformities with which it pleased an All-Wise Providence to blast this reptile on its first entrance into the world, has not been the main cause of our forbearance. We have often been told by eye-witnesses that whenever the poor creature is so unfortunate as to catch a glimpse of his disgusting form reflected in a mirror, he foams horribly at the mouth and pours forth savage imprecations upon all the human race. Believing therefore, that his hostility to us, and indeed to all those who have been imprudent enough to relieve his wants, or otherwise to befriend him in the hour of need, was the result of a partially insane temperament, we have generally preferred giving him the charity of our silence, instead of seeking redress for the injuries so wantonly committed, by retaliation. In doing this, we thought we only consulted the wishes of our thousands of readers,—the dignity of the press generally, and above all, the well-being of those talented ladies who are associated with us in the Editorial management of the Magazine. If we have broken silence on this occasion, it is only to remind our readers and subscribers of the motives which have actuated our conduct throughout, notwithstanding the many atrocities committed against our interest by the notorious Park Benjamin,—the universally despised hedge-hog of newspaper literature. We are well aware that in a community like this, where the pursuits of commerce and the excitement of politics engross men's faculties, frequently to the exclusion of every thing else, people are apt to forget the events which take place out of the immediate sphere of their observation. No one has taken a more desperate advantage of this peculiar bias in the public mind than the unprincipled Benjamin; for it will generally be found that those whom he traduces and vilifies to-day, are men whom he had formerly held up to the admiration of mankind. The "Ladies' Companion" was not very long ago, an object of his especial veneration and praise. His mercenary spirit found in our unsuspecting *bonhomie* an ever fruitful source wherein to gratify its grovelling aspirations. Pity had yielded to the rampant vanity of the literary Scarabœus what sober judgment would fain have denied. In an evil hour, the infamous expedients which the wretch had so long adopted in order to practice extortion with impunity, were exposed to the light of day. His ominous name was cancelled from the roll of contributors. Hence his unceasing and most persevering efforts to detract from a publication which he had once so warmly eulogized. It is unnecessary to say more. This passing glance through the light of retrospection will, we are confident, suffice to put our readers on their guard against any further misrepresentation with which they may be favored from the disappointed and ravenous HEDGE-HOG OF NEWSPAPER LITERATURE.

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.—The year opens with considerable brilliancy—although *new* material seems to be rapidly exhausting itself, leaving our publishers to fall back upon the older and more substantial, though perhaps, not more familiar, works of a past generation, or a once-spent wave of the great ocean of literature. We have no room for a detailed review of new books, in our present number, and must content ourselves with a mere catalogue of some of those which gracefully encumber our green table.

POEMS OF SAMUEL ROGERS: *With Numerous Illustrations; a new edition, revised, with additions by the Author: Lea & Blanchard.*—This is by far the most beautiful edition extant of the works of this standard English poet. The fine steel engravings, which are scattered like summer dreams, through the beautiful pages, are amongst the most exquisite specimens of art we have ever seen.

ORIGINAL POEMS FOR INFANT MINDS: *by the Taylor Family; from the twelfth London edition: Saxton & Miles.*—A collection of very pretty—sometimes beautiful and touching—poems for young people, calculated to improve the heart and store the mind with the simplest yet most important lessons.

NED MYERS: *or, a Life Before the Mast; edited by J. Fennimore Cooper: Lea & Blanchard.*—This is a common-place affair, sold for three shillings, York currency, and scarcely worth the attention bestowed upon it by its distinguished *editor.*

THE WORKS OF MRS. HEMANS.—Messrs, Lea and Blanchard have issued the works of this most plaintive and exquisite poetess, in a fine and cheap form. The murmurings of her genius are sweet and touching as the melody of wind-struck harps, sighing amid blighted roses.

EVERY LADY'S BOOK: *J. T. Crowen.*—This is a neat and invaluable little book of recipes for all sorts of light and delicious cookerie—the poetry, in fact, of the *cuisine.* We have little knowledge in these matters, but are told that it is every thing that a work on a subject coming so home to every man's "business and bosom" should be.

WILLIS' POEMS.—The proprietors of the New Mirror have been delighting the town with a kind of *aristocratic shilling literature*, if such a phrase may be allowed—consisting of two extra New Mirrors, containing the "Sacred Poems," and the "Poems of Passion," of N. P. Willis, one of the editors of that popular periodical. They are printed in a most exquisite style, and, as we learn, have had an immense sale. Well do they deserve it—for Willis is at length beginning to be generally acknowledged what, for years, the "judicious" have known him to be—the first of living poets.

GIBSON'S DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.—The Harpers have commenced the issue, in semi-monthly numbers, of this great classic work—to be completed in fifteen numbers. It is worth every one's while to purchase it.

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GEROLSTEIN.—The Harpers have published "Gerolstein, or the Sequel to the Mysteries of Paris." It is important that all who have read the Mysteries should peruse this also.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.—We learn that the proprietorship of this sterling and most excellent magazine reverts, with the January number, exclusively to L. Gaylord Clarke, Esq., the gentleman under whose auspices, since the death of his lamented brother, the Knickerbocker has been steadily rising in public estimation. We hope the cares and perplexities of the publisher's desk will not claim so much of Mr. Clarke's time as to deprive us of the pleasure derived from the inimitable productions of his pen.

THE BIRTH-RIGHT.—This is the title of Mrs. Gore's last novel, just issued by the Harpers. We have not yet had time to read it, but we hear it very highly spoken of—which will probably answer our purpose just as well.

TRAVELS OF M. VIOLET IN CALIFORNIA, MEXICO, TEXAS, ETC. *Edited by Capt. Marryatt: Harper & Brothers.*—We have not yet read this little, poor-looking book; nor have we much desire to do so. The letter from Mr. Kendall, exposing the Baronet's gross and audacious thefts from the Picayune, and other sources, has satisfied us that Capt. Marryatt has added nothing to his reputation by the publication of this work.

THE EDUCATION OF MOTHERS: *or, the Civilization of Mankind by Women; by L. Aimé Martin; Lea & Blanchard.*—This is the celebrated work, (very beautifully translated into English by Edwin Lee, Esq.,) to which the prize of the French Academy for the best essay on "Woman in her political and social relations," was awarded. Every mother and daughter in the world should read this little work, understandingly.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAD, *from the Norman Conquest; with Anecdotes of their Courts: by Agnes Strickland. Lea & Blanchard.*—The third volume of this most vivid and authentic portraiture of men and things, kings and women, is just out. It seems to us to be the most interesting volume yet published.

PICCIOLA.—THE PRISONER OF FENESTRELLA: OR, CAPTIVITY CAPTIVE: *by M. de Saintine; Lea & Blanchard.*—Our only regret in noticing this most exquisite little work is that the modesty of the excellent translator has prevented us from thanking him, by name, for the most acceptable favor he has bestowed upon the lovers of the pure, the beautiful, the true. The present is the only *good* translation we have ever met.

In regard to "Picciola," itself, we think it necessary, "in the present state of the market," to copy from the pretty preface to this edition, the following paragraph: "At a period when the frivolity of modern works of fiction, and more especially novels of artificial life, excited the general condemnation of criticism, a conception at once so bold and simple, so moral and poetical, as that of M. de Saintine, should be received with favor. Picciola is the most striking and original tale that has appeared since the triumphs of 'Ondine;' or may be, perhaps, more aptly described as such a version of Robinson Crusoe, as Silvio Pellico might have conceived in the affecting loneliness of 'Prigioni.'"

ÆGRI SOMNIA: RECREATIONS OF A SICK ROOM: *by Ezekiel Bacon; John Allen.*—These poems are chiefly tokens and tributes of honorable affections and kindly feelings—and we involuntarily treat those sacred subjects with something more delicate than forbearance. Of the skill with which they are wrought out it is not necessary to speak. They are hallowed by the occasion which brought them forth—the solemn reflections of a sick room. There is something very beautiful to us in the sight of an old man, pausing at the close of a virtuous existence and calmly recalling the uneventful yet cheerful incidents and associations with which the proper exercise of the affections embellishes every life, however unobtrusive. We cannot, in truth, speak much in favor of the *poetry* in this little volume; but we can yield unhesitating admiration to the feelings by which it is prompted.

FREDERICK THE GREAT, HIS COURT AND TIMES. *Edited by Thomas Campbell; 2 vols.: Lea & Blanchard.*—This is a book chiefly celebrated for being an abortion from the pen of a great poet, who labors under the idea that he is equally great as a prose writer—and as having formed the apology for one of Macauley's most brilliant papers in the Edinburgh Review. The work is feebly done, and the only wonder is that so little has been made from so much material.

THE PEOPLE'S ANNUAL, 1844.—A most magnificent present for the *holidays*, with the above title, has just been issued. It is embellished with *thirty-six* steel engravings—*twelve* pieces of music, and over *five hundred* pages of tales, sketches, poetry, etc. Among the contributors are all of the first writers of the country—viz: Miss C. M. Sedgewick, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Stephens: Gilmore Simms, Ingraham, Tuckerman—in fact every author of eminence. It is the cheapest Annual ever published in America. It is sold by the booksellers generally at the extreme low price of two dollars and fifty cents—beautifully bound in embossed muslin and lettered in gold. Copies can be had at our office.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL.—The only theatrical event of the month worthy of note, is the second engagement of Mr. Macready at the Park, which commenced on the 6th ult. Owing to the unheard of excitement attending the advent of Ole Bull, Mr. Macready's audiences dwindled somewhat in numbers, under the natural and inevitable revulsion of a great public excitement; yet he was fully attended, and played with his accustomed fire and spirit. His lofty and noble conceptions, and his wonderfully pure and polished style of acting, are something so different from the rant and humbug of the day, that they afford to the intellectual a most pleasurable pastime. His performance of the leading characters, of the higher range of the tragic drama, impresses itself so deeply upon the hearts of his auditors as to leave little fear for his ever being forgotten. His acting is like a rare painting by one of the old masters, which, the more minutely it is examined, wins the more upon the admiration. Comparisons between Mr. Macready and other actors, are impossible. None can reach the level of the platform on which he stands alone. His genius, his profound critical judgment, and his iron perseverance, have built him a monument that will endure for ever.

In music we have been peculiarly favored; but so thoroughly and so ably have the various performers and performances been criticised by the daily press, (which, on this subject has fairly "outdid" itself,) that there is nothing left, necessary for us to say. As a matter of reference, we record the names of the various distinguished artists who have been amongst us during the month. Of violinists we have had Ole Bull, Vieuxtemps, Artot and Wallace,—all great, but Ole Bull greatest. Madame Cinti Damoreau and Madame Castellan divide the bays as vocalists; and the efforts of all this great talent have aroused a musical enthusiasm amongst our citizens, which manifests itself in various delightful ways. We shall shortly become a great musical nation. BOWERY.—The performances at this house have been well attended. The principal novelty of the month has been the dramatising, by Mr. C. H. Saunders, the low comedian of the company, and a very clever young man, of the Mysteries of Paris, which had a very successful run. The Bronze Horse, Cherry and Fair Star, with several other successful pieces have been produced, and were greeted with every token of approbation. The capacities of this theatre for the performance of gorgeous spectacles are unequalled—hence the universal success ever attending their representations. NIBLO'S.—The experiment of an amphitheatre has succeeded admirably—and this beautiful and comfortable establishment is nightly filled with the more respectable families of the city, attended by their younger children. The sight of the audience alone, is worth the price of a card of admission. OLYMPIC. This little laughing dimple on the fair face of the winter's amusements, is in a perfect tide of the most brilliant success. It is nightly crammed and gorged to its highest capacity.

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The Latest Paris Fashions for Feby 1844

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ENGLISH BEAUTY.

Engraved for the Ladies' Companion

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THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, FEBRUARY, 1844.

THE BEAUTY OF ENGLAND.

The beautiful and majestic *tournure*, the symmetrical and elastic forms, of the ladies of the English aristocracy, have been for three or four centuries at least, the envy and admiration of the world. What may be termed the poetry of configuration seems to belong as a natural inheritance to these proud, haughty and cold-hearted beauties. Taught by that most contemptible of all affectations, the desire to be thought better pleased any where else than at home, our writers too frequently fall into the ridiculous blunder of the English Cockney scribblers, who go into raptures over France, Spain and Italy, without having ever voyaged beyond Wapping, and seek, particularly in the matter of female loveliness, to decry their own fair and splendid countrywomen, in all possible and impossible occasions. To the native of the Continent, who happens to find himself either in England or the United States, this is ludicrous enough; and our beautiful sisters and daughters may console themselves for the idiotic blindness of their scribbling countrymen, with the deep and absorbing admiration with which their magnificent and entrancing style of beauty inspires every foreigner of fashion, refinement or good sense.

We said, in speaking of the ladies of the English aristocracy, that they were cold-hearted. We used the term in its ordinary acceptation—we meant simply that they invested their beauties with that exquisite frost-work of modesty and reserve, which it is so delicious for the sighs of honorable love to breath upon and dissipate. Passion, in the abstract, is a thing unknown to the well-bred English and American maiden—it is a thunder-tone which never is awakened in their guileless bosoms, but by the electricity of holy and mutual love. They feel, with their delicate instinct, that female beauty, in which is not shrined the unextinguishable lamp of modesty, shedding its rosy lustre upon all the transparent symmetry of that sacred temple, is but a statue of ice, which melts beneath the fierce sun of passion, but to mingle with the gross earth and be trampled under foot of the meanest and the basest. An invisible impulse,—a sweet yet irresistible power, of whose existence they themselves are conscious but by its effects,—keeps their hearts and minds, as themselves, not only pure, but beyond the thought or aspiration for aught that could lay the shadow of taint upon them. They learn of their own thoughts to keep their beauty as a sacred and inviolable repository of Heaven's choicest and most delicious fragrance; and, it is only when the subtle flame of love, born like themselves in Heaven and sent seeking its congenial nourishment through all the world, unseals the old alabaster portals of their gentle bosoms, that the fountain of affection—clear, deep and tranquil as the eternity to which it is returning—bursts forth and flows, for ever and for ever. The weary soul to whom is permitted to refresh its drooping pinions in that wave, is blessed indeed!

The Greeks—who knew all things, and knew them better than any other, because their keen sense of the Beautiful kept them in constant communication with Nature and the God of the Beautiful—personified in their religious system, three sorts of female loveliness—first, the reproducing being, with a voluptuous and sensuous configuration, small head, (as showing that *mental* occupation, was not her destiny,) and a thrilling lip and eye, coining a passion in every motion—bewildering the senses with every undulation of that sweet head and bewitching form. This was Venus. Next came the hunting, warring and travelling faculty, personified under the form of Diana—beautiful yet chaste, and full of dignity, condescension, faithfulness, wisdom, but no love. After her is the *intellectual* woman—the immediate creation of the breath of God—Psyche—the mind, the soul, the highest embodied intelligence. How truthful, and how beautiful is this noble yet simple story!

Without going through with the history of woman, in the different nations descended from the Caucasian race,—we will merely add that the English and American women, as a general characteristic, unite these three kinds of female excellence. Lovely and bewildering in the spells they cast around our captive senses, they blend the grandeur and dignity of wisdom, propriety, modesty and good sense, even in their most unguarded impulses, while their refined and powerful intellects keep pace proudly side by side with the haughty and daring soul of man, or even overstep us in the race for immortality.

G. G. FOSTER.

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Original.

THE WEEK-DAY MORALIST.

LACONICS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE YEMASSEE," "THE KINSMAN," ETC.

I.

THE popular prosperity depends very much upon the popular morality. It is for a people to determine for themselves what they shall be, and what they shall become. Soil, climate, fortune, go but a small distance, comparatively speaking, in obtaining or securing eminence, happiness or permanence to any nation. Vainly would the patriot strive, and the sage counsel, and the soldier fight, if a people are neither true to themselves nor active in their proper purposes. In their own hearts and hands lie the secret of their moral, their social and political successes, and the labor which is taken for them, in which they do not share, is so much labor thrown away. Even Hercules, a god, could only assist those who were first prepared and willing to put their own shoulders to the wheel.

II.

There is no doctrine more dangerous than that which is perpetually making hideous outcry about (supposed) dangerous doctrines. No errors of opinion can possibly be dangerous in a country where opinion is left free to grapple with them. Undoubtedly, such freedom produces the wildest freaks of speculation, the crudest philosophies, and morals and metaphysics, equally insisted upon and impossible. But they are of a fungous growth, have a mushroom life, which the next day's sun dries up and disperses. They need alarm nobody,—yet they do. How many men, with hearts of lions, have yet been scared by shadows! Philosophy has its bugbears as well as superstition.

III.

In morals, as in the mere essentials of social strength, the *general* diffusion of truth among mankind,—though no one individual shall have grown a jot wiser than the millions who have gone before, and have been great in preceding ages, —is the great but simple process for working out the grand consummation. The *universal* reception of *complete* truth—as it is possessed now, and was possibly possessed in times past, by certain individuals,—is that coming of God's kingdom, the advent of which is the sole business of prophecy, and the great, but how little appreciated, hope of our race.

IV.

Strange that we should conclude a people to be unequal to the business of their own government, because they sometimes happen to go wrong; as if it were any argument against a man's reason, because, happening to dine out with his friend, he drinks too much wine, (a very reprehensible error, to be sure,) and partially (though temporarily,) loses the proper command of it. The man and the nation may equally fall into error, but this suggests no good reason why they should not in the end come right.

V.

A nation, at one moment, seems to be utterly debased and self-abandoned. It exhibits neither great purposes, great performances, nor great men. But one of the common errors of the (so called) philosophical historian, is to judge of nations at passing and isolated periods—periods of transition, at the best, when none of its permanent phases can possibly be apparent. Sleep is an element of action. A nation must have its period of repose quite as much as an individual. May not these periods of unperformance, be, in fact, periods of preparation? A nation may stoop in order to spring, as the man crouches low to earth, when he would make his farthest leap.

VI.

Man should never despair of his resources or his race. He frequently does little or nothing, because he does not manfully attempt enough. We are very sure (and, indeed, the experience of every day adds to the proof,) that the true extent of his powers has never yet been developed. He, himself, is quite as much confounded at his own achievements, when he makes them, as any of the spectators. He is usually forced to his best performances, by what he vulgularly calls necessity. We might easily find another word and origin for the impulse which he obeys, at such moments,—and by which he performs. Though his reason trembles to advance, his blood bounds to the consummation of the unusual tasks. Verily, we too much underrate this instinct. What is it but the God within him, throwing aside the shackles of clay, the impedimcnts, and doubts and fears of a poor earthly reason, and hurrying him onward—he, blind the while—under the unerring guidance of an immortal soul!

VII.

To the sight of ordinary men, there is, at this moment, scarcely any thing desirable in the position of ministers either in Great Britain or America. There seems to be every where at hand, a general breaking up of the waters. All the political elements are in commotion, and

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moderate-minded men may well be modest. (Fools, of course, will rush in at any period.) Timidity naturally shrinks from trials beyond its strength;—but occasions and times like these, are the true *accoucheurs* of genius. It is in the storm that the strong spirit is roused to exertion, who, when the sky is untroubled and serene, seems unvexed by ambition and hardly susceptible to life. Necessities need the spirits which are to contend with them, and external pressure forces into action, for resistance, the unsuspected energies which repose within. Holiday statesmen, like holiday captains—fierce persons upon parade—are seldom the performing persons in the day of battle. On such occasions, if they do not wholly keep out of sight, they very soon convict themselves of incompetence or imbecility, and are summarily dismissed, by shot or scorn, to their more appropriate places. Mediocrity seems to be the great misfortune of present statesmanship. It is doubtful where to find the leading mind equal to the occasion, as it now threatens, equally, perhaps, in Great Britain, America and France. As the storm advances, and the danger presses, the penalty will have to be paid by each of these nations for the feeble conduct into which they have suffered themselves to fall. But this very penalty, terribly enforced, betrays the careful concern of Providence. But for the chastening we should not have the care, and the penalty must precede the forgiveness. *The true man*, will succeed the imbecile—the king-man, born for rule—and the storm will cease at the simple waving of his hand. The good ship, with a good pilot at the helm, will reach her harborage. A sick nation, like a sick man, must be physicked, let blood, perhaps, and will suffer from nausea, exhaustion and other evil concomitants, before it entirely recovers. But, in all probability, it will recover. The greatest misfortune then is, and the one that it will remember longest, is the heavy bill of expenses which is to follow.

VIII.

No government can be prosperous or permanent, the people of which are unsuccessful in their social objects. It matters not very much what their objects are. The unimpeded prosecution of them is the great guaranty for which governments are constituted. The first object of a government should be to convince the people that this guaranty is permanent and certain. Laws which fluctuate are fatal to popular prosperity, while such as bear hardly upon any class, however small, though they promote the absolute wishes of the rest, will be unwise, and become oppressive in the end to the whole; for it is in all such cases the nature of ministers to increase, in proportion to the increasing desire of majorities to extend their sway over greater numbers. The display of national splendor, or private opulence, is seldom a sure proof of national prosperity. The bankrupt makes his most extraordinary displays of profligacy just before his open failure; and there is no moral filth more shocking than that which imperial trappings are employed to conceal. Remarking to a pupil the various transactions which had taken place, within a short period, in and about Athens, a venerable sage of that city compared its condition, while it was wanting in those monuments of splendor which had prefaced its overthrow, with the subsequent magnificence in which all people then indulged. He deplored the unfortunate character of the difference and predicted the result. A great display of wealth, can, in no country, be made by more than a very few; and any struggle at this object on the part of the great body of a community is neither more nor less than a contest in crime for the splendors of bankruptcy. He preferred to see, as we should, a country thickly scattered over with smiling and cultivated farms, even though, at the same time, the treasury of state or city remained empty,—since a people prosperous by means of labor can always meet the emergency, whatever form it may take, by which state or city is endangered. It is not so certain that state or city can help a dissolute people, who have yet to learn the first rudiments of industry. The noblest edifices in every country, are true hearts and strong hands, souls not debased by indigence, nor enervated by luxury. There will most certainly be found in every nation, where the government neither subjects them for its creatures, nor affords them an unwholesome example by its pomps, a people who will always have a filial love for the soil they cultivate, and for the government, which, protecting them from others, does not itself seek to oppress them! "I would rather," said the sage, "see the national treasury for ever without a penny, than know that any worthy citizen stood hopelessly in need of one."

IX.

Your egotist is of three descriptions—he is your complacent, your complaining, or your contemptuous egotist. The first class is a sufficiently common one and needs no particular description. He is your sniggering, simpering, lack-wit,—constant with his smile, who, if he will not help, cannot hurt, and may escape harm on the score of his own harmlessness. The other two classes, though not equally common, are

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sufficiently so in all conscience. Contemptuous egotism is always ready for a fight—complaining egotism is always ready for a bribe. The former always fancies that the world is treading on his toes; the other is always afflicted, lest the world should not see when he puts them down. I have an acquaintance, who, before dinner, is the first character in perfection,—after dinner, the last. He unites the species. Meet him before he gets to his chop-house, and his acknowledgment of your "God den," is a sort of defiance. After his steak is discussed, he moves your bowels, if they be at all given to compassion, to hearken to the narrative of distresses which trouble his. The whole world has gone wrong with him—all the world are in a league to persecute him, and the only assurance you have that he will not throw himself into the river, is, the consoling conviction that you feel, all the while, that, let the world treat him as it will, he is a person who can never dispense with himself. His self-love, alone, keeps the world from losing that which it could —very well afford to lose.

X.

One of the great but secret causes of human failure and perversion, is the reluctance of men to abide by their instincts. The pride of intellect will not suffer itself to refer to any other authority than reason, and we begin the work of self-sophistication on the very threshold of existence. Of the simplest pursuits we continue to fashion mysteries—of the simplest arts, sciences;—and the very things of which nature would seem to require of us the immediate personal performance, we strangely enough defer to a special and foreign faculty. What more completely our own province than our own food, our own rights, our health, and our religion?—yet all these concerns which can be attended to by nobody half so properly or profitably as ourselves, we studiously put out of our own control. Hence, our lawyer can give us the most complicated and admirable laws,—but no justice;—our doctor, the most variously compounded medicines, but no cure; —our priest, the utmost variety of doctrines, but no religion—certainly, no safety. Even the farmer, sophisticating like the rest, in his ambition to make a science of his art, seldom succeeds in making a crop. Yet, it is very certain that nothing in this world is so easy of attainment—if we will only try for ourselves, with common honesty and diligence—as food, health, justice and religion. The things most essential of all, not only to the health and happiness, but to the absolute safety of man, were never meant by the Deity to be withdrawn from his immediate individual control; and man will never know one or the other, 'till he resumes all the privileges he has so blindly parted with. It seems to be clear, that, among his personal duties are these: he must earn his own bread, learn his own bodily condition—what is its meat and what is its poison—farm his own lands, and carry on his own intercourse with heaven, to the employment of as few intermediate agents as possible. Individuality, and hence, individual responsibility, is the grand feature which distinguishes man from every other animal.

Original.

THE SEA, THE MIGHTY DEEP.

BY JOHN C. M'CABE, M. D.

"The sea! the sea! the open sea!"
Barry Cornwall.

Oh, had I my wish, in my pride I would be,
A wild careless rover upon the wide sea;
Oh, the glorious sea, with the proud, dashing foam,
Should be to the wanderer his fearless barque's home.

What though storm and tempest should sweep in their wrath
On the waves of the deep; and along my wild path,
The fierce hissing lightnings like serpents should twine,
And the phosphoric billows should gloomily shine—

Yet away, yet away over breaker and wave,
I would heedlessly dash, and their rude dangers brave;
Each feeling of fear in my bosom should sleep,
As proudly my barque cut her way through the deep.

Huzza, for the sea! the all glorious sea,
Its might is so wondrous, its spirit so free!
And its billows beat time to each pulse of my soul,
Which impatient, like them, cannot yield to control.

Oh! let me when dying, but know that the wave,
Is rolling along from its deep coal cave
To bear my lone corpse to its bed in the deep;—
How calmly my spirit would hush it to sleep!

Then down through the glassy, the billowy sea,
My corpse shall be borne; and the wild minstrelsy
Of dirge-chanting billows around me should break,
And from caves of old Ocean strange echoes should wake.

Oh! who would not live on the Ocean so wide,
When its billows look bright as the smile of a bride?
And who would not glory, his vigils to keep,
With the stars o'er his head, and around him—THE DEEP!

'Twas my cradle in childhood, that ocean so proud,
And in death let me have its bright waves for my shroud;
Let no sad tears be shed when I die, over me,
But bury me deep in the sea,—in the sea!

Norfolk, Va., 1844.

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Original.

POESY.

BY E. DELAFIELD SMITH.

THERE is a spirit, in the twilight hour,
Breath'd from above, where angels shadowy gleam;
Or from the earth—the fragrance of the flow'r—
Beauty—the genius of the mystic stream—
Music, that haunts the greenwood and the gale,—
A spirit of enchantment: and her veil
O'er Eden playing. Twilight gently wove
O'er our first parents in their bower of love.
Of life-like rapture warmer was the gush,
More lofty thought, and deeper Beauty's blush.
Gaze on each brow! How vivid Feeling darts
Her rays all sun-like, from their cloudless hearts!
Yet why their silence? Vain is Feeling's strife
In modes of vulgar speech to rush to life,
'Till, from the bosom's mystic depths, allur'd
By the pure charm o'er Eden's bow'r, that plays,
That feeling sprang, and now no more immur'd,
The new-born language form'd the Poet's lays.

As from the bosom of the silvery sea
Yielding her figure to the zephyrs' care,
Reveal'd in vapors of soft mystery,
Rose Citheræa—all divinely fair;
Thus from the bosom of extatic feeling,
Yielding her figure to the muses' sway,
In tones melodious—well her form revealing—
Lo, POESY rising to the light of day!

Spirit of Song! alike the soul, believed
To have descended from the lands Elysian,
By mind begotten, and by heart conceived,
Born to the world to charm the mental vision;
To thy pure spirit, native are the skies,
Eden the birth-place of thy lovely form,—
Charm'd by the twilight hour of paradise,
There first embodied from the bosom warm;
Yet, as the spirit of a noble thought,
Breath'd into figure—an ethereal flame—
By varied minds, in varied ages caught;
So thou, oh, spirit! ever art the same:
To thee, in eastern or in western clime,
Bodied in gentler or in ruder days,—
To thee, I pour the oblation of my rhyme,
For thee, sweet spirit! build my lowly lays.
That thy bright history I may picture well,
Bow truant Fancy 'neath the wand of Will;
Weave o'er my soul thy soft, mysterious spell—
Deep in mine heart, thy magic powers instil!

How oft our parents in poetic lays
Low breath'd of love or chanted hymns of praise!
And may we not believe it true, that Thought
This new-born language for expression sought,
When the pure pair held commune with Him—
Their holy God, and with the seraphim?
But cease, ye chords, that breathe a pæan gay
In Sorrow's ear, like mockery, that rings!
As sunless vapors, now a graver lay
Rise from the chang'd and sorrow-stricken strings!
Woman! Too trusting, and alas, betrayed!
Ah, thou wert victim to that confidence
Which made thee lovely! and from Eden's shade
Wert driven—weeping—with thy consort thence,
And all thy spirit guardians spread their wings and fled—
But Hope—that wept—yet *sunny* tear-drops shed,
When sprang, as from the earth-bedewing show'r,
O'er life's dark path, full many a lovely flow'r.

Then as, beneath the starry beams that eloquently smil'd,
Upon the lovely Mary's breast, appear'd Jehovah's child,
So 'neath the light of Feeling's ray, to earth again was giv'n—
Upon the lap of Nature nurs'd, the Poetry of Heav'n.
She might have come or soon or late, again to bless the earth,
She might, before the water's scourge, have own'd her second birth,
And with her own lov'd Solitude, in some secluded lair,
Sweet breathing o'er the speaking lyre, have liv'd a hermit there;
For not the voice of History, and none of Fancy's scheming,
Hath told a tale of Poetry 'till 'mid the Chosen gleaming.

Then hail to Judea! the land bright in story,
Where Poesy shone in the morn of her glory!
Where the God of Sabaoth in musical lays,
Breath'd divine inspiration and lur'd us to praise!
Where the God of Sabaoth cherish'd Poesy's spirit
To tell—like our Lord—of the Heav'n we inherit!
Where the prophet, whose soul gain'd its vision from high,
Unveil'd the dark future of earth and of sky;
Where touch'd by the light wand of Poetry, spoke
Of pow'r and of plenty, the flock and the oak;
Where Lebanon, Carmel, fair mountains of old,
Of glory, of excellence, eloquent told:
Where the down of the thistle, the chaff of the field,
The figure of worthlessness, boldly reveal'd;
Where the rose and the lily, the stream and the show'r,
Told of beauty and freshness in joy's rosy hour,
When the spring in the desert, like bliss in the breast,
Leapt up in its fulness and sadness was blest;
Where the lowly parch'd land held the mirror to wo,—
And calamity sprang from the torrent's rude flow.

Such the figures of Nature—luxurious throng—
That rose to the voice of the spirit of Song,
When in Judah she sang to the praise of her God,
To his "people's" deliverance, when the magical rod
Was stretch'd o'er the foam of the path-yielding sea,
Whose billows were chain'd 'till the Chosen were free.
As back roll'd the breakers proclaiming the cry
Of triumph—the knell of the vanquished—on high,
From the heart of the prophet, rose the glad pæan there,
'Twas Poetry bodied in Gratitude's prayer!
Then hail to Judea! the land bright in story,
Where Poesy shone in the morn of her glory!

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Ages roll on: by foster mother nurs'd,
Lo, Song in Hellas, breathes amid the FREE!
Fair land! from whose heroic bosom, first
She drew the element of majesty,
The bold yet plaintive fervor of the lute
Of old Judea, slowly melts away,
Mingling with thine its final breath, 'till mute,
It softly dieth in thy graver lay.

For fair Apollo and Amphion, giv'n
By Hermes once, the magic lyre of Heav'n,
And for Musaeus hymn'd in story long,
Græcia hath claim'd the parentage of Song.
Her birth ascrib'd to Deity, below
Her spirit breath'd in Orpheus' music flow,
O'er Nature's scenes, a magic spell he wound,
And loos'd the souls that tyrant Death had bound.

Hail to Aonia! where the muses long
As vestal virgins, nurs'd the fire of Song,
And to the bard that climb'd their classic mount,
Bestow'd of Castalie—the mystic fount.
There hath reclin'd great Homer's form divine,
There gay Anacreon who, in rosy wine,
Drown'd Care—the tyrant—jesting o'er her death!
There grew a Pindar's ever blooming wreath;
'Till Ocean quench'd her passion-kindled flame,
There rose its incense to a Sappho's fame.

In Græcia's clime, the Poet first refined—
Honor'd and lov'd—the genius of mankind.
From Poesy's lips, and in her language, fell
The mystic breathings of the Oracle,
And Poesy's spirit with unbounded thrall,
Like Beauty, rul'd and sweetly chasten'd all.
Yet not alone was Græcia proudly bright—
Rome hail'd the advent of poetic light!

In the Eternal City, grew the wreath
Of fair Calliope, on Maro's brow,
And Erato was wont to softly breathe
On the Venusian's lovely "Lyric flow."
Full many a bard in great Rome sang of old;
Full many a bard in crush'd Rome lingers yet.
But ah, the last are waxing still and cold—
Sad subject for the Poet's deep regret!
Yet in the dimness of the mouldering hall,
Breathes her pure spirit—eloquently mute;
Or pours her influence in the notes that fall
From peasant—murmuring to his mournful lute.

Then on the world of letters, fell a dark and dreary night,
Yet Poetry through the cloud reveal'd her ever constant light:
Her spirit in old Scythia breath'd the mystic Runic rhyme,
Where hallow'd with Divinity, the Runer sway'd the clime!
To Scandinavia's varied lands, to Germany, away!
And list the Poet-monarch's song—the Scalder's fervid lay.
A learn'd and gentle mind within, without, the robe of blue,
Behold amid the Celtic tribes, the minstrel meets the view,
Who chronicled affairs of state, in melodies defining
The lineaments of sacred Truth through vapory Fiction shining:
How should we cherish Poetry, whose spirit thus reveal'd
The history of the olden time, that else had sunk conceal'd!

And as in wild America, rose Poesy's spirit there,
To kindle Valor's fervid flame, or triumph to declare,
Lamenting 'neath the heavy hand, the tyrant frown, of death,
Living in Friendship's hallow'd vow and Love's delusive breath.
Freedom, the goddess of the sky, in Song an Iris knew,
Who with her mandate and her spell, lo! to the mountains flew,
When hearts awoke to liberty and loos'd their tyrant chain,
'Till Edward bade the minstrels die—'till Poetry was slain.

'Twas she that breath'd from shore to shore,
The sweet traditionary lore;
'Twas she o'er Albion, Provence,
The Emerald Isle, the "North Countrie,"—
That told the tales of gay romance,
The daring deeds of chivalry.
'Twas she with knight, to holy war,
To Moslem regions, sped away,
Or breathing o'er the light guitar,
To lady wove the tender lay—
When lover long and bravely strove,
Ere he embrac'd his hard-won love,
So he would gain the muse's kiss,
Must brave the toils that circle bliss.

Then—then—she pour'd her wildest lays!
Those were indeed her golden days!
She smil'd away the gloom that well
Reveal'd the sun, we oft forget,
Because no mists of morning tell
The sire of light is lingering yet.

Ay, late have been, beneath the deep blue dyes
Of the Italian heav'n, the laureate FOUR,
To woo her spirit from her native skies,
Down to the arbors of that rosy shore:
And there have been in Germany—sweet clime!—
Full many a bard to weave her mystic rhyme:
Gaily she warbles, as in other days,
O'er vine-wreath'd France; and long her pensive lays
From the Green Isle have echo'd: she hath flown
With sister spirits, o'er the Highlands free,
Lending her magic influence to the tone
Of many a lyre of Scottish melody:
Long in old England proudly she hath shone,
The learn'd, the noble, kneeling at her throne;
And in this clime of freedom, lo, the flame
The savage kindled, slowly swells to Fame!
Sister of liberty! Here should'st thou die?
With freedom nurs'd, with freedom breath'd from high?

One spirit and one essence long
Dwelt Poetry and Music—Song;
'Till parting like the cloud of heav'n,
The ties that closely bound it riv'n,
Still round each new form, gently plays
A radiance of varied dies,
Which each to each a truant, strays,
'Till both seem mingling in the skies.

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Theirs is a soft affinity—
Nay, they are *one*, for Poetry
Retains the charm of melody,
And Music—list th' Æolian lyre
As, flitting o'er the quivering strings,
Zephyrs in mimicry expire,
Or gaily move their filmy wings:
Think ye that *sound* could fascinate
The heart it cannot penetrate?
Nay: 'tis not sound that weaves the spell,
For spirits in the breezes sigh,
And whispering o'er the lute-strings, tell
The legends of their native sky.
Beneath their strange enchantment, lo,
Dawn the sweet smile—the tear-drop flow—
That linger on the dreamer's brow,
When yet the mystic spell is not,
Remember'd well the Music, though
The Poetry forgot!
The Poetry of music, known
In each sweet concord, each diviner tone!

'Mid words, o'er language, Poesy hath thrown
Honied expressions, cherish'd for their grace,
Their pow'r and beauty: like the flow'rets strown
O'er the fair garden. Science loves to trace
Their origin, their import, and to cull
Sweet seeds—for memory—the beautiful.

An Elfin Queen, with spirit-forms, 'tis hers
To charm the bosoms of her worshippers.
It is her influence breathing forth the spell—
It is her language whispering to the heart
From the fair forms o'er Nature's face that dwell,
The living canvass of the painter's art;
And from the still, majestic statue, lo,
Her mystic accents to the spirit flow!

Hers is the language of the stars—of heav'n—
When their soft meanings to the world are giv'n:
Hers is the language of the maiden's eyes
Glancing soft answers to the lover's sighs:—
Sweetly she murm'reth in the wizard thought
By fancy's pow'r, in rosy slumber, wrought:
Gaily in joy she smileth, and in gloom,
Weeps o'er the cold and desolating tomb.
Trac'd by her finger, there th' inscription tells
Of those bright regions, where the spirit dwells,
Where she shall hover o'er seraphic choirs,
Suggesting music to their living lyres.

Sweet, soothing spirit! from the bark of life,
Lo, in mild majesty, thou mov'st at will
O'er care's rude billows, o'er the sea of strife,
With the prophetic whisper—"Peace, be still!"
As breath the life,—in sorrow's drooping hour
'Tis thou revivest pleasure's weakening pow'r.—
No brow so fair—no smile so sweet as thine,—
Come gentle Poesy! wilt thou deign be mine?
Well from thy flow'rs I love to seek perfume,
And though no sweeter in my heart 'tis made,
Yet many roses in their beauty bloom
For bee may ne'er the honey'd nectar shed.

Ay, bloom for me—and while on earth I love,
Thou shalt be dear—yes doubly dear above,
For when I think of that far-distant heav'n,
To which my thoughts on fancy's wing repair,
I feel no joy can to my heart be giv'n
To coldly mingle with the spirits there.
What though I love them on this rosy earth,
In beauty's mirror, softly breathes their worth:—

The burning world the broken mirror keeping—
For naught of earth shall in the skies appear—
With lovely friend, my soul were ever weeping,
For true, if memory told me he was dear
'Mid earthly scenes, ah, she would whisper too
Of the fair form that I no more could view.
I see the features, *not* the spirit here,
Then can I recognize, to love it there?

Not thus, sweet Poesy! vestments are not thine
That please, forbidden in the skies to shine;
I've ever known thee as a gentle spirit—
No form appeareth when my heart adores;
Soul of the soul—an higher heav'n t' inherit,
Gently descending to th' Elysian shores—
There wilt thou dwell?—In death, assurance speak,—
'Twill chase the shudder, tinge the pallid cheek,—
There wilt thou dwell? Then teach me to prepare
To brave the gloom of that mysterious sea:—
Farewell to earth! Adieu to earthly care!
I'll hang my harp upon the willow-tree—
Banish each thought that whispers not of heav'n,
So to her shores, my weary bark be driv'n.

Thus—my harp on the willow,
For angels to bear,
I'll away o'er the billow—
Wilt thou meet me there!
On—on—'till breathes o'er us
The soft spirit-air,
'Till wakes the light chorus,
To welcome me there!
I'll away to the far lands
Of a lonely retreat,
Unheeding the garlands,
Seraphs throw to my feet.
I'll away to the mountains,
'Neath light shady bow'rs
Where gush the glad fountains
'Mid verdure and flow'rs.
Sweet Poesy, meet me
With the harp and with song!
How gay and how fleetly
Shall the hours flit along!—
Then Death, should I fear thee—
Thy dark ocean dread—
When, Poetry! near thee
My hours shall be sped?
Nay! my harp on the willow
For angels to bear,
I'll away o'er the billow,—
But—meet thou me there!

N. Y. University, Nov. 8, 1843.

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Original.

THE LINK OF UNION,

BETWEEN MIND AND MATTER.—AN ESSAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," "KYD," AND THE "QUADROONE."

"Materia uxorem duxit animam sed vero—
Sed causis multis separatio venitur num."
Leodius de anima.

HAVING at a former period, written an article touching the obstacles that lie in the way of the popular reception of any new philosophical discovery, and also endeavored to show that the existing prejudices against mesmerism, neither in the least degree affect its truth, nor indicate its final rejection from the sciences; we shall now endeavor to show that mesmerism infringes no established and universal law, but on the contrary throws light upon the obscure mysteries which envelope all the laws of nature and of mind.

In contemplating ourselves, that is, our human organization as compounded of a body and of a mind, we discover that one is physical, tangible, sensible; the other sentient, intangible and invisible; that the visible is inferior to and controlled by the invisible, the existence and action of which are as apparent, as the being and motions of the visible. We discover that the body is the servant of the mind, acts only by its command, and is subserviently obedient to its will. We discover that the seat or throne of the superior part of our being is the brain, from which emanate its will, and from which it promulgates its laws. Experience and science show us that the throne of this invisible mind is circled in the midst of the senses, the avenues to which it commands, and by means of which it holds intercourse with the external world; and by the intelligence which they afford, it directs and moves the noble physical machine within, which it inhabits. We see it command, and the hand is upraised, the eye-lid closed, the foot advanced—the action of obedience being simultaneous with the command of the will. We discover all this, wonder at it, but withhold our investigation of the *media* power by which these wonderful phenomena are effected. We see that we *will* to move a finger, and that it is done! But as we are accustomed to look upon this as a natural effect of the operation of the will, or wish of the mind, we barely admit it, and then cease further inquiry.

There are men, however, fortunately for science, who are not satisfied with natural effects; who, instead of narrowly regarding them with the mass only in the light of "the common places" of nature, are accustomed to look upon every action and motion in the physical universe, from the trembling of a leaf in the breeze to the majestic motion of the eagle, as he sails on expanded wings above the earth, as astonishing phenomena. Such men look with wonder and awe upon the pages of the great volume of nature and read a marvel in every line. Newton was such a man! Galileo was such a man! Every century produces such men. They are the pillars of science, and the intellectual links that connect material humanity with the unincarnated mind. Such men behold in the falling and uplifting of the eye lid, a wonder and a phenomenon that calls for scientific research into the cause that produces such an effect; an effect, simple only because familiar. Nevertheless, this little motion holds in balance the great secret, for the key to which, metaphysical philosophers in all ages have been in search, viz: the mode by which mind acts upon matter.

Now let us take up this investigation and look into it as men of such philosophical minds would do; for the service before us, mesmerism depends upon the results of such researches for its proof and for it truth: let us look into it fairly, impartially and plainly, like honest philosophers, and if there be truth lying in the bottom of this well, we shall be able to draw it out, and holding it to the light of science, see whether it be a pebble or a gem. As the first object of this research into ourselves, let us examine into the movements of our eye-lids.

We *will* to close them and they fall. We will to open them and they obey. After repeating the experiment several times with careful, reflecting thought, we are satisfied that the motion is produced by the will of the mind. But how? We well know, for the science of anatomy teaches it, that the lids rise and fall through the instrumentality of certain nerves and muscles cunningly constructed, and ingeniously arranged for the purpose; but no where have anatomists shown us that these muscles are carried to, and *attached to* the will, or mind that moves them. No anatomist has ever yet discovered the invisible *power* which controls these sensitive wires; yet he has discovered their terminus to be in the brain, the seat and throne of the mind. The irresistible inference then is, that it is the brain which sets in motion the nerves and muscles. But reason rejects this conclusion, for we know that the body is governed by the mind, which is a spirit, and the mind alone; and to admit that the brain gives impetus and motion to all the nerves terminating and proceeding from it, would be to concede that man is merely an animal, his brain

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possessing vitality only through the circulation of the blood, and that, when this stopped, the brain perishes and man ceases *to be!* This conclusion none but a fool or a materialist would admit. The inference then is, that these nerves are set in motion by the invisible or intangible "mind," which has its seat within the brain, although they show no *visible attachment* to *it*. We thus conclude that there exists an invisible *media* between the nerves and the will—for no effect can be produced without contact or motion. Here is no contact: there must therefore be motion. This motion must exist in a fluid which the will controls. In *what way* our spirit is incorporate we cannot tell; but that its being is in a fluid, invisible and intangible, is probable. The existence of a most subtle fluid permeating all substances, science has proven. The fluid emanating from a magnet is so rare and subtile, that it will pass through plate glass without any resistance or diminution of its force, and lose so little of its power as to turn a magnetic needle beyond the glass! The existence of the subtlest fluids is established; and that of electricity is so generally admitted that not even the vulgar doubt, though they cannot *see* it. From the grosser fluids, atmospheric air, ether, and flame to electricety, and the magnetic (metal) effluvia or fluid, there is a progressive series of steps regulated with beautiful order. Vision and hearing are discovered to be the effects of ærial vibrations not of the atmospheric air, but of a subtler fluid permeating it, and conveying sensation to the nerves of the brain as the undulations of the wind convey motion to the leaves of the trees. The *mind* which receives and understands these sensations, must therefore exist *in* the same fluid in which the nerves act; for *the same medium* which conveys sensations from without to the nerves of the brain by its undulations, must necessarily be continued through the nerves, to communicate these sensations to the mind. The MIND, therefore, receives all its impressions by a fluid which the nerves set in motion; that is, its communication with the brain and the nerves, is carried on by the medium of a fluid, intangible, invisible, and, so subtle as to constitute the link that unites the material with the immaterial matter with spirit!

If the MIND—that invisible, spiritual, sentient, which *wills*—is intellective through the nerves by means of the nerves of the brain agitated from without, setting in motion a fluid the vibrations of which terminate in the mind, it also must convey its own intelligent, independent workings by the same subtle medium to the brain. Let us be understood. If an island can receive its importations only by medium of the sea, it must export by the same medium. If the mind receive its series of knowledges of external things by medium of a fluid, it must emanate itself by the same medium. That it does derive its impressions by the vibrations of such a fluid, is philosophically true; that it conveys them by the vibrations of the *same* fluid to the parts of the body it would move by the media of the organs of the brain which are marshalled like couriers around it, remains to be proven. The deduction of reason and the inference of analogy would lead us to believe that it does; and it will be readily admitted that whatsoever science furnishes proof of this, will be a sound and important one. Mesmerism alone has furnished these proofs; and as its claim to rank with the sciences rests upon the existence and action of such a fluid, if it does not exist her pretensions fall to the ground. Without such a fluid, what is mesmerism could not be. If the medium assumed to be do *not* exist, then is nervic magnetism a most singular delusion; but if it do exist, mesmerism has established itself among the first discoveries of the age, and given a key to unlock the mystic union of mind and matter.

Mesmerism proves, we have said, the existence of this subtle fluid of the brain; but if *we* are asked to prove it, we reply that mesmerism proves it not to me; that it is not susceptible of proof, except *by* mesmerism. The philosopher will understand our meaning. He and the general reader must be willing to admit that the fluid exists 'till its existence be proved to him by the kind of testimony mesmerism itself will offer.

The brain, then, is charged with a subtle fluid, so fine and delicate as to be agitated by the motion of thought in the mind, which, as it were, floats in it—a spirit in ether. This fluid is the highest link in material essences, and the lowest in spiritual; so that it is easily influenced by the vibrations coming from matter on the one hand, and the motions of mind and spirit on the other. It is this medium by which the mind of man holds its union with his body, the bond whereby spirit is wedded to matter. The first and nighest matter with which the incorporate mind comes in contact, is the nerve of the brain, which it excites, not by direct contact, but by the intervention of the fluid medium of sensation, which we have described. These nerves, or organs of sensation, pass from the brain to all parts of the body. An act of the will sets them in motion. It is the will, therefore, that moves matter! The will, for instance, *wills* that the

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eye-lids should close. How is the effect produced, inasmuch as the will has no command over the muscles independent of the media of the nerves and their intermediate fluid? We answer: *the motion of thought* agitates the fluid; the nerves catch the vibrations, conveying them with the continuously exerted effort of the will to the nerves of the eye-lid. The energy of will the nerves have thus conveyed in the fluid, lifts the muscles and produces the effect intended by the will. Thus is a finger to be moved! an arm to be raised! the leg to be advanced! the whole body to be set in motion! The will to produce these effects by its own motion to act, agitates the medium fluid; the undulations are communicated to the nerves, and along them with the rapidity of thought (for it is nothing else,) to the part desired to be acted upon, and the effect is simultaneous with the will. The nerves then conduct the fluid with which the will comes in contact, and consequently convey a portion of the will; for so long as the fluid acts, the mind must act in it and through it. The nerves, therefore, are no part of the muscular machinery for moving positions of the body, but conductors of the will to the parts, which, by its energy are put in motion. Consequently the nerves are there more or less numerous in proportion to the weight of matter upon which the will-charged nervous fluid has to act.

Hence it appears that the brain, although the terminus of the nerves, instead of being the cause of motion and action, is but the instrument of a thinking spirit that dwells within it, surrounded by a subtle essence, which links him to matter, and by the medium of which he acts upon the brain. This is the mesmeric theory in its latest and highest developments. We have endeavored to give it in language as clear and explicit as a subject so subtle and metaphysical will admit of; not so much seeking to present it in a philosophical shape as in a popular one.

We will now glance at the manner in which mesmerism avails itself of this hypothetical medium, and also how it exercises its peculiar functions upon the will and body, supposing this fluidal medium of sensation to exist. We have shown, adopting this theory, how the will moves matter—an eye-lid, an arm, a leg, the whole body!—that it moves it by a series of motion and not by contact, and we have shown how this motion originates in, and by an act of the mind, and by undulatory vibrations is communicated to matter. We assert that every healthy brain is charged with this active, sentient fluid, and that it is by the communication of the force of the will by means of it that a man moves his own body, and the parts of it *as* he wills, and *whither* he will. But we do further assert that man has the power of exerting an influence by his will, extraneous from himself,—without, or beyond his own bodily sphere; that he can move matter which is not in contact with his nerves, by an effort or successive effort of his will; in fine, that he can exert his will over the nervous system of another person, as if it were identical with, and part and parcel of his own.

This is a startling assertion. Let us examine it carefully and reflectingly, and we shall understand it, subtle and marvellous as it appears. It is well known that the two ends of a recently severed nerve, if held near together attract and cohere. This proves clearly the existence of attractive influence, either inherent in the nerve, or accidental. That it is not inherent in the substance, has been proven by the fact that after some time exposure, this attractive quality disappears: it must therefore be incidental, and transient; and mesmeric philosophy very properly refers it to the invisible fluid of which it is the conductor. Subsequent experiments, have fully established the correctness of this hypothesis, and proven to the satisfaction of science that a fluid not only exists, but that it is highly magnetic, and hence mesmeric philosophers have denominated it "magnetic fluid."

Its magnetic property having been clearly established, and the nerves fully ascertained to be the sentient matter upon which it acts, a distinguished German physicsan and philosopher in 1768, commenced a course of interesting experiments, which fully proved to him, as he had anticipated, that the nervous system of an individual in a low state of health could be influenced by the vigorous nervous power emanating from that of a healthy person; and that through the *eye* was the outlet of the brain through which the surplus nervous fluid of the healthy brain escaped, *if forced by the will!* He ascertained the eye powerfully energized by the will, if directed to the brain of the other, changed the whole action of that brain so that it turned, as it were, *away* from the avenues to its own senses, closing them to the external world and presented itself like "the sun-flower to the sun," to receive sensation, life, light, thought and motion from the stronger will of the other, which for the time being controlled its own peculiar medium of sensation and will. He discovered that the person influenced by him in these experiments, no longer used her own senses, but his!—that she felt, thought, tasted, moved, spoke, wept, laughed,

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and suffered with him! Astounded with these discoveries, he communicated them to two of his friends, one of whom was the celebrated Dr. Mesmer. It is already well known what use this acute man made of this discovery; one of the most extraordinary of the age or of the world, and destined to be productive of the most important results to mankind.

Original.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. LOUISA A. HENRY.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO THE REV. M. HENRY, A. B.

Thou hast laid within the cold dark grave the beautiful and just,
And heard the low sad knell which gives to dust its kindred dust;
Thou hast yielded up thy loved one, with a grief we may not tell,
And thy heart hath nearly broken, with that last, that sad farewell!

Thou wilt miss thy gentle one at eve, when stars are in the sky;
For every bright, and kindling orb, will 'mind thee of that eye
So purely bright, when joy was there, in all its flashing light,
Or when tear-gemmed, so beautiful in its sorrow's shaddowy night.

Thou wilt miss her at that hour when at the social hearth,
Ye kneel in social prayer; for the memory of her worth,
Shall come across affect on's waste,—not indistinct, and dim,
For that voice,—oh! how in fancy's ear, 'twill raise devotion's hymn!

Yet why should agony usurp sweet resignation's throne?
Why should we weep our loved ones gone,—yet not for ever gone?
Why should the fountains of our grief, burst from each tortured breast?
The wicked cannot harm her now, thy wearied dove's at rest!

The evening winds will play around her quiet grass-grown grave,
And the drooping boughs of forest-trees above that green mound wave;
But she, thy loved, thy gentle one, would calm thine anguish'd weeping,
For her spirit now is with its God; and the body—only sleeping.

From her bright sphere beyond the skies, thy gentle one now calls,
And her smile throws down a gleam of bliss upon each tree that falls;
With beckoning hand she bids thee come to that all blissful shore,
Where the loved and lost shall re-unite—to part? oh! never more.

JOHN C. M'CABE, M. D.

Original.

AN ENGLISHMAN IN AMERICA;

OR, AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

"Not hoary hairs nor forty years,
Nor moments between sighs and tears;
Can make my thoughts or fancy flee
One moment, my sweet wife from thee."
Cunningham

"How it pours!" said Mr. St. Aubyn, as, drawing his chair closer to a blazing fire, he listened to the rain falling in torrents, which a high wind blew with great violence against the unsheltered house; and caused to patter against the windows, as though it would break them in with every gust. It was indeed a fearful night, and the large frame building occupied by the gentleman above named, rocked and creaked like a ship in a storm.

It stood alone; and at the time to which my tale refers, was about a mile from Broadway; but long since has it been joined to that gay promenade, and many a fine row of houses flanks above and below, what was then considered, an almost country-house. It stood a little in from the road, with a beautiful garden in front, well stocked with flowers of every kind, and laid out in English style. The taste, and attention manifested in the bestowal of every thing about it would have led an observer to imagine that it was superintended (in its direction,) by a female hand; but the supposition would have been erroneous. The owner of that mansion was an elderly gentleman, considerably in the vale of years; and his only company beside the servants, was a nephew, whom he had brought up, and who had now reached his twenty-seventh year.

Mr. St. Aubyn, the old gentleman's name, was an Englishman by birth, and a younger son of a Baronet of that name.

At the death of his father, finding himself possessed of but a scanty portion, the landed property devolving entirely on his eldest brother by heirship, he resolved to emigrate to the Western world, and try his fortune in some line of merchandize. To this end he came to New-York, established himself soon after in business, married, and, as the phrase goes, settled down with every prospect of prosperity and happiness smiling gaily before him.

Many a year had rolled over the head of the now venerable old man, since the time above referred to; and many changes and vicissitudes had he seen;—many a sorrow known. And seated in his easy chair, his gouty foot swathed in flannels, resting on the velvet-cushioned stool;

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between the howlings of the storm, many a thought of by-gone days presents itself; some of bitter, some of pleasant memory; but the sound of carriage-wheels, arrests his ear, and listening with deep absorbed attention, footsteps are heard coming up the garden. In another moment, the hall door is opened, and the solitude of that lonely parlor is broken by the entrance of his nephew, now the only delight and joy of that old man's existence.

"Ah, Edward," exclaimed Mr. St. Aubyn, as he entered, "you are come at last, then. Oh, how glad I shall be when you are married; and when your wife's society will supply to you at home, that amusement you are constantly seeking abroad; but I expect, finding not."

The young man smiled, as he drew near the fire, and taking a chair opposite his venerable uncle, began making inquiries of how he had been since he had left him, and if he had expected him that stormy night.

"Oh, yes, Edward, I expected you; for in our old comfortable close carriage, which I ordered to be in waiting for you, drawn by two as fine horses as ever crossed the road, there is little to feel from any weather. Knowing, too, what a desolate dwelling our house is, I should think it as I have always told you, one of the greatest cruelties you could inflict, to stay away over night. The day, and that part of the night you are usually absent, is dreary enough for me to bear, without this addition; and indeed, could hardly be borne, if I did not look forward to your return before I went to bed, to hear something in the shape of news; the sayings and doings of actual existence,—for my own, alas, is but a passive one:" and he sighed.

"Dear uncle," said the young man, "I often think how lonely you are out here, but what can I do? You tell me I must not neglect my business; —that you know, occupies me the whole of the day; and in the evening I am glad of something in the way of relaxation;—so accept the invitatio of some friend or other in town, to spend an hour or two, at their house; where music, dancing, or amusement of some sort usually beguiles me, and it generally gets to be late ere I return. But you know I have another motive beside amusement in seeking the society of the gay and fashionable. 'I am searching for a wife,' as you so often tell me how much happier our abode might be rendered if it was only conducted under the happy auspices of a wife."

"Ah, Edward, you have well said the *happy* auspices of a wife; for there can be such a thing as *miserable* auspices, I assure you. But earnestly do I hope that ere long you will be fortunate enough to get one whose fairy fingers and gentle taste will render our home a little different to what it now is. For those untidy servants, get what number one may, annoy me beyond every thing. I am perpetually scolding and telling them how to do things, but all to no purpose; still my only resource is to 'sit like patience on a monument, smiling at grief,' while beholding every thing done the wrong way; the house in a state of confusion and disorder, from base to roof, and my victuals at every meal literally spoiled by their abominable mode of cooking."

"A heavy list of grievances, indeed, dear uncle," was Edward's reply, and he paused; then continuing said, "but things do not appear to me in this light; every thing about this room for instance, looks very nice. Tables and chairs nicely polished; the sofa just in the right place; this beautiful imperial carpeting looking as if it was quite new, so bright with cleanliness; and the portrait and mirror-frames shining as if a single dust even had never settled upon them."

"Yes, yes," said the old gentleman, pettishly, "these things look well enough to you, who never see them but in the night; but seen in the bright daylight, they present a very different aspect, I assure you; and I hope the day is not very distant when Cupid will wing an arrow at your hitherto invulnerable heart; and in giving you a wife give me also a daughter, whose presence will impart something in the shape of comfort to this at present cheerless and desolate house."

"Why, uncle, I never heard you talk thus despondingly before; the gloominess of the weather, perhaps is the cause, and being perhaps, so much alone. I will try to come home earlier in future, and render if I can, your desolate home as you term it, less irksome and solitary to you."

"This is an old promise, Edward; however, I must not talk so like a crabbed old man, as I am; but confined in my gouty chair, the whole of each livelong day, without seeing or hearing a soul that cares for me, it is little to be wondered at, especially when I contrast the past with the present. Ah, life was not always thus barren of enjoyment to me. The gentle tones of affection once rung constantly in my ears, and the smile of tender and devoted love, greeted me as duly and untiringly as the glorious sun rose to run his race, with the return of every added day to our blessed lives. But that sun which bathed mine existence in bliss unutterable, is set, alas, to rise no more in this world; but I shall meet her in

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another and a brighter; and where I am fast, fast hastening. But ere that time arrives,"—clasping his helpless hand, and his eyes filling with tears, —"I would see"—his voice faultering as he spoke,—"I would see you blessed with a partner, such as I once possessed,—such as once made the walls of this old, and now to me solitary mansion, seem like the very portals of an earthly paradise!"—and he paused, overcome with emotion.

Edward Leslie (the young man's name,) was also affected at this allusion to a separation, by death from his revered and beloved uncle, and tears filled his eyes. He felt too, much compunction of heart, for leaving him so much alone. But if his home seemed so solitary to him, what charm could it possibly possess for one in the freshness and buoyancy of youth? His uncle's assertion had indeed been correct, that his promise of being more at home was an old and an unfulfilled one. And as to bringing home a wife, he had seemed as far as ever from the nuptial state;—for out of the immense number of young ladies he continued to meet with from month to month and year to year, no one had ever yet been able to fit his roving fancy, or satisfy the fastidious seeker for perfection in every female grace and accomplishment, united in one person, and where not even the shadow of imperfection could be tolerated in any thing. As for example, she must possess perfect beauty of person, and her form must be symmetry itself. This to begin with. Then she must be perfect in every branch of female accomplishment. She must paint landscapes like Claude Lorraine; have a thorough knowledge of all the modern and ancient languages; play on the piano like Mozart; with a like knowledge of the harp and guitar; have a voice like a seraph, and compose the poetry of her own songs!—With such a list of requirements, my readers will not much wonder that Edward Leslie continued unsuited up to his twenty-seventh year, and that his uncle should feel as he did; that a wish for his marriage was very little likely to be gratified, while he continued to harbor the thought of meeting with such absolute impossibilities. But youth is a season of visions; and they will have their day, in spite of the wisest advice, or the kindest intentions of relatives, "speak they never so wisely."

"It gets late, however," said Mr. St. Aubyn, wiping his eyes, and putting his handkerchief into his pocket. "Ring for Bryant, (his valet,) and let him wheel me into my little sanctum;"—a room adjoining the sitting parlor, which, when unable to walk from an attack of gout, he usually occupied as a bed-room; from its being on the same floor, and facilitating by that means, his removal into it by being wheeled in, in his easy chair by his faithful and attached servant, without much trouble or inconvenience on either side; when compared to what it might have been had he slept up-stairs.

"Uncle," said Edward, "you spoke just now of the happiness of the past; perhaps a relation of some of the incidents of your life might be very useful to me, especially in my present pursuit of a fireside companion. Come, uncle, promise to indulge me, for I am sure they cannot fail to be interesting."

"Well, I will some time," replied Mr. St. Aubyn, laconically.

"Some time, uncle, but why not say definitely when?" said the young man. "It is not now very late, and I am on the *qui vive* for a recital; do dear uncle oblige me."

"No, Edward, not to-night; a chord has been touched which has vibrated too deeply on the feelings of my riven heart; and made its wounds bleed too profusely, to admit of any further recurrence to the past, now. But by to-morrow perhaps I shall be able to overcome this weakness, and if you are home early, I will give you the history of my past life, at least that part of it which most nearly concerned my happiness. For it may, as you have said, be useful to you; and now ring the bell for Bryant."

"Thank you, uncle," rising to ring the bell. "To-morrow evening then, I will be home at six o'clock, prepared to listen to an experience, I am confident that will not only amuse, but instruct me."

"That will depend on its application," Mr. St. Aubyn gravely replied. "But be true to your appointment, and I will be true to mine." The servant here entering, Mr. St. Aubyn bade his nephew good night, and was wheeled into his bed-room.

Edward Leslie was true to his engagement on the following evening; in fact for the first time for many months, he was home early enough to join his uncle at his favorite meal—tea; and after chatting over that comfortable beverage, as Cowper expresses it:

"Which cheers but not inebriates,"

the things being removed—and servants withdrawn—Mr. St. Aubyn drew, or rather wheeled his chair closer to the fire, as was his custom, coughed and hemmed, prefatorily—remained silent for a few moments—glanced at his nephew, who had assumed a listening aspect,—then

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throwing himself back, or inclining a little to the side of his easy-chair, and resting on the stuffed arm, he thus began :—

"Well, Edward, I promised you a narrative of some of the incidents of my past life to-night; and as you have been as good as your word in coming home to bear your uncle company, you shall hear it. My father, I believe you are aware, was a baronet; he had two sons and four daughters. My sisters all married young, and having their portions paid down on their wedding days; when my revered parent paid the debt of nature, I being the second son, there was little left to my share; the bulk, in short the whole landed property possessed by my father, descending according to the law of the land to my eldest brother; who with it also inherited the title of Sir Hugh St. Aubyn.

I was twenty-three years of age when this event occurred, and the immense difference that now existed in my brother's worldly possessions and my own, determined me to leave my native land, and seek that fortune abroad which I could have no chance of accumulating at home. With my scanty patrimony, therefore, I set out for the Western world, leaving my brother master of an estate which brought him more annually, than the whole amount of my portion. Such being the injustice practised towards younger sons: and yet under those uneqnal circumstances, it is not always either that they are brought up to any profession and business to supply the difference; a species of injustice I have ever regarded with feelings of the highest indignation. But to pass over what is termed a necessary evil for the preservation of the family dignity, I shall at once proceed to inform you of my safe arrival at New-York, then little more than a Dutch settlement, where I resolved to ensconce myself; and as soon as I could meet with a trusty and experienced partner with a capital equal to my own, to commence business in good earnest; resolving that if attention and perseverance could achieve it, to become a rich man. For I had lived too long amid the appliances of wealth and station, not to be sensible of their value. A spice of envy at my brother's superior fortune, it might be too, stimulated me in a great measure, my temper being naturally ambitious.

"I was fortunate enough to obtain a partner to my wishes; and about two years after my arrival in New-York, I found myself engaged in a business that promised me a rapid fortune, so I bethought me of taking a wife.

"I have said my temper was naturally ambitious; and my tastes, though completely concealed beneath the exterior of a man of business, were extremely fastidious. My aristocratic descent too, gave great ideas of what I had a right to expect; and being reckoned handsome, I resolved to make an alliance if I did marry, that should do honor to my choice. My thriving fortunes made me an object of great solicitude among the mothers and daughters of the worthy citizens of New-York. But the majority of those who regarded me so favorably, in the pride of birth, and other circumstances, I made no scruple to look down upon with the most unqualified contempt. My haughty bearing at length became manifest; and the handsome young Englishman, as his riches increased, lost much of his former popularity. For pride, in a country where people sought to raise themselves by industry, whatever might be the cause that prompted it, was considered an offence, for which no other virtue or quality could compensate. But their praise or censure affected me very little. If indeed any thing, it was gratification at being regarded in what I considered my true light. I was glad they saw that I looked upon myself as being different to the plebeians with which I was surrounded, and I resolved when I commenced housekeeping, to live in a style suited to the rank of life to which I belonged, and to associate only with those whose lineage like my own could be traced to either some English or foreign aristocratic origin.

"Time for some period fled on with little prospect of the secret wish of my heart being gratified: of forming a high and wealthy alliance; and as my own riches continued rapidly to pour in upon me, the desire increased daily.

"At length chance favored my long cherished hopes; a high aristocratic French family of the name of Le Roux emigrated hither, and took up their residence in Broadway. They were reputed wealthy, of the highest respectability, and very highly educated. Their arrival created quite a sensation, and many were the suppositions concerning their reasons for coming hither. For their style of living indicated not only affluence, but profuseness; and the grandeur of their movements seemed more suitable to a ducal palace, than to private citizens in a republican country.

"This family consisted of the count and countess, and their children; one son and a daughter. The son about twenty-five, the daughter twenty-three years of age; they had a numerous retinue of servants, and kept two carriages. In short, their style of living altogether was elegant in the extreme; and this grandeur and magnificence supported as it seemed to be,

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without any known resources, naturally enough led people to imagine that they possessed unbounded wealth.

"Not long after their arrival, they gave a splendid ball and supper to the most fashionable élite of the city, to which were invited most of those who had called on them, embracing the chief public functionaries of New-York, with their ladies, and several residents of Washington, members of Congress, etc.

"It was a most splendid affair; and the grandeur of the establishment, the hospitality of the host and hostess, the gentlemanly deportment of the son, were descanted on in terms almost beyond the powers of praise. But the chief attraction, of that evening of evenings in the chronicles of New-York, was the lovely daughter of Count Le Roux. She moved through the lofty rooms of their family mansion, like a being of another sphere. Her tall and commanding form, her graceful movements, her costly attire, her seraphic countenance, her soft gazelle eyes rivetted every eye upon her. Yet apparently all unconscious of her charms, her whole thoughts seemed occupied in conducing to the happiness of those around her. Never shall I forget, Edward, the intoxicating exstacy I experienced on that eventful evening.

"Her father and mother had seen and been introduced to my family in England—had visited them, a little before their departure for America, —therefore this meeting with one who like herself, she said, was an exile from Europe's favored soil, she felt a source of enjoyment beyond what words could express, in my society. For to me she was speaking in a known tongue. Oh! Edward, how surpassingly beautiful, how exquisitely lovely she appeared when she said this. My heart was fairly bewitched—I have no other name for it; and we continued chatting away the delicious hours, remarking how time fled, and uncaring for aught but the entrancing happiness I flattered myself in believing, both experienced. Happy, blissful moments. But how deceitful were their promises!

"It is perhaps useless to inform you, that I returned to my lodgings with the conviction anchored deeply in my heart, that I had at last found in this hitherto uncongenial land, a kindred spirit. The being in short whom my soul had so long yearned to behold. A creature whom imagination had often painted, but which reality had failed to produce, 'till my eyes rested on the impersonation of all created loveliness in the person of Augusta Le Roux. Here was indeed, the wife I had so long desired; and if I should be fortunate enough to obtain her, I felt that earth would not own my compeer for happiness on all its broad surface.

"You smile at my by-gone enthusiasm, imagining no doubt, that a gouty old man could hardly ever have had such extravagant fancies. But I had, nevertheless; and, what is more, had them, as I then thought, completely realized."

"I did not smile on that account, uncle," said Edward, "but to see how enthusiastically you could still feel on the subject."

"Ah, well, never mind," said Mr. St. Aubyn, "let me go on 'till I get to the end, for bright as it now seems, the subject is a weary one to me, I assure you.

"Of course, I resolved at once to become a suitor for her hand; and to this end, accepted, on leaving the house, the invitation tendered by all, father, mother, brother, and her peerless self, to visit them frequently. I allowed, however, two or three days to pass by, ere I beheld my charmer again, but when I commenced my friendly visits, my reception was so excessively cordial, and an intimacy seemed so much courted by all this charming family, that each day, at length, found me a never failing intimate of their mansion, and if I had been so completely enchanted with the mere externals of my sweet enslaver, how much more was I delighted as she disclosed one by one, the rich treasures of her accomplishments! She played and sung with a sweetness and finish quite rare in these days, in our goodly city of New-York, and therefore, the more dearly prized. Then her paintings in oil and water colors were quite masterly. Indeed, before I was informed of it, as I admired several rich Italian landscapes on the wall, I imagined them to be the productions of the old masters in that branch of art. She was beside, a perfect mistress of French, Italian, and Spanish; played on the harp and guitar admirably, beside excelling in the nicknackery of boarding school trickery of making fire screens, Chinese work boxes, shell pincushions, embroidery and the like. Her conversation, too, was the most fascinating I ever remember to have listened to, for she possessed in a rare degree that playfulness of manner, which distinguishes all her country women. Having travelled a great deal with her parents, she had seen much, heard much, and observed with great attention whatever had come in her way. Such was Augusta Le Roux, and you, I dare say, for one, do not wonder much at my infatuation."

"Indeed, I do not, uncle," said Edward, "and more than that, think you were a very fortunate and happy man."

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"Ah, well," said Mr. St. Aubyn, with a sigh, "at the time of which I speak, I was happy; but, to proceed; I soon made up my mind on the subject, and resolved as soon as propriety admitted to make her an offer in due form of my hand, heart, and fortune.

"Time, as a matter of course deepened my attachment, and at the expiration of six months from our first introduction to each other I made an avowal of my sentiments, and sued for a return.

"Her answer was every thing my fond heart desired, and with a happiness at heart which may be imagined, but not described, I commenced preparations for the reception of my bride in a home, suitable to the exalted ideas I entertained for her, and becoming equally our rank and fortune.

"Of course we were to have a town and country residence, furnished in the most magnificent style, with equipages to correspond. All this I resolved on, without once thinking whether she had a dower or not; which by the by she had not. Indeed that was a matter of perfect indifference to me. My heart was satisfied to the full, in every particular, and that sufficed.

"My resources being ample, all necessary preparations were soon completed, and the wedding day fixed. Oh, Edward, how exquisite was my happiness! my present and future seemed to my enraptured view to be one continued scene of enchantment—the joys of paradise could alone express my exstatic thought, for not a cloud obscured the brightness of my mind's horizon; not a shadow rested on the sun-dial that so temptingly emblazoned on its shining surface, a destiny which my exulting heart marked out as my own life possession. Ah, the anticipations of the young, and the enthusiastic, are indeed treacherous! Yet why anticipate!"—Mr. St. Aubyn here paused and sighed deeply; his nephew did not make any remark, and after a few moments he again proceeded. "Well, we were married; her parents gave her a most magnificent wedding; it was the theme of newspaper praise for a week, and Mr. St. Aubyn was regarded in the same light; in which he regarded himself, as being a singularly fortunate and happy man, and the accomplished, elegant and beauteous bride as being without a comparison.

"How my heart exulted as I read the paragraph which went on to state that after the princely nuptial entertainment, the happy couple took up their abode at the residence of the wealthy and distinguished bridegroom in Broadway!

"Our marriage took place in the depth of winter, so that being at home instead of travelling as is usually customary after it, it was incumbent on us to celebrate the auspicious event, by a series of festivities suitable to the occasion; and party, ball, and rout, followed each other in quick succession, at all of which, whether at home or abroad, my wife shone as the 'brightest particular star,' and my proud heart swelled at the consciousness, as if it would have bursted with the overwhelming sense of its own intoxicating happiness. I was looking forward, however, to a cessation of these gaieties, as preparation for, and attendance on them, left little time for the enjoyment of that domestic happiness my heart so dearly prized, and which contrary to what most persons thought of me, I enjoyed above all other things.

"By degrees, these gay doings ceased, and I anticipated the quiet of domestic life with the characteristic ardor of my disposition, and longed for nothing so much as to return of an evening to my adored Augusta, to enjoy that sweet uninterrupted commune which had often made so large a portion of our happiness in our unwedded days. For the Countess had her own engagements, the Count and his son theirs, we were left much to ourselves, and in the interchange of the most exalted sentiments, we passed some of the happiest hours of my existence; and while listening to the ebullitions of her accomplished mind, how often would the thought thrill my soul with exstacy, of soon calling a being so superior, all my own, and of being blessed with a presence whose every word was music to my delighted soul, unchecked by the thought of separation, or interruption of any sort, save that which the performance of our duties enjoined; for, enthusiast as I was, I knew that these remained to us.

"My wish was eventually gratified; the winter with all its gaities passed away, and we resolved to take up our abode early in the spring at our country residence. The season was unusually beautiful, and on the banks of the lordly Hudson behold me and my beauteous bride, inhabiting an abode which, for views of romantic and picturesque scenery without, and elegance and refined luxury within, stood unequalled in those days in this Republican country. The taste displayed in every thing, being purely English; rich, chaste, and superb as wealth could render it.

"Ah, Edward, to me it seemed a second paradise, and my Eve, lovely as Milton had rendered her,—perfect in beauty and matchless in mind, secured to me in perspective whole ages of indescribable bliss, and joy unutterable, for

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"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
And every gesture dignity and love."

"Thus love painted her, thus love inflated the gay and gallant streamers, that propelled my happy bark o'er a sea of bliss, unbounded as the heavens that seemed to smile above our head sat witnessing a happiness so rare upon this troubled and careworn earth.

"I have told you that Augusta was a fine musician and painter. She was besides a mediocre poet, and our country residence, I soon found was to be the scene for some charming achievement, in some of these branches of art. Of course as she unfolded her plans for this purpose, I was delighted. A painting room, music room, and library, were, of course, immediately selected and furnished; while I, pleased and gratified, looked on, delighted beyond every thing.

"My business transactions were still carried on in New-York, and I purposed visiting the city about once a week to inspect matters and keep them in a proper train. The rest of my time I purposed to spend at home, and in the enjoyment of that rural happiness so peculiar to an Englishman. I promised myself much. My avocations too were laid out. On my estate there was a fine lake, well stocked with fish; my pleasure boats stood awaiting my use on the ponds or lakelets, within the precincts of my extensive domain. My gardens for fruit, flowers, and vegetables were large and beautifully laid out, so that employment for my own time presented as great a variety as could well be desired.

"Meantime, Mrs. St. Aubyn had commenced a fine painting. Its subject was a scene hard by. Yes, the painting commenced, and in its execution I was soon made to experience the futility and falsity of all human anticipations. I have said that Mrs. St. Aubyn's chief view in going into the country was to achieve some great designs; but when she told me her plans for so doing, I little thought to what an extent they were to be carried, or the utter loneliness, to which, during its achivement, I was to be consigned. But I found it out soon enough to my cost. Study, absolutely, absorbed the whole of her time; after breakfast she usually went to the painting room, and continued to paint 'till exhaustion obliged her to leave off, and she was obliged to lie down to restore her overwrought faculties. We dined at five, against which she arose, and in dishevelled hair, loose gown, and slippers, she would it is true bear me company at the dinner table, but with a mind utterly uninterested in every thing that passed around her. The dinner cloth being removed, after passing the day in sheer loneliness, if the weather was fine I proposed a short drive, a walk, to insure myself something in the way of companionship. It was sometimes accepted, and sometimes rejected—with a coldness too, and indifference, that cut me to the heart. The evening hours, thought I, will however, be happy,—social enjoyment will at least crown and close the dismal solitude of the day. But in this hope too, I was mistaken. The evenings were to be devoted, I found, to reading works on the art she was pursuing with such avidity, viz., the perspective of Daniel Barbaro, Euclid's Geometry, and a list of others which I now forget. After a day spent in such severe exercises, of course it will not appear strange that she was a late riser. On the contrary I was an early one, and I had the delectable satisfaction of sitting alone in my solitary breakfast parlor, and drinking my coffee to the tune of a worse bachelorhood than I ever knew even in my unwedded days; for then I had always plenty of company, if not companions, in my fellow boarders, and absolute solitude was a rare feeling indeed to one of my imaginative temperament, for when the reality failed to supply a companion, my ready fancy sketched a perspective that most young minds are prone to dwell on, and prone to embellish as I had done, only in too many instances to be deceived.

"About eleven o'clock Mrs. St. Aubyn arose and ordered breakfast to be served in the library. Meantime I had strolled off with my fishing-rod, and seated on the banks of the lake, sat brooding over my wretched happiness, while the blind and foolish expectations I had indulged in, goaded me almost to madness. My romantic dreams, thought I, where are they now? There is a beautiful and touching sadness awakened, when amid the quiet scenes of nature, you allow the mind to dwell on her stupenduous, magnificent, sweet, and gentle attributes, that accorded well with my melancholy feelings, and I indulged them to the full.

"My fishing ground was centered in a most lovely spot; and while waiting to catch my glittering prey, my thoughts oft wandered from what appeared their avowed object, and my eye drank in the glorious beauty which surrounded me on every side.

"Ere the dew was off the grass, I sought my accustomed seat; while my better half remained locked in the arms of sleep, regardless of those beauties which all nature was celebrating with anthems of praise, to the great Architect of the universe. The peculiar freshness of the morning air, the song of birds, the genial rays of the newly risen sun, the ripple of the murmuring waters,

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the waving foliage, and the distant sounds of rural industry, made a scene of enjoyment, which, with companionship, would have formed an Elysium for my soul. But as it was, I had to bait my hook and muse away my lonely day as best I might. My wretchedness had not yet got to its height. I still cheated myself into a belief that I was beloved, and that this neglect of my happiness would cease with the completion of what my heart denominated that hated picture.

"At the expiration of a week, however, my solitude was broken by a visit from my wife's brother and a gentleman of his and my acquaintance. This intelligence was the most delightful I had heard for days; and I almost felt that I could have embraced the negro boy that brought it to the scene of my daily sport. When I had just had the satisfaction of drawing out of the water a fine fish, which, with some others I had caught, I desired the boy to take back and get cooked for dinner.

"I gave my visitors a cordial welcome you may be sure; and then fled to Mrs. St. Aubyn's painting room to impart the news of their arrival to her; imagining she also would feel delighted. But it was quite the contrary; she was annoyed beyond measure, and absolutely taunted me with having no respect for her feelings, by showing by my aspect so much foolish pleasure at this, to her, at least, great interruption. She then asked me how I liked her picture? It was impossible not to admire both the design and the execution so far as it had been done, and I praised it accordingly. This seemed to put her in good humor, and as I left the room, she promised to prepare herself to see them.

"I went into the kitchen from there, to give orders for the dinner;—for my lady wife seemed to have given up all thoughts of such matters, since she had commenced painting, and it is probable if I had not attended to this necessary part of our existence myself, to my other annoyances I should also have added this.

"'Why, St. Aubyn, how miserable you look,' was the exclamation of both my guests, as I réentered the parlor. 'And such a beautiful place too, by George, it's a perfect paradise.'

"'Do you like it?' said I, evading their first observation, about my looks.

"'Like it? why, who upon earth could miss liking such a lovely scene as this, that had any taste at all? But how in the name of fortune do you contrive to kill time? However, a moment's reflection, might have informed me on that point, and rendered the question quite superfluous. A man who has just passed the honey-moon with the society of a lovely wife, must find the hours flying on angels' wings—nay, such a thing as time entirely forgotten.'

"This he said, I thought, in a drawling, ironical tone. But though his words elicited a heavy sigh, which I smothered ere it escaped me, I made no other reply than that I killed time every day by killing fish.

"This called forth a hearty laugh, and a challenge to see my fishing ground. To this I readily consented; and I sallied forth with my friends forthwith to view it.

"The gentleman who accompanied Le Roux, was a fine handsome fellow; we had long been on terms of intimacy, but having been absent for eighteen months from New-York, Mrs. St. Aubyn had never seen him. He returned just before we left for the country. I introduced him to her brother one day, and invited him to come out with him to see us, and agreeably to my invitation they then came.

"The dinner was on the table at four that day, and for the first time since my arrival, Mrs. St. Aubyn was full dressed to grace it. I think I never saw her look so beautiful, as she did that day. And a quick glance at my friend showed that he thought so too. Our cook had exerted himself to the utmost, and the dinner was well cooked and handsomely served up: so that nothing detracted from the perfect enjoyment of the day on that score. The conversation too, took a delightful turn, we were all in spirits, Augusta among the rest. Rivers (the name of my friend,) admired her paintings decorating the walls, with, I thought, a degree of extravagance quite uncalled for. But she was enchanted. Oh, woman, this is one of thy foibles! He saw that praise gratified her, and he plied it deeply, accordingly. She then told him how she had been engaged; and he as a matter of course, asked to see the product of her genius, and rallied me on my barbarous taste of killing fish from day to day, while my wife was engaged in such an elevated and refined employment; that for his part, he should think I required no greater happiness than preparing colors, and watching her fairy fingers, as they so fitfully glided over the canvass, converting every thing they touched into beauty almost inimitable.

"I might have answered this gallant effusion, by saying that my wife required uninterrupted seclusion, during her hours of study, and that even if I had been so minded, her wishes to be alone had been so clearly expressed that I had never, even in thought, ventured an intrusion into

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her studio; but I did not, imagining that she would.

"She did not, however, and there the subject dropped; not, as I afterwards found, though, without a secret meaning. The apparently neglectful husband was a theme that suited their purpose well; but I must not anticipate.

"From this time my monotonous solitude was over; Rivers came continually to our house, often staying days and nights in succession.

"One change for the better was wrought by it. Mrs. St. Aubyn's habits underwent a decided improvement; she rose early and proposed taking romantic walks before breakfast with her dear Henry, and Mr. Rivers; and afterwards taking a sail on the lake; then painting about an hour before an early dinner; then taking a drive after, and finishing the evening with music! I had, besides, no longer any reason to complain of the carelessness of my wife's attire. Her appearance would now have satisfied the most fastidious. She moved and looked enchantment, and her dearest Henry could no longer complain either of neglect or indifference to his happiness. My wife was now indeed a pattern for wives; and my heart began once more to reckon on its mines of future happiness. Rivers, too, aided the deception, by constantly rallying my good fortune, in getting such a paragon of perfection for a wife. And I was again a proud and happy man; wondering how I ever could have been otherwise. Our country visit, or rather sojourn, proceeded in this manner to its close; and early in the autumn we took up our abode in town.

[*To be continued.*]

Original.

SONNET TO——.

BY J. A. MAYBIE.

FRIEND of my heart! when youth with me is o'er,
And madly battling in Ambition's throng,
On mountain-passes of the crown'd and strong,
Marshall'd to music haughtier than the roar
Of storms, that bids the fiery eagle soar;
My manhood too must feel each base-born wrong—
The sickness of the soul, when hate that long
Wore *fairest* guise, snake-like its crest uprears;
Suspicion then, with its dark lore will come,
In open brow and smile a lure to see,
And say that honor, loftiness and worth,
Found never yet in human breast a home,
How will the "damning doubt" my spirit flee,
As plastic memory gives THY image birth!

Original.

SUMMER EXCURSIONS FROM LONDON.—NUMBER VI.

BY MRS. E. R. STEELE.

A VISIT TO CHATSWORTH AND SHEFFIELD.

CHATSWORTH is the name of a large domain and elegant seat, of the Duke of Devonshire, one of England's most refined, tasteful and wealthy noblemen. It is a pleasant morning drive from Sheffield, and while we are on our way thither perhaps it may be well to say a few words regarding the ancestors of the present owner. The nobles of England care not to date further back than William, the Conqueror, and accordingly we find the genealogical title of the present family date from Roger de Gernon, a knight who ventured his all, and risked his life in the expedition which placed William on the English throne, and was richly rewarded for his services by considerable grants of land in 1066. One of his descendants married into the family of the Lords of Cavendish manor in Suffolk, and according to the fashion of those times his sons took the name of Cavendish. This name the family have borne ever since, and borne with honor. They have figured in the history of England as statesmen, orators, philosophers, Lords Lieutenant of Ireland, Privy Councillors, and in many other situations of trust and honor. By marriage many noble families have been allied with them, and great estates added to their domains. One of them, Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, married the Duke of Lenox, uncle of James I. Sir Thomas Cavendish the celebrated navigator, was of this family; and also Henry, the famous chemist. They also claim royal descent, through Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who married the princess Mary, daughter of Henry VII., and widow of Louis XII. They were created Earls of Devonshire in the reign of James I. William, the fourth Earl first became Duke in consequence of services during the revolution of 1688. Thus we see two of the family conspicuous in placing two Williams on the throne of England, and for these and other services rewarded with the rich estates they hold. Sir William Cavendish purchased Chatsworth at the commencement of the sixteenth century,—and there his descendants have since lived, each one adding a new beauty, until it is the superb domain now before us. The first entrance to the estate is through a gate into a small hamlet, consisting of antique thatched cottages, covered with moss; and a small inn, in front of which, swung a sign

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representing the Duke's arms. From thence, our drive continued through the farm to another village, in which stood conspicuous the fine old Gothic church of St. Peter. There are here interesting tablets and monuments of the Cavendish family. At a short distance are the grand gates and lodge of the park. As it is against the rules for the hundreds of visitors who come to see the place, to drive their carriages over the smooth roads of the park, we dismounted at a handsome inn, built for the accommodation of visitors, by the late Duke. We enter now the park. This comprises twelve hundred and eighty acres, including four hundred and twenty woodland. Our first view of the house and surrounding scenery was superb. Around us stretched an English park, covering the gently rolling land with a carpet of bright tinted soft green turf,—upon which copses and groves of trees were arranged with the finest taste. In the centre arose the princely towers of Chatsworth, encircled by hills covered with farms and woodlands, ending in the high, bold Peaks of Derby. The small river Derwent winds through the grounds, over which are several picturesque bridges, adding to the beauty of the scene. As we passed along we could not but admire the velvet sward, the grass of which is cut, swept with brooms, and afterwards rolled so that it is literally as smooth as a carpet. This gives employment to many poor men and women. Herds of deer were reposing upon this soft mossy lawn, or browsing beneath the shade. We cross another bridge, and behold before us

"————proud Chatsworth's towers,
Reflect Sol's setting rays—as now yon chain
Of gold-tipped mountains crown her lawns and bowers."

The building is formed of several parts and wings, surrounding a court in the centre. Before us was the west part, which is one hundred and seventy-two feet in length. It is adorned by pilasters of the Ionic order. High over the centre are the arms of Cavendish carved and gilded. This heraldric device consists of two harts supporting a coronet, with the motto,—"*Cavendo tutus*,"—a play upon the name, meaning, Secure with caution, or Secure under Cavendish. Gilded sashes and gilded balconies give a rich air to this front, which opens on a long terrace-walk and small garden. A grand arch, in which are gates of wrought iron encircled with gilded flowers, leads into the court on the north end. In front, and at our left, is the building itself, while on our right runs a walk surmounted by a stone balustrade, adorned with carved vases. Doors in this, lead to the terrace.

From this court we entered the grand hall, whose magnificence is extraordinary. It is paved with white and black marble, surrounded by marble columns, between massive tablets of marble, supported with frames carved and gilded. On one of these lay a book, in which we were requested to write our names. From this hall a stone stair-case leads to a corridor running round above, the balustrade of which and the stairs are gilded. The sides of the stair-way are covered with slabs of pink and white alabaster, while the wall of the corridor, ceiling and hall are painted in glowing colors, representing scenes from Roman story and mythology. Ascending the stairs we pass into a suite of magnificent apartments, where every thing which taste, wealth and art can produce is lavished. Some of the rooms are lined with exquisite gobelin tapestry, representing in brilliant tints the cartoons of Raphael: others are covered with stamped leather highly gilded. Ancient inlaid cabinets, cases of rare marbles, articles of Virtu and fine old paintings, adorn these rooms. The walls and ceilings of many are painted by Verrio and Laguerre and Sir James Thornhill in allegorical devices. In one apartment are the thrones and footstools used at the coronation of George III., and his Queen, which the perquisites of the late Duke, as Lord Chamberlain. There is one dining-room fifty-seven feet by thirty. The walls are lined with alabaster, let into which are mirrors with gilt mouldings;—the door-frames are of the same elegant material beautifully carved. The windows have only two panes each of plate-glass, which give them the air of being entirely open, and bring at once before us the exquisite scenery of the parks. In one view we take in the velvet lawns which are set with silver lakes of different forms; while mixed with the foliage are white statues and glowing parterres; and beyond all a foaming cataract descending the wooded hill. Through drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, music-rooms, apartments of state, we now passed, while the eye was unable to take in the mass of rich adornment, of paintings, sculpture, vases, porphyry, cabinets of fossils, and tasteful furniture which decorate these gilded walls. One species of adornment from its novelty and beauty attracted our notice; this was the cedar carving of Grinlin Gibbons. Over the door-ways, or suspended above the mantels, we beheld wreaths of flowers, carved from cedar-wood, so exqusitely finished that every delicate petal or stamin was faithfully delineated. In some rooms we saw groups of dead game of this same material, where each feather was in its place; and some

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enclosed in net game-bags so naturally carved as to deceive the eye at a little distance.

The Library is a noble room of over eighty feet in length. The collection of books is very good, and in it is the chemical apparatus of Henry Cavendish. In the recesses of the deep windows are cases of books with looking-glass doors, and on one side of the room is a gallery supported by bronze columns; and in this apartment you enter the cabinet library and the ante-library.

These classic nooks we may suppose the favorite retreats of the philosopher Hobbs, who here lived many years under the patronage of the Cavendish family, and who here wrote his "De Mirabilis Pecci." In one of these window-recesses also, probably St. Evremond wrote to Waller, while looking forth upon scenery which he describes as being more romantic than any thing he had seen, "except the region about Valois."

The centre, however, of all magnificence and taste is the sculpture-gallery. We found ourselves in a lofty room one hundred and three feet long, where we beheld in life-like groups a noble assembly of heroic, manly forms, and beings of etherial loveliness. Here were master-pieces by various sculptors.—Briseis torn from Achilles, by Thorswaldsen;—Latona and her children, by Pozzi,—Cupid wounded, by Trentanova,—Castor and Pollux, by Schadow, etc. These and many others, however, we turned from to contemplate the soft and pleasing forms of Canova. Of these, Hebe is a lovely creation; and the mother of Napoleon a finely executed figure; but in Pauline, the Corsican's favorite sister, is united all the sculptor's finest traits. The Princess Borghese is seated, gazing upon a portrait of Napoleon, which she holds in her hand. So graceful is her position, so exquisitely perfect is her delicate head and her arms, and so touching the expression of sisterly devotion, that we again and again turn from the Venus and goddesses around us to gaze upon her once more. There are many fine busts, vases, urns and other rare pieces of sculpture, in this apartment. Among the most conspicuous of these are two fine lions of marble, each nine feet long. The Picture-galleries surrounded a court of the castle opening into which are lofty windows, with gilded balconies. Here were chef d'œuvres of many masters, and portraits of the family. The chapel is a very interesting part of the building. It is on the first floor, and we enter it from a door in the hall. Here carving, painting and sculpture are lavished to form an apartment of extraordinary richness. The walls are lined with cedar, the panels of which are surrounded by carved wreaths such as I have described before. The pulpit stands in a large niche, which with the canopy over it, are of the beautiful pink and white alabaster of Derbyshire, carved in scrolls and flowers. Paintings by Laguerre and Verrio adorn the vacant spaces, and on the ceiling is painted the Ascension. A row of chairs against the wall are for the tenants, while the Duke and his family sit in a gallery above, which opens from the apartments on the upper story. From thence we pass into the fragrant orangery, which is one hundred feet long, is covered by a glass roof, and lighted besides by large windows. Bas-reliefs by Thorswaldsen and superb vases of granite and marble adorn the apartment, which is filled with large orange trees and flowering plants. Some of these orange trees possess peculiar interest, for they stood once in Malmaison, and were cherished by the fair hand of Josephine. We stept out now into the perfumed air of the gardens and pleasure grounds which extend over eight acres of land, where amid shrubbery, fountains, cascades and flowers, one is never tired with wandering. The Duke has just built a new conservatory, which does credit to his taste and magnificence. It is three hundred feet long, two hundred and eighty broad, entirely covered with glass, so as to look at a distance,—to use a homely figure—like a huge glass bowl. Within is a path, where one may drive among fruits and flowers, the choicest of many lands. Water is led through it by pipes passing in every direction filled with heated air. To give an idea of the vastness of this perfumed bower, the gardener told us these pipes measure seven miles. The kitchen garden alone covers several acres, and has in it numerous hot houses where are reared all kinds of fruit, sent by relays to the Duke who is now in Paris, and who every day eats strawberries and grapes or pines from his own conservatories. A melancholy interest is attached to Chatsworth as having once been the abode of Mary of Scotland for sixteen years. A small tower is still standing on the grounds called Mary's bower, the garden of which washer favorite resort. There are apartments in this house shown as her's, but probably only stand on their site, as the house has been rebuilt. A bed and tapestry still remain which were in her room, and some of her needle work is preserved. She was here under the care of the celebrated Bess of Hardwick, Countess of Shrewsbury, who rendered her imprisonment more irksome by her intriguing and restless disposition. Lodge, an English writer, says of her.—"She was a woman of masculine understanding and conduct, proud,

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furious, selfish and unfeeling. She was a builder, a buyer and seller of estates, a money-lender, a farmer, a merchant of lead coals, and timber." She left her large estates to her descendants improved and rendered of great value. The present Duke has imitated this lady in her taste and her improvements, but alas! he enjoys not, with her, the happiness of reflecting that he is working for his descendants, for he has no children and may never hope to marry. The Duke's history is a romantic one, and is said to have been taken by Miss Edgeworth as the plot of the Eunui. He is a changeling. The circumstances are very little known, but it is understood he is son of a courier, whose wife while nursing the real heir substituted her child for it. It is said the Duke is allowed to retain possession of the estates during life, with the proviso of not marrying, so that that there may not be trouble among the heirs. He is highly educated and refined, and under George, the Fourth, held high offices at court, and is universally admired.

On our return to our inn we visited a fancy village built by the Duke in his park. The houses are all of light stone, built in pretty gothic style, and grouped around a handsome church, embowered in lime trees. Here at a very small rent live some of the Duke's favorite tenants. It is a very pretty and princely plaything.

While in Sheffield we visited some of these wonderful shops which supply all the world with their shining cutlery.

In the rooms of the Messrs. Rogers, we were shown the choicest specimens of their workmanship in steel, silver and gold. Here we passed through numerous rooms, filled with cases containing every requisite for the most luxurious house, for the toilette, the table, or a ladies work-stand,—finished in the most perfect manner. In penknives they stand unrivalled, and exhibit specimens from a quarter of an inch long to that triumph of mechanism, the monster of eighteen hundred and forty two blades. Upon a mantle of one of the rooms we were shown a large and beautifully wrought vase of gold. This was presented to the Messrs. Rogers by their *workmen*, as a testimony of their gratitude for the uniform liberality and kindness shown them for many years past,—some of the *white slaves* probably of which many newspapers make so much capital. To these gentlemen this must be the brighest ornament of their rooms. The steel used in this establishment is from the forges of the celebrated house of Sanderson, Brothers & Co. We were afterwards indebted to one of the firm for a long and interesting examination of these steel manufactories, where the rough ore is turned into glittering steel. We were also struck with the enormous extent to which this business is carried by this firm, whose numerous furnace houses appear so many villages,—for whose forges, the whole production of one iron mine is required, and whose ware houses and offices are found in the principal cities of Europe and the United States. Every thing is done by the benevolent heads of this great house, to render their workmen's lives as happy as is possible. Their houses are given them rent free and coal allowed them. A sick fund has been raised from which, by the payment of sixpence a month, the sick can draw money when they cannot work. An attention to gardening is encouraged, and the dingy workman sees his lowly hut bright with the clustering rose, the primrose or dahlia—and the ale house is deserted for the spade and rake. Oh, that more of such men dwelt among earth's laborers!

Sheffield is situated at the confluence of the Don and the Sheaf. Its principal trade is in iron and steel, the smoke of whose forges is seen ever ascending. Its cutlery has been celebrated since the earliest ages of British history. A cutlers' society is formed in it, composed of the highest manufacturers, by whose counsel all works are judged and condemned if false, to be destroyed in a public place. Frauds in the trade consequently are few. The master cutler is, also, mayor of the city.

There are several good churches and public buildings in Sheffield. Among them are Trinity church, St. George's,—the Town Hall, Cutlers' Hall, and many others. Sheffield has produced two celebrated poets. The verses of Ebenezer Elliot, the corn-law rhymer, are in keeping with a trading city; but how the spiritual Montgomery could elevate his thoughts from amidst the din of machinery and smoke of forges is a wonder. This surprise is increased when one looks into the humble dwelling where he wrote most of his earliest works. This was shown us by the kindness of a literary friend. His window opens into a wretched alley, where herde some of the poorest of the population, and amid the yelling of dirty children quarrelling over their cold meat bones, his soul was able to wander to the finest scenes of earth and to the shining courts above.

The scenery in the environs of Sheffield is very beautiful. There the eye roves over gently rolling hills covered with luxuriant farms and gardens, among which rise the loftly mansions of the 'merchant princes' of the city, one of these being at present our own luxurious and hospitable home. Sheffield has also been cele-

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brated in romance. In the city and its vicinity are laid some of the scenes of Ivanhoe and Peveril of the Peak. Conisborough castle now in ruins, was the home of Cedric, the Saxon, and the ruin near Castleton, the residence of the redoubted Peveril. On the road to Chatsworth we cross the moorland, which is a tract of land covered with dark boggy ground, upon which nothing will grow. This is kept by the noblemen who own the land as game preserves. The dark hilly masses of this uneven tract alternate with gloomy ravines, making often picturesque scenes. Sheffield and its environs have always been the property of some of England's noblest families. Here have lived the Furnivals, Nevils, De Buslis, Talbots and Howards. The redoubted Saxon earl, Waltheof, son of Siward the Dane, and leader of the armies of Edward the confessor, here held his proud sway before the conquest. Long did he struggle against the Norman conqueror, but in vain. He afterwards married the celebrated Countess Judith, niece of the conquerer's, who is designated by a historian of the day, by the undesirable appellation af *impiissima Jezebel.* The high souled Waltheof, we all know, afterwards revolted and was beheaded. The iron works and mines of Sheffield can be traced back to the Britons, since which time the trade has been rapidly improving. The arrival of several artizans from the Netherlands in fifteen hundred and seventy, contributed to their improvement, and now in their present perfection they stand alone and unrivalled.

Original.

SONG.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

The Ladye was lovely, the Ladye was young
And pride curled her lips as she merrily sung:

I HAVE now thee to love me, all cold as thou art,
I have now thee to love me, untameable heart.
For this every joy of my life has been given,
For this I have risked every promise of heaven:—
I have now thee to love me;—I hold thee in thrall,
And the sight of thy bondage repays me for all.

I have now thee to love me, untameable heart,—
I have now thee to love me, and now,—let us part!
Thou may'st throw off my fetters in haughty disdain,
But the scar and the aching must ever remain:
My toils may seem frail as the wood-spider's net,
But Love's spell is upon thee,—thou canst not forget.

Original.

THE PARISIAN CHRONICLER, OR, GOSSIP.

UNDER this title we propose to keep our readers acquainted with so much of the manners and moral of Parisian life, as we may deem most interesting to them to know and most proper to appear in a publication of our character, popularity and standing.

We do not know that any philosopher, ancient or modern, dead or living, has said that much truth and knowledge of life may be gathered from an anecdote, bon mot, or saying. Has no philosopher said this? Then we say it, and now to illustrate our meaning.

The Composer Pradher who died in the month of November last at Paris was an eminent musician. The *opera comique* was indebted to him for many a pleasant piece. At the age of sixteen he married the famous Philedor, and at his second nuptials Mademoiselle More, a charming actress of the old Freydeau. At the time of the consulate, Pradher, then very young, was yet a pianist of great merit. Garat, who liked him very much, charged himself with the care of his tuition and fortune. He introduced him to several elegant *salons;* and one day—about the time of the commencement of the Empire—the celebrated singer having been invited to sing at a concert given at the Tuileries, asked and obtained permission to take Pradher with him as accompanist.

Garat had already had the honor of singing several times before his majesty; but Pradher had never been present at such a *fête.* This occasion was one then of the most magnificent importance to him, and he was proud at the idea of making his debût at court. Full of ardor and impatience, the young pianist repaired to the residence of his *protecteur* long before the appointed time, and found Garat at his mirror folding his twelfth cravat to essay a new tie.

"Vous voila already!" exclaimed the illustrious singer. "Ah! mon ami, I shall make a sensation this evening."

"I do not doubt it," Pradher replied, "you always do."

"But this time more than ever; I shall make a *thundering* impression."

"Everything is possible to a voice like yours."

"You are wide of the mark, my friend," replied Garat; "I am not speaking of my voice, but referring to my toilette. Look at me. What do you think of this *coiffure?* How do you like this vest?

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What is your opinion of this frock, the cut of which I planned myself?"

From a weakness, of which we find more than one example among great artists, Garat thought more of his reputation as a dandy, than of his success as a singer; he liked much better to be praised for the elegance of his costume, than for the exqnisite charm of his voice: Pradher, who knew his weakness, humoured him. "It is perfect," said he, "admirable, ravishing, nothing is wanting, and now, that your toilette is finished, what are we waiting for?

"We are waiting 'till they come for me," replied Garat: "it is the custom." Etiquette prohibits me from presenting myself at the Tuileries. One of the hushers of the Chateau will be here presently to take me in an imperial carriage."

An instant after, as Garat had said, an *envoyé* of the Tuileries presented himself to conduct the illustrious singer to the court concert.

"The coach is below," said he respectfully. Garat passed out first, proud and superb; Pradher followed him slowly, but full of hope and joy. They descended the stairs, they arrived at the carriage entrance, and Garat uttered a cry of surprise and indignation.

"What is that! a hackney coach?—a vile *sapin*, for me! This is something new. They used to send for me in a court carriage."

"Undoubtedly," replied the messenger, "but this being the occasion of a grand gala, all the carriages are employed elsewhere."

"Vexation!" screamed the vocalist; "but a man of my position cannot go in a hackney coach."

"There are no means of acting otherwise this time."

"Oh yes there are, and very simple ones; I won't go to the concert at all."

"You are joking! You are expected, you are down on the programme; his majesty relies upon you; I have been ordered to conduct you, and I shall obey orders."

"Do you mean to use violence?"

The envoyé did not say so, but looked as if he intended to carry out his mission cavalierly by taking Garat by the shoulders and forcing him to enter the hackney coach.

"Ah, it is so, is it!" exclaimed the singer, at the threat of violence, "you absolutely must repair to the chateau? Eh bien! perhaps."

Saying this, he threw himself not into the coach, but into the gutter, thrust into the mud his legs so delicately chaussées in white silk stockings, heroically splashed his ravishing toilette; then soiled from head to foot, he presented himself before the surprised envoyé, and then said to him in an accent full of passion and irony.

"I am ready to follow you, Monsieur; conduct me to the concert of the Tuileries."

It was necessary to yield, and on this occasion the Imperial auditory was fain to get along without the charming vocalist! Garat was triumphant, but his unfortunate accompanist was in despair.

—

The commencement and the close of the ball season are always signalized by numerous marriages in the *Grand Monde*. At the beginning of last month, there was celebrated in the church *de la Madéleine* one of those unions which have been quite *a la-mode* in our time—a marriage at once aristocratic and financial, aristocratic on the part of the husband, financial on that of the wife. We like to see nobility and cash lending each other a helping hand and professing devotion and fidelity. The bride was the daughter of Mons. R——, an old banker of Marseilles who died a little while since leaving an immense fortune. Several anecdotes were circulated at the nuptial *cortege* among others the following, which concerns one of our most distinguished poets.

Enriched by honorable speculations, Monsr. R—— made a good use of his immense fortune; He loved literature, which he had cultivated in his youth; he loved the society of artists and writers of merit; he welcomed them always with *empressement*, and often encouraged them with *largesse*.

Mery, the Poet, arrived at Marseilles; shunning the rigors of a Parisian winter, he went to sun himself in the mild rays of his natal sky. To celebrate his arrival, the banker gave a splendid dinner, at which "assisted" all the notabilities of the city. Charming conversation and lively sallies circulated round the table during the repast; then, when the greater part of the guests had retired and there remained in the *salon* but a few intimate friends, the conversation took a more familiar turn, a more expansive one, and Monsieur R. said to the author:

"My dear Mery, like most poets, you think but little of the future; it is for your friends to think for you, and I charge myself with that task. Do not be uneasy, but give way fearlessly to your happiest inspirations."

To prove that these were not empty words, the banker opened a secretary and took from it a paper, which he unfolded—

"See here," said he, "this is a codicil to my will, by which I have left you a legacy of a hundred thousand francs."

A flattering murmur welcomed this act of

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generosity, and the poet after having properly expressed his gratitude, observed to the banker that his property belonged to his children, and then declared that he would not accept the legacy. It was in vain for Monsieur R. to say that each of his children would be millionaires twice over, and that a bagatelle of a hundred thousand francs was of no importance to them. The poet was obstinate in his refusal, and to put an end to the struggle, which threatened to be a long one, he made himself master of the codicil and tore it up, with the best grace in the world.

Shortly after this scene, Monsieur R. died.

This event caused a great sensation in the city, and a general mourning. On the day of the burial, our poet, who is the chilliest fellow in Europe, was sitting close by his fire-side, his feet upon the bars, when one of his friends entered, and said to him in a mournful tone—

"Ah! if you had but accepted that legacy—"

"Eh bien!" replied the poet, in the same tone, "did it not look like inspiration?"

"How?" cried his friend.

"Certainly," replied Méry, "look at the weather we have to-day; frightfully cold and villanously misty. If I had accepted that legacy I should not have been able to dispense with going to the funeral, and should have infallibly caught cold."

—

Monsieur Alphonse Karr, in one of the last numbers of his *Guêpes*, (Wasps,) said, "Monsieur B——, author of a treatise on swimming, is a *fort nageur*, (swimmer,) but not a *nageur de pemiere force*."

Now Monsieur B. pretends that he is the first triton in France and Navarre. Great then was his fury on reading this article, to which he sent the following reply, directed to Karr:

"It is now twenty years since I was proclaimed the first swimmer of the capital, and in that time I have had at least ten affairs of honor to maintain my nautical supremacy. I shall not recoil from the eleventh one to prove to you, Monsieur, that not only am I a strong swimmer, but now, the strongest in Paris."

It should be known that the author of the Guêpes has transported his hives to Etre-tat. Monsieur B. did not hesitate an instant, and for fear that his challenge should miss its direction, he took the Rouen rail-road and arrived at Etre-tat, the Normandy of prawns and lobsters. He repaired to the residence of the writer, and found that he had left for Paris an hour before.

Doubly furious, he returned to Paris by the same rail-road, ran to the hotel where his adversary had alighted, and sent up to him the "aforesaid" billet, with these words added, in the form of a *postscriptum*:—

"My witnesses will come in an hour to arrange with you."

An hour afterwards, the two witnesses knocked at the door of the celebrated Wasp. All means of conciliation having failed, the writer came right to the point.

"Your day, gentlemen?"

"To-morrow."

"The hour?"

"Eight o'clock."

"The place?"

"The Pont Royal."

"Your arms?"

"The River Seine."

The author "went off" in an explosion of laughter. "I understand it is a duel *à l'eau*, that you propose?"

"Exactly. Monsieur B. does all his fighting by swimming. Neither a sword nor a pistol will prove that he is a stronger swimmer, than you—by his method doubt will be impossible."

"Fort bien, if it was in the month of August, but in the month of November, the glass seven degrees below zero!—Does Monsieur take me for a marine monster?"

"This is his ultimatum. I ought however to add that the duel will be followed by an excellent dejeuner at Vefour's, at Monsieur B's. expense."

Alphonse Karr reflected a moment, and thinking the whole affair very original, wrote a reply thus conceived, to Monsieur B."

"I accept your proposition. To-morrow, at eight o'clock, I will be with you."

The next day, at the hour appointed, the author of the Guêpes stood before Monsieur B.

"You see I am exact."

"Tres bien, exactitude is the *politesse* of writers. One moment, and we will set out to fight."

And the duelist in deep waters set about preparing his swimming costume. Already had he drawn on the garment prescribed by modesty and the constitutional charter, when the writer exclaimed:—

"Were you serious in sending me that challenge!"

"Very serious! what did you come for!"

"*Parbleu!*" replied the other, "to breakfast."

"Then you confess yourself beaten?"

"I will tell you that at the dessert; let us go."

They went out, breakfasted, and the bill was paid by Monsieur B., who eat as much as four Alphonse Karrs.

"Eh bien! now go; you recognise me for a swimmer of *premiere force?*"

"You will find my reply in the next number of the Guêpes."

Here it is.

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"Ah, well," said Mr. St. Aubyn, with a sigh, "at the time of which I speak, I was happy; but, to proceed; I soon made up my mind on the subject, and resolved as soon as propriety admitted to make her an offer in due form of my hand, heart, and fortune.

"Time, as a matter of course deepened my attachment, and at the expiration of six months from our first introduction to each other I made an avowal of my sentiments, and sued for a return.

"Her answer was every thing my fond heart desired, and with a happiness at heart which may be imagined, but not described, I commenced preparations for the reception of my bride in a home, suitable to the exalted ideas I entertained for her, and becoming equally our rank and fortune.

"Of course we were to have a town and country residence, furnished in the most magnificent style, with equipages to correspond. All this I resolved on, without once thinking whether she had a dower or not; which by the by she had not. Indeed that was a matter of perfect indifference to me. My heart was satisfied to the full, in every particular, and that sufficed.

"My resources being ample, all necessary preparations were soon completed, and the wedding day fixed. Oh, Edward, how exquisite was my happiness! my present and future seemed to my enraptured view to be one continued scene of enchantment—the joys of paradise could alone express my exstatic thought, for not a cloud obscured the brightness of my mind's horizon; not a shadow rested on the sun-dial that so temptingly emblazoned on its shining surface, a destiny which my exulting heart marked out as my own life possession. Ah, the anticipations of the young, and the enthusiastic, are indeed treacherous! Yet why anticipate!"—Mr. St. Aubyn here paused and sighed deeply; his nephew did not make any remark, and after a few moments he again proceeded. "Well, we were married; her parents gave her a most magnificent wedding; it was the theme of newspaper praise for a week, and Mr. St. Aubyn was regarded in the same light; in which he regarded himself, as being a singularly fortunate and happy man, and the accomplished, elegant and beauteous bride as being without a comparison.

"How my heart exulted as I read the paragraph which went on to state that after the princely nuptial entertainment, the happy couple took up their abode at the residence of the wealthy and distinguished bridegroom in Broadway!

"Our marriage took place in the depth of winter, so that being at home instead of travelling as is usually customary after it, it was incumbent on us to celebrate the auspicious event, by a series of festivities suitable to the occasion; and party, ball, and rout, followed each other in quick succession, at all of which, whether at home or abroad, my wife shone as the 'brightest particular star,' and my proud heart swelled at the consciousness, as if it would have bursted with the overwhelming sense of its own intoxicating happiness. I was looking forward, however, to a cessation of these gaieties, as preparation for, and attendance on them, left little time for the enjoyment of that domestic happiness my heart so dearly prized, and which contrary to what most persons thought of me, I enjoyed above all other things.

"By degrees, these gay doings ceased, and I anticipated the quiet of domestic life with the characteristic ardor of my disposition, and longed for nothing so much as to return of an evening to my adored Augusta, to enjoy that sweet uninterrupted commune which had often made so large a portion of our happiness in our unwedded days. For the Countess had her own engagements, the Count and his son theirs, we were left much to ourselves, and in the interchange of the most exalted sentiments, we passed some of the happiest hours of my existence; and while listening to the ebullitions of her accomplished mind, how often would the thought thrill my soul with exstacy, of soon calling a being so superior, all my own, and of being blessed with a presence whose every word was music to my delighted soul, unchecked by the thought of separation, or interruption of any sort, save that which the performance of our duties enjoined; for, enthusiast as I was, I knew that these remained to us.

"My wish was eventually gratified; the winter with all its gaities passed away, and we resolved to take up our abode early in the spring at our country residence. The season was unusually beautiful, and on the banks of the lordly Hudson behold me and my beauteous bride, inhabiting an abode which, for views of romantic and picturesque scenery without, and elegance and refined luxury within, stood unequalled in those days in this Republican country. The taste displayed in every thing, being purely English; rich, chaste, and superb as wealth could render it.

"Ah, Edward, to me it seemed a second paradise, and my Eve, lovely as Milton had rendered her,—perfect in beauty and matchless in mind, secured to me in perspective whole ages of indescribable bliss, and joy unutterable, for

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"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
And every gesture dignity and love."

"Thus love painted her, thus love inflated the gay and gallant streamers, that propelled my happy bark o'er a sea of bliss, unbounded as the heavens that seemed to smile above our head sat witnessing a happiness so rare upon this troubled and careworn earth.

"I have told you that Augusta was a fine musician and painter. She was besides a mediocre poet, and our country residence, I soon found was to be the scene for some charming achievement, in some of these branches of art. Of course as she unfolded her plans for this purpose, I was delighted. A painting room, music room, and library, were, of course, immediately selected and furnished; while I, pleased and gratified, looked on, delighted beyond every thing.

"My business transactions were still carried on in New-York, and I purposed visiting the city about once a week to inspect matters and keep them in a proper train. The rest of my time I purposed to spend at home, and in the enjoyment of that rural happiness so peculiar to an Englishman. I promised myself much. My avocations too were laid out. On my estate there was a fine lake, well stocked with fish; my pleasure boats stood awaiting my use on the ponds or lakelets, within the precincts of my extensive domain. My gardens for fruit, flowers, and vegetables were large and beautifully laid out, so that employment for my own time presented as great a variety as could well be desired.

"Meantime, Mrs. St. Aubyn had commenced a fine painting. Its subject was a scene hard by. Yes, the painting commenced, and in its execution I was soon made to experience the futility and falsity of all human anticipations. I have said that Mrs. St. Aubyn's chief view in going into the country was to achieve some great designs; but when she told me her plans for so doing, I little thought to what an extent they were to be carried, or the utter loneliness, to which, during its achivement, I was to be consigned. But I found it out soon enough to my cost. Study, absolutely, absorbed the whole of her time; after breakfast she usually went to the painting room, and continued to paint 'till exhaustion obliged her to leave off, and she was obliged to lie down to restore her overwrought faculties. We dined at five, against which she arose, and in dishevelled hair, loose gown, and slippers, she would it is true bear me company at the dinner table, but with a mind utterly uninterested in every thing that passed around her. The dinner cloth being removed, after passing the day in sheer loneliness, if the weather was fine I proposed a short drive, a walk, to insure myself something in the way of companionship. It was sometimes accepted, and sometimes rejected—with a coldness too, and indifference, that cut me to the heart. The evening hours, thought I, will however, be happy,—social enjoyment will at least crown and close the dismal solitude of the day. But in this hope too, I was mistaken. The evenings were to be devoted, I found, to reading works on the art she was pursuing with such avidity, viz., the perspective of Daniel Barbaro, Euclid's Geometry, and a list of others which I now forget. After a day spent in such severe exercises, of course it will not appear strange that she was a late riser. On the contrary I was an early one, and I had the delectable satisfaction of sitting alone in my solitary breakfast parlor, and drinking my coffee to the tune of a worse bachelorhood than I ever knew even in my unwedded days; for then I had always plenty of company, if not companions, in my fellow boarders, and absolute solitude was a rare feeling indeed to one of my imaginative temperament, for when the reality failed to supply a companion, my ready fancy sketched a perspective that most young minds are prone to dwell on, and prone to embellish as I had done, only in too many instances to be deceived.

"About eleven o'clock Mrs. St. Aubyn arose and ordered breakfast to be served in the library. Meantime I had strolled off with my fishing-rod, and seated on the banks of the lake, sat brooding over my wretched happiness, while the blind and foolish expectations I had indulged in, goaded me almost to madness. My romantic dreams, thought I, where are they now? There is a beautiful and touching sadness awakened, when amid the quiet scenes of nature, you allow the mind to dwell on her stupenduous, magnificent, sweet, and gentle attributes, that accorded well with my melancholy feelings, and I indulged them to the full.

"My fishing ground was centered in a most lovely spot; and while waiting to catch my glittering prey, my thoughts oft wandered from what appeared their avowed object, and my eye drank in the glorious beauty which surrounded me on every side.

"Ere the dew was off the grass, I sought my accustomed seat; while my better half remained locked in the arms of sleep, regardless of those beauties which all nature was celebrating with anthems of praise, to the great Architect of the universe. The peculiar freshness of the morning air, the song of birds, the genial rays of the newly risen sun, the ripple of the murmuring waters,

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the waving foliage, and the distant sounds of rural industry, made a scene of enjoyment, which, with companionship, would have formed an Elysium for my soul. But as it was, I had to bait my hook and muse away my lonely day as best I might. My wretchedness had not yet got to its height. I still cheated myself into a belief that I was beloved, and that this neglect of my happiness would cease with the completion of what my heart denominated that hated picture.

"At the expiration of a week, however, my solitude was broken by a visit from my wife's brother and a gentleman of his and my acquaintance. This intelligence was the most delightful I had heard for days; and I almost felt that I could have embraced the negro boy that brought it to the scene of my daily sport. When I had just had the satisfaction of drawing out of the water a fine fish, which, with some others I had caught, I desired the boy to take back and get cooked for dinner.

"I gave my visitors a cordial welcome you may be sure; and then fled to Mrs. St. Aubyn's painting room to impart the news of their arrival to her; imagining she also would feel delighted. But it was quite the contrary; she was annoyed beyond measure, and absolutely taunted me with having no respect for her feelings, by showing by my aspect so much foolish pleasure at this, to her, at least, great interruption. She then asked me how I liked her picture? It was impossible not to admire both the design and the execution so far as it had been done, and I praised it accordingly. This seemed to put her in good humor, and as I left the room, she promised to prepare herself to see them.

"I went into the kitchen from there, to give orders for the dinner;—for my lady wife seemed to have given up all thoughts of such matters, since she had commenced painting, and it is probable if I had not attended to this necessary part of our existence myself, to my other annoyances I should also have added this.

"'Why, St. Aubyn, how miserable you look,' was the exclamation of both my guests, as I réentered the parlor. 'And such a beautiful place too, by George, it's a perfect paradise.'

"'Do you like it?' said I, evading their first observation, about my looks.

"'Like it? why, who upon earth could miss liking such a lovely scene as this, that had any taste at all? But how in the name of fortune do you contrive to kill time? However, a moment's reflection, might have informed me on that point, and rendered the question quite superfluous. A man who has just passed the honey-moon with the society of a lovely wife, must find the hours flying on angels' wings—nay, such a thing as time entirely forgotten.'

"This he said, I thought, in a drawling, ironical tone. But though his words elicited a heavy sigh, which I smothered ere it escaped me, I made no other reply than that I killed time every day by killing fish.

"This called forth a hearty laugh, and a challenge to see my fishing ground. To this I readily consented; and I sallied forth with my friends forthwith to view it.

"The gentleman who accompanied Le Roux, was a fine handsome fellow; we had long been on terms of intimacy, but having been absent for eighteen months from New-York, Mrs. St. Aubyn had never seen him. He returned just before we left for the country. I introduced him to her brother one day, and invited him to come out with him to see us, and agreeably to my invitation they then came.

"The dinner was on the table at four that day, and for the first time since my arrival, Mrs. St. Aubyn was full dressed to grace it. I think I never saw her look so beautiful, as she did that day. And a quick glance at my friend showed that he thought so too. Our cook had exerted himself to the utmost, and the dinner was well cooked and handsomely served up: so that nothing detracted from the perfect enjoyment of the day on that score. The conversation too, took a delightful turn, we were all in spirits, Augusta among the rest. Rivers (the name of my friend,) admired her paintings decorating the walls, with, I thought, a degree of extravagance quite uncalled for. But she was enchanted. Oh, woman, this is one of thy foibles! He saw that praise gratified her, and he plied it deeply, accordingly. She then told him how she had been engaged; and he as a matter of course, asked to see the product of her genius, and rallied me on my barbarous taste of killing fish from day to day, while my wife was engaged in such an elevated and refined employment; that for his part, he should think I required no greater happiness than preparing colors, and watching her fairy fingers, as they so fitfully glided over the canvass, converting every thing they touched into beauty almost inimitable.

"I might have answered this gallant effusion, by saying that my wife required uninterrupted seclusion, during her hours of study, and that even if I had been so minded, her wishes to be alone had been so clearly expressed that I had never, even in thought, ventured an intrusion into

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her studio; but I did not, imagining that she would.

"She did not, however, and there the subject dropped; not, as I afterwards found, though, without a secret meaning. The apparently neglectful husband was a theme that suited their purpose well; but I must not anticipate.

"From this time my monotonous solitude was over; Rivers came continually to our house, often staying days and nights in succession.

"One change for the better was wrought by it. Mrs. St. Aubyn's habits underwent a decided improvement; she rose early and proposed taking romantic walks before breakfast with her dear Henry, and Mr. Rivers; and afterwards taking a sail on the lake; then painting about an hour before an early dinner; then taking a drive after, and finishing the evening with music! I had, besides, no longer any reason to complain of the carelessness of my wife's attire. Her appearance would now have satisfied the most fastidious. She moved and looked enchantment, and her dearest Henry could no longer complain either of neglect or indifference to his happiness. My wife was now indeed a pattern for wives; and my heart began once more to reckon on its mines of future happiness. Rivers, too, aided the deception, by constantly rallying my good fortune, in getting such a paragon of perfection for a wife. And I was again a proud and happy man; wondering how I ever could have been otherwise. Our country visit, or rather sojourn, proceeded in this manner to its close; and early in the autumn we took up our abode in town.

[*To be continued.*]

Original.

SONNET TO——.

BY J. A. MAYBIE.

FRIEND of my heart! when youth with me is o'er,
And madly battling in Ambition's throng,
On mountain-passes of the crown'd and strong,
Marshall'd to music haughtier than the roar
Of storms, that bids the fiery eagle soar;
My manhood too must feel each base-born wrong—
The sickness of the soul, when hate that long
Wore *fairest* guise, snake-like its crest uprears;
Suspicion then, with its dark lore will come,
In open brow and smile a lure to see,
And say that honor, loftiness and worth,
Found never yet in human breast a home,
How will the "damning doubt" my spirit flee,
As plastic memory gives THY image birth!

Original.

SUMMER EXCURSIONS FROM LONDON.—NUMBER VI.

BY MRS. E. R. STEELE.

A VISIT TO CHATSWORTH AND SHEFFIELD.

CHATSWORTH is the name of a large domain and elegant seat, of the Duke of Devonshire, one of England's most refined, tasteful and wealthy noblemen. It is a pleasant morning drive from Sheffield, and while we are on our way thither perhaps it may be well to say a few words regarding the ancestors of the present owner. The nobles of England care not to date further back than William, the Conqueror, and accordingly we find the genealogical title of the present family date from Roger de Gernon, a knight who ventured his all, and risked his life in the expedition which placed William on the English throne, and was richly rewarded for his services by considerable grants of land in 1066. One of his descendants married into the family of the Lords of Cavendish manor in Suffolk, and according to the fashion of those times his sons took the name of Cavendish. This name the family have borne ever since, and borne with honor. They have figured in the history of England as statesmen, orators, philosophers, Lords Lieutenant of Ireland, Privy Councillors, and in many other situations of trust and honor. By marriage many noble families have been allied with them, and great estates added to their domains. One of them, Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, married the Duke of Lenox, uncle of James I. Sir Thomas Cavendish the celebrated navigator, was of this family; and also Henry, the famous chemist. They also claim royal descent, through Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who married the princess Mary, daughter of Henry VII., and widow of Louis XII. They were created Earls of Devonshire in the reign of James I. William, the fourth Earl first became Duke in consequence of services during the revolution of 1688. Thus we see two of the family conspicuous in placing two Williams on the throne of England, and for these and other services rewarded with the rich estates they hold. Sir William Cavendish purchased Chatsworth at the commencement of the sixteenth century,—and there his descendants have since lived, each one adding a new beauty, until it is the superb domain now before us. The first entrance to the estate is through a gate into a small hamlet, consisting of antique thatched cottages, covered with moss; and a small inn, in front of which, swung a sign

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representing the Duke's arms. From thence, our drive continued through the farm to another village, in which stood conspicuous the fine old Gothic church of St. Peter. There are here interesting tablets and monuments of the Cavendish family. At a short distance are the grand gates and lodge of the park. As it is against the rules for the hundreds of visitors who come to see the place, to drive their carriages over the smooth roads of the park, we dismounted at a handsome inn, built for the accommodation of visitors, by the late Duke. We enter now the park. This comprises twelve hundred and eighty acres, including four hundred and twenty woodland. Our first view of the house and surrounding scenery was superb. Around us stretched an English park, covering the gently rolling land with a carpet of bright tinted soft green turf,—upon which copses and groves of trees were arranged with the finest taste. In the centre arose the princely towers of Chatsworth, encircled by hills covered with farms and woodlands, ending in the high, bold Peaks of Derby. The small river Derwent winds through the grounds, over which are several picturesque bridges, adding to the beauty of the scene. As we passed along we could not but admire the velvet sward, the grass of which is cut, swept with brooms, and afterwards rolled so that it is literally as smooth as a carpet. This gives employment to many poor men and women. Herds of deer were reposing upon this soft mossy lawn, or browsing beneath the shade. We cross another bridge, and behold before us

"————proud Chatsworth's towers,
Reflect Sol's setting rays—as now yon chain
Of gold-tipped mountains crown her lawns and bowers."

The building is formed of several parts and wings, surrounding a court in the centre. Before us was the west part, which is one hundred and seventy-two feet in length. It is adorned by pilasters of the Ionic order. High over the centre are the arms of Cavendish carved and gilded. This heraldric device consists of two harts supporting a coronet, with the motto,—"*Cavendo tutus*,"—a play upon the name, meaning, Secure with caution, or Secure under Cavendish. Gilded sashes and gilded balconies give a rich air to this front, which opens on a long terrace-walk and small garden. A grand arch, in which are gates of wrought iron encircled with gilded flowers, leads into the court on the north end. In front, and at our left, is the building itself, while on our right runs a walk surmounted by a stone balustrade, adorned with carved vases. Doors in this, lead to the terrace.

From this court we entered the grand hall, whose magnificence is extraordinary. It is paved with white and black marble, surrounded by marble columns, between massive tablets of marble, supported with frames carved and gilded. On one of these lay a book, in which we were requested to write our names. From this hall a stone stair-case leads to a corridor running round above, the balustrade of which and the stairs are gilded. The sides of the stair-way are covered with slabs of pink and white alabaster, while the wall of the corridor, ceiling and hall are painted in glowing colors, representing scenes from Roman story and mythology. Ascending the stairs we pass into a suite of magnificent apartments, where every thing which taste, wealth and art can produce is lavished. Some of the rooms are lined with exquisite gobelin tapestry, representing in brilliant tints the cartoons of Raphael: others are covered with stamped leather highly gilded. Ancient inlaid cabinets, cases of rare marbles, articles of Virtu and fine old paintings, adorn these rooms. The walls and ceilings of many are painted by Verrio and Laguerre and Sir James Thornhill in allegorical devices. In one apartment are the thrones and footstools used at the coronation of George III., and his Queen, which the perquisites of the late Duke, as Lord Chamberlain. There is one dining-room fifty-seven feet by thirty. The walls are lined with alabaster, let into which are mirrors with gilt mouldings;—the door-frames are of the same elegant material beautifully carved. The windows have only two panes each of plate-glass, which give them the air of being entirely open, and bring at once before us the exquisite scenery of the parks. In one view we take in the velvet lawns which are set with silver lakes of different forms; while mixed with the foliage are white statues and glowing parterres; and beyond all a foaming cataract descending the wooded hill. Through drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, music-rooms, apartments of state, we now passed, while the eye was unable to take in the mass of rich adornment, of paintings, sculpture, vases, porphyry, cabinets of fossils, and tasteful furniture which decorate these gilded walls. One species of adornment from its novelty and beauty attracted our notice; this was the cedar carving of Grinlin Gibbons. Over the door-ways, or suspended above the mantels, we beheld wreaths of flowers, carved from cedar-wood, so exqusitely finished that every delicate petal or stamin was faithfully delineated. In some rooms we saw groups of dead game of this same material, where each feather was in its place; and some

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enclosed in net game-bags so naturally carved as to deceive the eye at a little distance.

The Library is a noble room of over eighty feet in length. The collection of books is very good, and in it is the chemical apparatus of Henry Cavendish. In the recesses of the deep windows are cases of books with looking-glass doors, and on one side of the room is a gallery supported by bronze columns; and in this apartment you enter the cabinet library and the ante-library.

These classic nooks we may suppose the favorite retreats of the philosopher Hobbs, who here lived many years under the patronage of the Cavendish family, and who here wrote his "De Mirabilis Pecci." In one of these window-recesses also, probably St. Evremond wrote to Waller, while looking forth upon scenery which he describes as being more romantic than any thing he had seen, "except the region about Valois."

The centre, however, of all magnificence and taste is the sculpture-gallery. We found ourselves in a lofty room one hundred and three feet long, where we beheld in life-like groups a noble assembly of heroic, manly forms, and beings of etherial loveliness. Here were master-pieces by various sculptors.—Briseis torn from Achilles, by Thorswaldsen;—Latona and her children, by Pozzi,—Cupid wounded, by Trentanova,—Castor and Pollux, by Schadow, etc. These and many others, however, we turned from to contemplate the soft and pleasing forms of Canova. Of these, Hebe is a lovely creation; and the mother of Napoleon a finely executed figure; but in Pauline, the Corsican's favorite sister, is united all the sculptor's finest traits. The Princess Borghese is seated, gazing upon a portrait of Napoleon, which she holds in her hand. So graceful is her position, so exquisitely perfect is her delicate head and her arms, and so touching the expression of sisterly devotion, that we again and again turn from the Venus and goddesses around us to gaze upon her once more. There are many fine busts, vases, urns and other rare pieces of sculpture, in this apartment. Among the most conspicuous of these are two fine lions of marble, each nine feet long. The Picture-galleries surrounded a court of the castle opening into which are lofty windows, with gilded balconies. Here were chef d'œuvres of many masters, and portraits of the family. The chapel is a very interesting part of the building. It is on the first floor, and we enter it from a door in the hall. Here carving, painting and sculpture are lavished to form an apartment of extraordinary richness. The walls are lined with cedar, the panels of which are surrounded by carved wreaths such as I have described before. The pulpit stands in a large niche, which with the canopy over it, are of the beautiful pink and white alabaster of Derbyshire, carved in scrolls and flowers. Paintings by Laguerre and Verrio adorn the vacant spaces, and on the ceiling is painted the Ascension. A row of chairs against the wall are for the tenants, while the Duke and his family sit in a gallery above, which opens from the apartments on the upper story. From thence we pass into the fragrant orangery, which is one hundred feet long, is covered by a glass roof, and lighted besides by large windows. Bas-reliefs by Thorswaldsen and superb vases of granite and marble adorn the apartment, which is filled with large orange trees and flowering plants. Some of these orange trees possess peculiar interest, for they stood once in Malmaison, and were cherished by the fair hand of Josephine. We stept out now into the perfumed air of the gardens and pleasure grounds which extend over eight acres of land, where amid shrubbery, fountains, cascades and flowers, one is never tired with wandering. The Duke has just built a new conservatory, which does credit to his taste and magnificence. It is three hundred feet long, two hundred and eighty broad, entirely covered with glass, so as to look at a distance,—to use a homely figure—like a huge glass bowl. Within is a path, where one may drive among fruits and flowers, the choicest of many lands. Water is led through it by pipes passing in every direction filled with heated air. To give an idea of the vastness of this perfumed bower, the gardener told us these pipes measure seven miles. The kitchen garden alone covers several acres, and has in it numerous hot houses where are reared all kinds of fruit, sent by relays to the Duke who is now in Paris, and who every day eats strawberries and grapes or pines from his own conservatories. A melancholy interest is attached to Chatsworth as having once been the abode of Mary of Scotland for sixteen years. A small tower is still standing on the grounds called Mary's bower, the garden of which washer favorite resort. There are apartments in this house shown as her's, but probably only stand on their site, as the house has been rebuilt. A bed and tapestry still remain which were in her room, and some of her needle work is preserved. She was here under the care of the celebrated Bess of Hardwick, Countess of Shrewsbury, who rendered her imprisonment more irksome by her intriguing and restless disposition. Lodge, an English writer, says of her.—"She was a woman of masculine understanding and conduct, proud,

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furious, selfish and unfeeling. She was a builder, a buyer and seller of estates, a money-lender, a farmer, a merchant of lead coals, and timber." She left her large estates to her descendants improved and rendered of great value. The present Duke has imitated this lady in her taste and her improvements, but alas! he enjoys not, with her, the happiness of reflecting that he is working for his descendants, for he has no children and may never hope to marry. The Duke's history is a romantic one, and is said to have been taken by Miss Edgeworth as the plot of the Eunui. He is a changeling. The circumstances are very little known, but it is understood he is son of a courier, whose wife while nursing the real heir substituted her child for it. It is said the Duke is allowed to retain possession of the estates during life, with the proviso of not marrying, so that that there may not be trouble among the heirs. He is highly educated and refined, and under George, the Fourth, held high offices at court, and is universally admired.

On our return to our inn we visited a fancy village built by the Duke in his park. The houses are all of light stone, built in pretty gothic style, and grouped around a handsome church, embowered in lime trees. Here at a very small rent live some of the Duke's favorite tenants. It is a very pretty and princely plaything.

While in Sheffield we visited some of these wonderful shops which supply all the world with their shining cutlery.

In the rooms of the Messrs. Rogers, we were shown the choicest specimens of their workmanship in steel, silver and gold. Here we passed through numerous rooms, filled with cases containing every requisite for the most luxurious house, for the toilette, the table, or a ladies workstand,—finished in the most perfect manner. In penknives they stand unrivalled, and exhibit specimens from a quarter of an inch long to that triumph of mechanism, the monster of eighteen hundred and forty two blades. Upon a mantle of one of the rooms we were shown a large and beautifully wrought vase of gold. This was presented to the Messrs. Rogers by their *workmen*, as a testimony of their gratitude for the uniform liberality and kindness shown them for many years past,—some of the *white slaves* probably of which many newspapers make so much capital. To these gentlemen this must be the brighest ornament of their rooms. The steel used in this establishment is from the forges of the celebrated house of Sanderson, Brothers & Co. We were afterwards indebted to one of the firm for a long and interesting examination of these steel manufactories, where the rough ore is turned into glittering steel. We were also struck with the enormous extent to which this business is carried by this firm, whose numerous furnace houses appear so many villages,—for whose forges, the whole production of one iron mine is required, and whose ware houses and offices are found in the principal cities of Europe and the United States. Every thing is done by the benevolent heads of this great house, to render their workmen's lives as happy as is possible. Their houses are given them rent free and coal allowed them. A sick fund has been raised from which, by the payment of sixpence a month, the sick can draw money when they cannot work. An attention to gardening is encouraged, and the dingy workman sees his lowly hut bright with the clustering rose, the primrose or dahlia—and the ale house is deserted for the spade and rake. Oh, that more of such men dwelt among earth's laborers!

Sheffield is situated at the confluence of the Don and the Sheaf. Its principal trade is in iron and steel, the smoke of whose forges is seen ever ascending. Its cutlery has been celebrated since the earliest ages of British history. A cutlers' society is formed in it, composed of the highest manufacturers, by whose counsel all works are judged and condemned if false, to be destroyed in a public place. Frauds in the trade consequently are few. The master cutler is, also, mayor of the city.

There are several good churches and public buildings in Sheffield. Among them are Trinity church, St. George's,—the Town Hall, Cutlers' Hall, and many others. Sheffield has produced two celebrated poets. The verses of Ebenezer Elliot, the corn-law rhymer, are in keeping with a trading city; but how the spiritual Montgomery could elevate his thoughts from amidst the din of machinery and smoke of forges is a wonder. This surprise is increased when one looks into the humble dwelling where he wrote most of his earliest works. This was shown us by the kindness of a literary friend. His window opens into a wretched alley, where herde some of the poorest of the population, and amid the yelling of dirty children quarrelling over their cold meat bones, his soul was able to wander to the finest scenes of earth and to the shining courts above.

The scenery in the environs of Sheffield is very beautiful. There the eye roves over gently rolling hills covered with luxuriant farms and gardens, among which rise the lofty mansions of the 'merchant princes' of the city, one of these being at present our own luxurious and hospitable home. Sheffield has also been cele-

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brated in romance. In the city and its vicinity are laid some of the scenes of Ivanhoe and Peveril of the Peak. Conisborough castle now in ruins, was the home of Cedric, the Saxon, and the ruin near Castleton, the residence of the redoubted Peveril. On the road to Chatsworth we cross the moorland, which is a tract of land covered with dark boggy ground, upon which nothing will grow. This is kept by the noblemen who own the land as game preserves. The dark hilly masses of this uneven tract alternate with gloomy ravines, making often picturesque scenes. Sheffield and its environs have always been the property of some of England's noblest families. Here have lived the Furnivals, Nevils, De Buslis, Talbots and Howards. The redoubted Saxon earl, Waltheof, son of Siward the Dane, and leader of the armies of Edward the confessor, here held his proud sway before the conquest. Long did he struggle against the Norman conqueror, but in vain. He afterwards married the celebrated Countess Judith, niece of the conquerer's, who is designated by a historian of the day, by the undesirable appellation af *impiissima Jezebel.* The high souled Waltheof, we all know, afterwards revolted and was beheaded. The iron works and mines of Sheffield can be traced back to the Britons, since which time the trade has been rapidly improving. The arrival of several artizans from the Netherlands in fifteen hundred and seventy, contributed to their improvement, and now in their present perfection they stand alone and unrivalled.

Original.

SONG.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

The Ladye was lovely, the Ladye was young
And pride curled her lips as she merrily sung:

I HAVE now thee to love me, all cold as thou art,
I have now thee to love me, untameable heart.
For this every joy of my life has been given,
For this I have risked every promise of heaven:—
I have now thee to love me;—I hold thee in thrall,
And the sight of thy bondage repays me for all.

I have now thee to love me, untameable heart,—
I have now thee to love me, and now,—let us part!
Thou may'st throw off my fetters in haughty disdain,
But the scar and the aching must ever remain:
My toils may seem frail as the wood-spider's net,
But Love's spell is upon thee,—thou canst not forget.

Original.

THE PARISIAN CHRONICLER, OR, GOSSIP.

UNDER this title we propose to keep our readers acquainted with so much of the manners and moral of Parisian life, as we may deem most interesting to them to know and most proper to appear in a publication of our character, popularity and standing.

We do not know that any philosopher, ancient or modern, dead or living, has said that much truth and knowledge of life may be gathered from an anecdote, bon mot, or saying. Has no philosopher said this? Then we say it, and now to illustrate our meaning.

The Composer Pradher who died in the month of November last at Paris was an eminent musician. The *opera comique* was indebted to him for many a pleasant piece. At the age of sixteen he married the famous Philedor, and at his second nuptials Mademoiselle More, a charming actress of the old Freydeau. At the time of the consulate, Pradher, then very young, was yet a pianist of great merit. Garat, who liked him very much, charged himself with the care of his tuition and fortune. He introduced him to several elegant *salons;* and one day—about the time of the commencement of the Empire—the celebrated singer having been invited to sing at a concert given at the Tuileries, asked and obtained permission to take Pradher with him as accompanist.

Garat had already had the honor of singing several times before his majesty; but Pradher had never been present at such a *fête.* This occasion was one then of the most magnificent importance to him, and he was proud at the idea of making his debût at court. Full of ardor and impatience, the young pianist repaired to the residence of his *protecteur* long before the appointed time, and found Garat at his mirror folding his twelfth cravat to essay a new tie.

"Vous voila already!" exclaimed the illustrious singer. "Ah! mon ami, I shall make a sensation this evening."

"I do not doubt it," Pradher replied, "you always do."

"But this time more than ever; I shall make a *thundering* impression."

"Everything is possible to a voice like yours."

"You are wide of the mark, my friend," replied Garat; "I am not speaking of my voice, but referring to my toilette. Look at me. What do you think of this *coiffure?* How do you like this vest?

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What is your opinion of this frock, the cut of which I planned myself!"

From a weakness, of which we find more than one example among great artists, Garat thought more of his reputation as a dandy, than of his success as a singer; he liked much better to be praised for the elegance of his costume, than for the exqnisite charm of his voice: Pradher, who knew his weakness, humoured him. "It is perfect," said he, "admirable, ravishing, nothing is wanting, and now, that your toilette is finished, what are we waiting for?

"We are waiting 'till they come for me," replied Garat: "it is the custom." Etiquette prohibits me from presenting myself at the Tuileries. One of the hushers of the Chateau will be here presently to take me in an imperial carriage."

An instant after, as Garat had said, an *envoyé* of the Tuileries presented himself to conduct the illustrious singer to the court concert.

"The coach is below," said he respectfully. Garat passed out first, proud and superb; Pradher followed him slowly, but full of hope and joy. They descended the stairs, they arrived at the carriage entrance, and Garat uttered a cry of surprise and indignation.

"What is that! a hackney coach?—a vile *sapin*, for me! This is something new. They used to send for me in a court carriage."

"Undoubtedly," replied the messenger, "but this being the occasion of a grand gala, all the carriages are employed elsewhere."

"Vexation!" screamed the vocalist; "but a man of my position cannot go in a hackney coach."

"There are no means of acting otherwise this time."

"Oh yes there are, and very simple ones; I won't go to the concert at all."

"You are joking! You are expected, you are down on the programme; his majesty relies upon you; I have been ordered to conduct you, and I shall obey orders."

"Do you mean to use violence?"

The envoyé did not say so, but looked as if he intended to carry out his mission cavalierly by taking Garat by the shoulders and forcing him to enter the hackney coach.

"Ah, it is so, is it!" exclaimed the singer, at the threat of violence, "you absolutely must repair to the chateau? Eh bien! perhaps."

Saying this, he threw himself not into the coach, but into the gutter, thrust into the mud his legs so delicately chaussées in white silk stockings, heroically splashed his ravishing toilette; then soiled from head to foot, he presented himself before the surprised envoyé, and then said to him in an accent full of passion and irony.

"I am ready to follow you, Monsieur; conduct me to the concert of the Tuileries."

It was necessary to yield, and on this occasion the Imperial auditory was fain to get along without the charming vocalist! Garat was triumphant, but his unfortunate accompanist was in despair.

—

The commencement and the close of the ball season are always signalized by numerous marriages in the *Grand Monde*. At the beginning of last month, there was celebrated in the church *de la Madéleine* one of those unions which have been quite *a la-mode* in our time—a marriage at once aristocratic and financial, aristocratic on the part of the husband, financial on that of the wife. We like to see nobility and cash lending each other a helping hand and professing devotion and fidelity. The bride was the daughter of Mons. R——, an old banker of Marseilles who died a little while since leaving an immense fortune. Several anecdotes were circulated at the nuptial *cortege* among others the following, which concerns one of our most distinguished poets.

Enriched by honorable speculations, Monsr. R—— made a good use of his immense fortune; He loved literature, which he had cultivated in his youth; he loved the society of artists and writers of merit; he welcomed them always with *empressement*, and often encouraged them with *largesse*.

Mery, the Poet, arrived at Marseilles; shunning the rigors of a Parisian winter, he went to sun himself in the mild rays of his natal sky. To celebrate his arrival, the banker gave a splendid dinner, at which "assisted" all the notabilities of the city. Charming conversation and lively sallies circulated round the table during the repast; then, when the greater part of the guests had retired and there remained in the *salon* but a few intimate friends, the conversation took a more familiar turn, a more expansive one, and Monsieur R. said to the author:

"My dear Mery, like most poets, you think but little of the future; it is for your friends to think for you, and I charge myself with that task. Do not be uneasy, but give way fearlessly to your happiest inspirations."

To prove that these were not empty words, the banker opened a secretary and took from it a paper, which he unfolded—

"See here," said he, "this is a codicil to my will, by which I have left you a legacy of a hundred thousand francs."

A flattering murmur welcomed this act of

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generosity, and the poet after having properly expressed his gratitude, observed to the banker that his property belonged to his children, and then declared that he would not accept the legacy. It was in vain for Monsieur R. to say that each of his children would be millionaires twice over, and that a bagatelle of a hundred thousand francs was of no importance to them. The poet was obstinate in his refusal, and to put an end to the struggle, which threatened to be a long one, he made himself master of the codicil and tore it up, with the best grace in the world.

Shortly after this scene, Monsieur R. died.

This event caused a great sensation in the city, and a general mourning. On the day of the burial, our poet, who is the chilliest fellow in Europe, was sitting close by his fire-side, his feet upon the bars, when one of his friends entered, and said to him in a mournful tone—

"Ah! if you had but accepted that legacy—"

"Eh bien!" replied the poet, in the same tone, "did it not look like inspiration?"

"How?" cried his friend.

"Certainly," replied Méry, "look at the weather we have to-day; frightfully cold and villanously misty. If I had accepted that legacy I should not have been able to dispense with going to the funeral, and should have infallibly caught cold."

—

Monsieur Alphonse Karr, in one of the last numbers of his *Guêpes*, (Wasps,) said, "Monsieur B——, author of a treatise on swimming, is a *fort nageur*, (swimmer,) but not a *nageur de pemiere force*."

Now Monsieur B. pretends that he is the first triton in France and Navarre. Great then was his fury on reading this article, to which he sent the following reply, directed to Karr:

"It is now twenty years since I was proclaimed the first swimmer of the capital, and in that time I have had at least ten affairs of honor to maintain my nautical supremacy. I shall not recoil from the eleventh one to prove to you, Monsieur, that not only am I a strong swimmer, but now, the strongest in Paris."

It should be known that the author of the Guêpes has transported his hives to Etre-tat. Monsieur B. did not hesitate an instant, and for fear that his challenge should miss its direction, he took the Rouen rail-road and arrived at Etre-tat, the Normandy of prawns and lobsters. He repaired to the residence of the writer, and found that he had left for Paris an hour before.

Doubly furious, he returned to Paris by the same rail-road, ran to the hotel where his adversary had alighted, and sent up to him the "aforesaid" billet, with these words added, in the form of a *postscriptum*:—

"My witnesses will come in an hour to arrange with you."

An hour afterwards, the two witnesses knocked at the door of the celebrated Wasp. All means of conciliation having failed, the writer came right to the point.

"Your day, gentlemen?"

"To-morrow."

"The hour?"

"Eight o'clock."

"The place?"

"The Pont Royal."

"Your arms?"

"The River Seine."

The author "went off" in an explosion of laughter. "I understand it is a duel *à l'eau*, that you propose?"

"Exactly. Monsieur B. does all his fighting by swimming. Neither a sword nor a pistol will prove that he is a stronger swimmer, than you—by his method doubt will be impossible."

"Fort bien, if it was in the month of August, but in the month of November, the glass seven degrees below zero!—Does Monsieur take me for a marine monster?"

"This is his ultimatum. I ought however to add that the duel will be followed by an excellent dejeuner at Vefour's, at Monsieur B's. expense."

Alphonse Karr reflected a moment, and thinking the whole affair very original, wrote a reply thus conceived, to Monsieur B."

"I accept your proposition. To-morrow, at eight o'clock, I will be with you."

The next day, at the hour appointed, the author of the Guêpes stood before Monsieur B.

"You see I am exact."

"Tres bien, exactitude is the *politesse* of writers. One moment, and we will set out to fight."

And the duelist in deep waters set about preparing his swimming costume. Already had he drawn on the garment prescribed by modesty and the constitutional charter, when the writer exclaimed:—

"Were you serious in sending me that challenge!"

"Very serious! what did you come for!"

"*Parbleu!*" replied the other, "to breakfast."

"Then you confess yourself beaten?"

"I will tell you that at the dessert; let us go."

They went out, breakfasted, and the bill was paid by Monsieur B., who eat as much as four Alphonse Karrs.

"Eh bien! now go; you recognise me for a swimmer of *premiere force?*"

"You will find my reply in the next number of the Guêpes."

Here it is.

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"Ah, well," said Mr. St. Aubyn, with a sigh, "at the time of which I speak, I was happy; but, to proceed; I soon made up my mind on the subject, and resolved as soon as propriety admitted to make her an offer in due form of my hand, heart, and fortune.

"Time, as a matter of course deepened my attachment, and at the expiration of six months from our first introduction to each other I made an avowal of my sentiments, and sued for a return.

"Her answer was every thing my fond heart desired, and with a happiness at heart which may be imagined, but not described, I commenced preparations for the reception of my bride in a home, suitable to the exalted ideas I entertained for her, and becoming equally our rank and fortune.

"Of course we were to have a town and country residence, furnished in the most magnificent style, with equipages to correspond. All this I resolved on, without once thinking whether she had a dower or not; which by the by she had not. Indeed that was a matter of perfect indifference to me. My heart was satisfied to the full, in every particular, and that sufficed.

"My resources being ample, all necessary preparations were soon completed, and the wedding day fixed. Oh, Edward, how exquisite was my happiness! my present and future seemed to my enraptured view to be one continued scene of enchantment—the joys of paradise could alone express my exstatic thought, for not a cloud obscured the brightness of my mind's horizon; not a shadow rested on the sun-dial that so temptingly emblazoned on its shining surface, a destiny which my exulting heart marked out as my own life possession. Ah, the anticipations of the young, and the enthusiastic, are indeed treacherous! Yet why anticipate!"—Mr. St. Aubyn here paused and sighed deeply; his nephew did not make any remark, and after a few moments he again proceeded. "Well, we were married; her parents gave her a most magnificent wedding; it was the theme of newspaper praise for a week, and Mr. St. Aubyn was regarded in the same light; in which he regarded himself, as being a singularly fortunate and happy man, and the accomplished, elegant and beauteous bride as being without a comparison.

"How my heart exulted as I read the paragraph which went on to state that after the princely nuptial entertainment, the happy couple took up their abode at the residence of the wealthy and distinguished bridegroom in Broadway!

"Our marriage took place in the depth of winter, so that being at home instead of travelling as is usually customary after it, it was incumbent on us to celebrate the auspicious event, by a series of festivities suitable to the occasion; and party, ball, and rout, followed each other in quick succession, at all of which, whether at home or abroad, my wife shone as the 'brightest particular star,' and my proud heart swelled at the consciousness, as if it would have bursted with the overwhelming sense of its own intoxicating happiness. I was looking forward, however, to a cessation of these gaieties, as preparation for, and attendance on them, left little time for the enjoyment of that domestic happiness my heart so dearly prized, and which contrary to what most persons thought of me, I enjoyed above all other things.

"By degrees, these gay doings ceased, and I anticipated the quiet of domestic life with the characteristic ardor of my disposition, and longed for nothing so much as to return of an evening to my adored Augusta, to enjoy that sweet uninterrupted commune which had often made so large a portion of our happiness in our unwedded days. For the Countess had her own engagements, the Count and his son theirs, we were left much to ourselves, and in the interchange of the most exalted sentiments, we passed some of the happiest hours of my existence; and while listening to the ebullitions of her accomplished mind, how often would the thought thrill my soul with exstacy, of soon calling a being so superior, all my own, and of being blessed with a presence whose every word was music to my delighted soul, unchecked by the thought of separation, or interruption of any sort, save that which the performance of our duties enjoined; for, enthusiast as I was, I knew that these remained to us.

"My wish was eventually gratified; the winter with all its gaities passed away, and we resolved to take up our abode early in the spring at our country residence. The season was unusually beautiful, and on the banks of the lordly Hudson behold me and my beauteous bride, inhabiting an abode which, for views of romantic and picturesque scenery without, and elegance and refined luxury within, stood unequalled in those days in this Republican country. The taste displayed in every thing, being purely English; rich, chaste, and superb as wealth could render it.

"Ah, Edward, to me it seemed a second paradise, and my Eve, lovely as Milton had rendered her,—perfect in beauty and matchless in mind, secured to me in perspective whole ages of indescribable bliss, and joy unutterable, for

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"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
And every gesture dignity and love."

"Thus love painted her, thus love inflated the gay and gallant streamers, that propelled my happy bark o'er a sea of bliss, unbounded as the heavens that seemed to smile above our head sat witnessing a happiness so rare upon this troubled and careworn earth.

"I have told you that Augusta was a fine musician and painter. She was besides a mediocre poet, and our country residence, I soon found was to be the scene for some charming achievement, in some of these branches of art. Of course as she unfolded her plans for this purpose, I was delighted. A painting room, music room, and library, were, of course, immediately selected and furnished; while I, pleased and gratified, looked on, delighted beyond every thing.

"My business transactions were still carried on in New-York, and I purposed visiting the city about once a week to inspect matters and keep them in a proper train. The rest of my time I purposed to spend at home, and in the enjoyment of that rural happiness so peculiar to an Englishman. I promised myself much. My avocations too were laid out. On my estate there was a fine lake, well stocked with fish; my pleasure boats stood awaiting my use on the ponds or lakelets, within the precincts of my extensive domain. My gardens for fruit, flowers, and vegetables were large and beautifully laid out, so that employment for my own time presented as great a variety as could well be desired.

"Meantime, Mrs. St. Aubyn had commenced a fine painting. Its subject was a scene hard by. Yes, the painting commenced, and in its execution I was soon made to experience the futility and falsity of all human anticipations. I have said that Mrs. St. Aubyn's chief view in going into the country was to achieve some great designs; but when she told me her plans for so doing, I little thought to what an extent they were to be carried, or the utter loneliness, to which, during its achivement, I was to be consigned. But I found it out soon enough to my cost. Study, absolutely, absorbed the whole of her time; after breakfast she usually went to the painting room, and continued to paint 'till exhaustion obliged her to leave off, and she was obliged to lie down to restore her overwrought faculties. We dined at five, against which she arose, and in dishevelled hair, loose gown, and slippers, she would it is true bear me company at the dinner table, but with a mind utterly uninterested in every thing that passed around her. The dinner cloth being removed, after passing the day in sheer loneliness, if the weather was fine I proposed a short drive, a walk, to insure myself something in the way of companionship. It was sometimes accepted, and sometimes rejected—with a coldness too, and indifference, that cut me to the heart. The evening hours, thought I, will however, be happy,—social enjoyment will at least crown and close the dismal solitude of the day. But in this hope too, I was mistaken. The evenings were to be devoted, I found, to reading works on the art she was pursuing with such avidity, viz., the perspective of Daniel Barbaro, Euclid's Geometry, and a list of others which I now forget. After a day spent in such severe exercises, of course it will not appear strange that she was a late riser. On the contrary I was an early one, and I had the delectable satisfaction of sitting alone in my solitary breakfast parlor, and drinking my coffee to the tune of a worse bachelorhood than I ever knew even in my unwedded days; for then I had always plenty of company, if not companions, in my fellow boarders, and absolute solitude was a rare feeling indeed to one of my imaginative temperament, for when the reality failed to supply a companion, my ready fancy sketched a perspective that most young minds are prone to dwell on, and prone to embellish as I had done, only in too many instances to be deceived.

"About eleven o'clock Mrs. St. Aubyn arose and ordered breakfast to be served in the library. Meantime I had strolled off with my fishing-rod, and seated on the banks of the lake, sat brooding over my wretched happiness, while the blind and foolish expectations I had indulged in, goaded me almost to madness. My romantic dreams, thought I, where are they now? There is a beautiful and touching sadness awakened, when amid the quiet scenes of nature, you allow the mind to dwell on her stupenduous, magnificent, sweet, and gentle attributes, that accorded well with my melancholy feelings, and I indulged them to the full.

"My fishing ground was centered in a most lovely spot; and while waiting to catch my glittering prey, my thoughts oft wandered from what appeared their avowed object, and my eye drank in the glorious beauty which surrounded me on every side.

"Ere the dew was off the grass, I sought my accustomed seat; while my better half remained locked in the arms of sleep, regardless of those beauties which all nature was celebrating with anthems of praise, to the great Architect of the universe. The peculiar freshness of the morning air, the song of birds, the genial rays of the newly risen sun, the ripple of the murmuring waters,

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the waving foliage, and the distant sounds of rural industry, made a scene of enjoyment, which, with companionship, would have formed an Elysium for my soul. But as it was, I had to bait my hook and muse away my lonely day as best I might. My wretchedness had not yet got to its height. I still cheated myself into a belief that I was beloved, and that this neglect of my happiness would cease with the completion of what my heart denominated that hated picture.

"At the expiration of a week, however, my solitude was broken by a visit from my wife's brother and a gentleman of his and my acquaintance. This intelligence was the most delightful I had heard for days; and I almost felt that I could have embraced the negro boy that brought it to the scene of my daily sport. When I had just had the satisfaction of drawing out of the water a fine fish, which, with some others I had caught, I desired the boy to take back and get cooked for dinner.

"I gave my visitors a cordial welcome you may be sure; and then fled to Mrs. St. Aubyn's painting room to impart the news of their arrival to her; imagining she also would feel delighted. But it was quite the contrary; she was annoyed beyond measure, and absolutely taunted me with having no respect for her feelings, by showing by my aspect so much foolish pleasure at this, to her, at least, great interruption. She then asked me how I liked her picture? It was impossible not to admire both the design and the execution so far as it had been done, and I praised it accordingly. This seemed to put her in good humor, and as I left the room, she promised to prepare herself to see them.

"I went into the kitchen from there, to give orders for the dinner;—for my lady wife seemed to have given up all thoughts of such matters, since she had commenced painting, and it is probable if I had not attended to this necessary part of our existence myself, to my other annoyances I should also have added this.

"'Why, St. Aubyn, how miserable you look,' was the exclamation of both my guests, as I réentered the parlor. 'And such a beautiful place too, by George, it's a perfect paradise.'

"'Do you like it?' said I, evading their first observation, about my looks.

"'Like it? why, who upon earth could miss liking such a lovely scene as this, that had any taste at all? But how in the name of fortune do you contrive to kill time? However, a moment's reflection, might have informed me on that point, and rendered the question quite superfluous. A man who has just passed the honey-moon with the society of a lovely wife, must find the hours flying on angels' wings—nay, such a thing as time entirely forgotten.'

"This he said, I thought, in a drawling, ironical tone. But though his words elicited a heavy sigh, which I smothered ere it escaped me, I made no other reply than that I killed time every day by killing fish.

"This called forth a hearty laugh, and a challenge to see my fishing ground. To this I readily consented; and I sallied forth with my friends forthwith to view it.

"The gentleman who accompanied Le Roux, was a fine handsome fellow; we had long been on terms of intimacy, but having been absent for eighteen months from New-York, Mrs. St. Aubyn had never seen him. He returned just before we left for the country. I introduced him to her brother one day, and invited him to come out with him to see us, and agreeably to my invitation they then came.

"The dinner was on the table at four that day, and for the first time since my arrival, Mrs. St. Aubyn was full dressed to grace it. I think I never saw her look so beautiful, as she did that day. And a quick glance at my friend showed that he thought so too. Our cook had exerted himself to the utmost, and the dinner was well cooked and handsomely served up: so that nothing detracted from the perfect enjoyment of the day on that score. The conversation too, took a delightful turn, we were all in spirits, Augusta among the rest. Rivers (the name of my friend,) admired her paintings decorating the walls, with, I thought, a degree of extravagance quite uncalled for. But she was enchanted. Oh, woman, this is one of thy foibles! He saw that praise gratified her, and he plied it deeply, accordingly. She then told him how she had been engaged; and he as a matter of course, asked to see the product of her genius, and rallied me on my barbarous taste of killing fish from day to day, while my wife was engaged in such an elevated and refined employment; that for his part, he should think I required no greater happiness than preparing colors, and watching her fairy fingers, as they so fitfully glided over the canvass, converting every thing they touched into beauty almost inimitable.

"I might have answered this gallant effusion, by saying that my wife required uninterrupted seclusion, during her hours of study, and that even if I had been so minded, her wishes to be alone had been so clearly expressed that I had never, even in thought, ventured an intrusion into

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her studio; but I did not, imagining that she would.

"She did not, however, and there the subject dropped; not, as I afterwards found, though, without a secret meaning. The apparently neglectful husband was a theme that suited their purpose well; but I must not anticipate.

"From this time my monotonous solitude was over; Rivers came continually to our house, often staying days and nights in succession.

"One change for the better was wrought by it. Mrs. St. Aubyn's habits underwent a decided improvement; she rose early and proposed taking romantic walks before breakfast with her dear Henry, and Mr. Rivers; and afterwards taking a sail on the lake; then painting about an hour before an early dinner; then taking a drive after, and finishing the evening with music! I had, besides, no longer any reason to complain of the carelessness of my wife's attire. Her appearance would now have satisfied the most fastidious. She moved and looked enchantment, and her dearest Henry could no longer complain either of neglect or indifference to his happiness. My wife was now indeed a pattern for wives; and my heart began once more to reckon on its mines of future happiness. Rivers, too, aided the deception, by constantly rallying my good fortune, in getting such a paragon of perfection for a wife. And I was again a proud and happy man; wondering how I ever could have been otherwise. Our country visit, or rather sojourn, proceeded in this manner to its close; and early in the autumn we took up our abode in town.

[*To be continued.*]

Original.

SONNET TO——.

BY J. A. MAYBIE.

FRIEND of my heart! when youth with me is o'er,
And madly battling in Ambition's throng,
On mountain-passes of the crown'd and strong,
Marshall'd to music haughtier than the roar
Of storms, that bids the fiery eagle soar;
My manhood too must feel each base-born wrong—
The sickness of the soul, when hate that long
Wore *fairest* guise, snake-like its crest uprears;
Suspicion then, with its dark lore will come,
In open brow and smile a lure to see,
And say that honor, loftiness and worth,
Found never yet in human breast a home,
How will the "damning doubt" my spirit flee,
As plastic memory gives THY image birth!

Original.

SUMMER EXCURSIONS FROM LONDON.—NUMBER VI.

BY MRS. E. R. STEELE.

A VISIT TO CHATSWORTH AND SHEFFIELD.

CHATSWORTH is the name of a large domain, and elegant seat, of the Duke of Devonshire, one of England's most refined, tasteful and wealthy noblemen. It is a pleasant morning drive from Sheffield, and while we are on our way thither perhaps it may be well to say a few words regarding the ancestors of the present owner. The nobles of England care not to date further back than William, the Conqueror, and accordingly we find the genealogical title of the present family date from Roger de Gernon, a knight who ventured his all, and risked his life in the expedition which placed William on the English throne, and was richly rewarded for his services by considerable grants of land in 1066. One of his descendants married into the family of the Lords of Cavendish manor in Suffolk, and according to the fashion of those times his sons took the name of Cavendish. This name the family have borne ever since, and borne with honor. They have figured in the history of England as statesmen, orators, philosophers, Lords Lieutenant of Ireland, Privy Councillors, and in many other situations of trust and honor. By marriage many noble families have been allied with them, and great estates added to their domains. One of them, Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, married the Duke of Lenox, uncle of James I. Sir Thomas Cavendish the celebrated navigator, was of this family; and also Henry, the famous chemist. They also claim royal descent, through Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who married the princess Mary, daughter of Henry VII., and widow of Louis XII. They were created Earls of Devonshire in the reign of James I. William, the fourth Earl first became Duke in consequence of services during the revolution of 1688. Thus we see two of the family conspicuous in placing two Williams on the throne of England, and for these and other services rewarded with the rich estates they hold. Sir William Cavendish purchased Chatsworth at the commencement of the sixteenth century,—and there his descendants have since lived, each one adding a new beauty, until it is the superb domain now before us. The first entrance to the estate is through a gate into a small hamlet, consisting of antique thatched cottages, covered with moss; and a small inn, in front of which, swung a sign

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representing the Duke's arms. From thence, our drive continued through the farm to another village, in which stood conspicuous the fine old Gothic church of St. Peter. There are here interesting tablets and monuments of the Cavendish family. At a short distance are the grand gates and lodge of the park. As it is against the rules for the hundreds of visitors who come to see the place, to drive their carriages over the smooth roads of the park, we dismounted at a handsome inn, built for the accommodation of visitors, by the late Duke. We enter now the park. This comprises twelve hundred and eighty acres, including four hundred and twenty woodland. Our first view of the house and surrounding scenery was superb. Around us stretched an English park, covering the gently rolling land with a carpet of bright tinted soft green turf,—upon which copses and groves of trees were arranged with the finest taste. In the centre arose the princely towers of Chatsworth, encircled by hills covered with farms and woodlands, ending in the high, bold Peaks of Derby. The small river Derwent winds through the grounds, over which are several picturesque bridges, adding to the beauty of the scene. As we passed along we could not but admire the velvet sward, the grass of which is cut, swept with brooms, and afterwards rolled so that it is literally as smooth as a carpet. This gives employment to many poor men and women. Herds of deer were reposing upon this soft mossy lawn, or browsing beneath the shade. We cross another bridge, and behold before us

"————proud Chatsworth's towers,
Reflect Sol's setting rays—as now yon chain
Of gold-tipped mountains crown her lawns and bowers."

The building is formed of several parts and wings, surrounding a court in the centre. Before us was the west part, which is one hundred and seventy-two feet in length. It is adorned by pilasters of the Ionic order. High over the centre are the arms of Cavendish carved and gilded. This heraldric device consists of two harts supporting a coronet, with the motto,—"*Cavendo tutus*,"—a play upon the name, meaning, Secure with caution, or Secure under Cavendish. Gilded sashes and gilded balconies give a rich air to this front, which opens on a long terrace-walk and small garden. A grand arch, in which are gates of wrought iron encircled with gilded flowers, leads into the court on the north end. In front, and at our left, is the building itself, while on our right runs a walk surmounted by a stone balustrade, adorned with carved vases. Doors in this, lead to the terrace.

From this court we entered the grand hall, whose magnificence is extraordinary. It is paved with white and black marble, surrounded by marble columns, between massive tablets of marble, supported with frames carved and gilded. On one of these lay a book, in which we were requested to write our names. From this hall a stone stair-case leads to a corridor running round above, the balustrade of which and the stairs are gilded. The sides of the stair-way are covered with slabs of pink and white alabaster, while the wall of the corridor, ceiling and hall are painted in glowing colors, representing scenes from Roman story and mythology. Ascending the stairs we pass into a suite of magnificent apartments, where every thing which taste, wealth and art can produce is lavished. Some of the rooms are lined with exquisite gobelin tapestry, representing in brilliant tints the cartoons of Raphael: others are covered with stamped leather highly gilded. Ancient inlaid cabinets, cases of rare marbles, articles of Virtu and fine old paintings, adorn these rooms. The walls and ceilings of many are painted by Verrio and Laguerre and Sir James Thornhill in allegorical devices. In one apartment are the thrones and footstools used at the coronation of George III., and his Queen, which the perquisites of the late Duke, as Lord Chamberlain. There is one dining-room fifty-seven feet by thirty. The walls are lined with alabaster, let into which are mirrors with gilt mouldings;—the door-frames are of the same elegant material beautifully carved. The windows have only two panes each of plate-glass, which give them the air of being entirely open, and bring at once before us the exquisite scenery of the parks. In one view we take in the velvet lawns which are set with silver lakes of different forms; while mixed with the foliage are white statues and glowing parterres; and beyond all a foaming cataract descending the wooded hill. Through drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, music-rooms, apartments of state, we now passed, while the eye was unable to take in the mass of rich adornment, of paintings, sculpture, vases, porphyry, cabinets of fossils, and tasteful furniture which decorate these gilded walls. One species of adornment from its novelty and beauty attracted our notice; this was the cedar carving of Grinlin Gibbons. Over the door-ways, or suspended above the mantels, we beheld wreaths of flowers, carved from cedar-wood, so exqusitely finished that every delicate petal or stamin was faithfully delineated. In some rooms we saw groups of dead game of this same material, where each feather was in its place; and some

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enclosed in net game-bags so naturally carved as to deceive the eye at a little distance.

The Library is a noble room of over eighty feet in length. The collection of books is very good, and in it is the chemical apparatus of Henry Cavendish. In the recesses of the deep windows are cases of books with looking-glass doors, and on one side of the room is a gallery supported by bronze columns; and in this apartment you enter the cabinet library and the ante-library.

These classic nooks we may suppose the favorite retreats of the philosopher Hobbs, who here lived many years under the patronage of the Cavendish family, and who here wrote his "De Mirabilis Pecci." In one of these window-recesses also, probably St. Evremond wrote to Waller, while looking forth upon scenery which he describes as being more romantic than any thing he had seen, "except the region about Valois."

The centre, however, of all magnificence and taste is the sculpture-gallery. We found ourselves in a lofty room one hundred and three feet long, where we beheld in life-like groups a noble assembly of heroic, manly forms, and beings of etherial loveliness. Here were master-pieces by various sculptors.—Briseis torn from Achilles, by Thorswaldsen;—Latona and her children, by Pozzi,—Cupid wounded, by Trentanova,—Castor and Pollux, by Schadow, etc. These and many others, however, we turned from to contemplate the soft and pleasing forms of Canova. Of these, Hebe is a lovely creation; and the mother of Napoleon a finely executed figure; but in Pauline, the Corsican's favorite sister, is united all the sculptor's finest traits. The Princess Borghese is seated, gazing upon a portrait of Napoleon, which she holds in her hand. So graceful is her position, so exquisitely perfect is her delicate head and her arms, and so touching the expression of sisterly devotion, that we again and again turn from the Venus and goddesses around us to gaze upon her once more. There are many fine busts, vases, urns and other rare pieces of sculpture, in this apartment. Among the most conspicuous of these are two fine lions of marble, each nine feet long. The Picture-galleries surrounded a court of the castle opening into which are lofty windows, with gilded balconies. Here were chef d'œuvres of many masters, and portraits of the family. The chapel is a very interesting part of the building. It is on the first floor, and we enter it from a door in the hall. Here carving, painting and sculpture are lavished to form an apartment of extraordinary richness. The walls are lined with cedar, the panels of which are surrounded by carved wreaths such as I have described before. The pulpit stands in a large niche, which with the canopy over it, are of the beautiful pink and white alabaster of Derbyshire, carved in scrolls and flowers. Paintings by Laguerre and Verrio adorn the vacant spaces, and on the ceiling is painted the Ascension. A row of chairs against the wall are for the tenants, while the Duke and his family sit in a gallery above, which opens from the apartments on the upper story. From thence we pass into the fragrant orangery, which is one hundred feet long, is covered by a glass roof, and lighted besides by large windows. Bas-reliefs by Thorswaldsen and superb vases of granite and marble adorn the apartment, which is filled with large orange trees and flowering plants. Some of these orange trees possess peculiar interest, for they stood once in Malmaison, and were cherished by the fair hand of Josephine. We stept out now into the perfumed air of the gardens and pleasure grounds which extend over eight acres of land, where amid shrubbery, fountains, cascades and flowers, one is never tired with wandering. The Duke has just built a new conservatory, which does credit to his taste and magnificence. It is three hundred feet long, two hundred and eighty broad, entirely covered with glass, so as to look at a distance,—to use a homely figure—like a huge glass bowl. Within is a path, where one may drive among fruits and flowers, the choicest of many lands. Water is led through it by pipes passing in every direction filled with heated air. To give an idea of the vastness of this perfumed bower, the gardener told us these pipes measure seven miles. The kitchen garden alone covers several acres, and has in it numerous hot houses where are reared all kinds of fruit, sent by relays to the Duke who is now in Paris, and who every day eats strawberries and grapes or pines from his own conservatories. A melancholy interest is attached to Chatsworth as having once been the abode of Mary of Scotland for sixteen years. A small tower is still standing on the grounds called Mary's bower, the garden of which washer favorite resort. There are apartments in this house shown as her's, but probably only stand on their site, as the house has been rebuilt. A bed and tapestry still remain which were in her room, and some of her needle work is preserved. She was here under the care of the celebrated Bess of Hardwick, Countess of Shrewsbury, who rendered her imprisonment more irksome by her intriguing and restless disposition. Lodge, an English writer, says of her.—"She was a woman of masculine understanding and conduct, proud,

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furious, selfish and unfeeling. She was a builder, a buyer and seller of estates, a money-lender, a farmer, a merchant of lead coals, and timber." She left her large estates to her descendants improved and rendered of great value. The present Duke has imitated this lady in her taste and her improvements, but alas! he enjoys not, with her, the happiness of reflecting that he is working for his descendants, for he has no children and may never hope to marry. The Duke's history is a romantic one, and is said to have been taken by Miss Edgeworth as the plot of the Eunui. He is a changeling. The circumstances are very little known, but it is understood he is son of a courier, whose wife while nursing the real heir substituted her child for it. It is said the Duke is allowed to retain possession of the estates during life, with the proviso of not marrying, so that that there may not be trouble among the heirs. He is highly educated and refined, and under George, the Fourth, held high offices at court, and is universally admired.

On our return to our inn we visited a fancy village built by the Duke in his park. The houses are all of light stone, built in pretty gothic style, and grouped around a handsome church, embowered in lime trees. Here at a very small rent live some of the Duke's favorite tenants. It is a very pretty and princely plaything.

While in Sheffield we visited some of these wonderful shops which supply all the world with their shining cutlery.

In the rooms of the Messrs. Rogers, we were shown the choicest specimens of their workmanship in steel, silver and gold. Here we passed through numerous rooms, filled with cases containing every requisite for the most luxurious house, for the toilette, the table, or a ladies workstand,—finished in the most perfect manner. In penknives they stand unrivalled, and exhibit specimens from a quarter of an inch long to that triumph of mechanism, the monster of eighteen hundred and forty two blades. Upon a mantle of one of the rooms we were shown a large and beautifully wrought vase of gold. This was presented to the Messrs. Rogers by their *workmen*, as a testimony of their gratitude for the uniform liberality and kindness shown them for many years past,—some of the *white slaves* probably of which many newspapers make so much capital. To these gentlemen this must be the brighest ornament of their rooms. The steel used in this establishment is from the forges of the celebrated house of Sanderson, Brothers & Co. We were afterwards indebted to one of the firm for a long and interesting examination of these steel manufactories, where the rough ore is turned into glittering steel. We were also struck with the enormous extent to which this business is carried by this firm, whose numerous furnace houses appear so many villages,—for whose forges, the whole production of one iron mine is required, and whose ware houses and offices are found in the principal cities of Europe and the United States. Every thing is done by the benevolent heads of this great house, to render their workmen's lives as happy as is possible. Their houses are given them rent free and coal allowed them. A sick fund has been raised from which, by the payment of sixpence a month, the sick can draw money when they cannot work. An attention to gardening is encouraged, and the dingy workman sees his lowly hut bright with the clustering rose, the primrose or dahlia—and the ale house is deserted for the spade and rake. Oh, that more of such men dwelt among earth's laborers!

Sheffield is situated at the confluence of the Don and the Sheaf. Its principal trade is in iron and steel, the smoke of whose forges is seen ever ascending. Its cutlery has been celebrated since the earliest ages of British history. A cutlers' society is formed in it, composed of the highest manufacturers, by whose counsel all works are judged and condemned if false, to be destroyed in a public place. Frauds in the trade consequently are few. The master cutler is, also, mayor of the city.

There are several good churches and public buildings in Sheffield. Among them are Trinity church, St. George's,—the Town Hall, Cutlers' Hall, and many others. Sheffield has produced two celebrated poets. The verses of Ebenezer Elliot, the corn-law rhymer, are in keeping with a trading city; but how the spiritual Montgomery could elevate his thoughts from amidst the din of machinery and smoke of forges is a wonder. This surprise is increased when one looks into the humble dwelling where he wrote most of his earliest works. This was shown us by the kindness of a literary friend. His window opens into a wretched alley, where herde some of the poorest of the population, and amid the yelling of dirty children quarrelling over their cold meat bones, his soul was able to wander to the finest scenes of earth and to the shining courts above.

The scenery in the environs of Sheffield is very beautiful. There the eye roves over gently rolling hills covered with luxuriant farms and gardens, among which rise the loftly mansions of the 'merchant princes' of the city, one of these being at present our own luxurious and hospitable home. Sheffield has also been cele-

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brated in romance. In the city and its vicinity are laid some of the scenes of Ivanhoe and Peveril of the Peak. Conisborough castle now in ruins, was the home of Cedric, the Saxon, and the ruin near Castleton, the residence of the redoubted Peveril. On the road to Chatsworth we cross the moorland, which is a tract of land covered with dark boggy ground, upon which nothing will grow. This is kept by the noblemen who own the land as game preserves. The dark hilly masses of this uneven tract alternate with gloomy ravines, making often picturesque scenes. Sheffield and its environs have always been the property of some of England's noblest families. Here have lived the Furnivals, Nevils, De Buslis, Talbots and Howards. The redoubted Saxon earl, Waltheof, son of Siward the Dane, and leader of the armies of Edward the confessor, here held his proud sway before the conquest. Long did he struggle against the Norman conqueror, but in vain. He afterwards married the celebrated Countess Judith, niece of the conquerer's, who is designated by a historian of the day, by the undesirable appellation af *impiissima Jezebel.* The high souled Waltheof, we all know, afterwards revolted and was beheaded. The iron works and mines of Sheffield can be traced back to the Britons, since which time the trade has been rapidly improving. The arrival of several artizans from the Netherlands in fifteen hundred and seventy, contributed to their improvement, and now in their present perfection they stand alone and unrivalled.

Original.

SONG.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

The Ladye was lovely, the Ladye was young
And pride curled her lips as she merrily sung:

I HAVE now thee to love me, all cold as thou art,
I have now thee to love me, untameable heart.
For this every joy of my life has been given,
For this I have risked every promise of heaven:—
I have now thee to love me;—I hold thee in thrall,
And the sight of thy bondage repays me for all.

I have now thee to love me, untameable heart,—
I have now thee to love me, and now,—let us part!
Thou may'st throw off my fetters in haughty disdain,
But the scar and the aching must ever remain:
My toils may seem frail as the wood-spider's net,
But Love's spell is upon thee,—thou canst not forget.

Original.

THE PARISIAN CHRONICLER, OR, GOSSIP.

UNDER this title we propose to keep our readers acquainted with so much of the manners and moral of Parisian life, as we may deem most interesting to them to know and most proper to appear in a publication of our character, popularity and standing.

We do not know that any philosopher, ancient or modern, dead or living, has said that much truth and knowledge of life may be gathered from an anecdote, bon mot, or saying. Has no philosopher said this? Then we say it, and now to illustrate our meaning.

The Composer Pradher who died in the month of November last at Paris was an eminent musician. The *opera comique* was indebted to him for many a pleasant piece. At the age of sixteen he married the famous Philedor, and at his second nuptials Mademoiselle More, a charming actress of the old Freydeau. At the time of the consulate, Pradher, then very young, was yet a pianist of great merit. Garat, who liked him very much, charged himself with the care of his tuition and fortune. He introduced him to several elegant *salons;* and one day—about the time of the commencement of the Empire—the celebrated singer having been invited to sing at a concert given at the Tuileries, asked and obtained permission to take Pradher with him as accompanist.

Garat had already had the honor of singing several times before his majesty; but Pradher had never been present at such a *fête.* This occasion was one then of the most magnificent importance to him, and he was proud at the idea of making his debût at court. Full of ardor and impatience, the young pianist repaired to the residence of his *protecteur* long before the appointed time, and found Garat at his mirror folding his twelfth cravat to essay a new tie.

"Vous voila already!" exclaimed the illustrious singer. "Ah! mon ami, I shall make a sensation this evening."

"I do not doubt it," Pradher replied, "you always do."

"But this time more than ever; I shall make a *thundering* impression."

"Everything is possible to a voice like yours."

"You are wide of the mark, my friend," replied Garat; "I am not speaking of my voice, but referring to my toilette. Look at me. What do you think of this *coiffure?* How do you like this vest?

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What is your opinion of this frock, the cut of which I planned myself!"

From a weakness, of which we find more than one example among great artists, Garat thought more of his reputation as a dandy, than of his success as a singer; he liked much better to be praised for the elegance of his costume, than for the exqnisite charm of his voice: Pradher, who knew his weakness, humoured him. "It is perfect," said he, "admirable, ravishing, nothing is wanting, and now, that your toilette is finished, what are we waiting for?

"We are waiting 'till they come for me," replied Garat: "it is the custom." Etiquette prohibits me from presenting myself at the Tuileries. One of the hushers of the Chateau will be here presently to take me in an imperial carriage."

An instant after, as Garat had said, an *envoyé* of the Tuileries presented himself to conduct the illustrious singer to the court concert.

"The coach is below," said he respectfully. Garat passed out first, proud and superb; Pradher followed him slowly, but full of hope and joy. They descended the stairs, they arrived at the carriage entrance, and Garat uttered a cry of surprise and indignation.

"What is that! a hackney coach?—a vile *sapin*, for me! This is something new. They used to send for me in a court carriage."

"Undoubtedly," replied the messenger, "but this being the occasion of a grand gala, all the carriages are employed elsewhere."

"Vexation!" screamed the vocalist; "but a man of my position cannot go in a hackney coach."

"There are no means of acting otherwise this time."

"Oh yes there are, and very simple ones; I won't go to the concert at all."

"You are joking! You are expected, you are down on the programme; his majesty relies upon you; I have been ordered to conduct you, and I shall obey orders."

"Do you mean to use violence?"

The envoyé did not say so, but looked as if he intended to carry out his mission cavalierly by taking Garat by the shoulders and forcing him to enter the hackney coach.

"Ah, it is so, is it!" exclaimed the singer, at the threat of violence, "you absolutely must repair to the chateau? Eh bien! perhaps."

Saying this, he threw himself not into the coach, but into the gutter, thrust into the mud his legs so delicately chaussées in white silk stockings, heroically splashed his ravishing toilette; then soiled from head to foot, he presented himself before the surprised envoyé, and then said to him in an accent full of passion and irony.

"I am ready to follow you, Monsieur; conduct me to the concert of the Tuileries."

It was necessary to yield, and on this occasion the Imperial auditory was fain to get along without the charming vocalist! Garat was triumphant, but his unfortunate accompanist was in despair.

—

The commencement and the close of the ball season are always signalized by numerous marriages in the *Grand Monde*. At the beginning of last month, there was celebrated in the church *de la Madéleine* one of those unions which have been quite *a la-mode* in our time—a marriage at once aristocratic and financial, aristocratic on the part of the husband, financial on that of the wife. We like to see nobility and cash lending each other a helping hand and professing devotion and fidelity. The bride was the daughter of Mons. R——, an old banker of Marseilles who died a little while since leaving an immense fortune. Several anecdotes were circulated at the nuptial *cortege* among others the following, which concerns one of our most distinguished poets.

Enriched by honorable speculations, Monsr. R—— made a good use of his immense fortune; He loved literature, which he had cultivated in his youth; he loved the society of artists and writers of merit; he welcomed them always with *empressement*, and often encouraged them with *largesse*.

Mery, the Poet, arrived at Marseilles; shunning the rigors of a Parisian winter, he went to sun himself in the mild rays of his natal sky. To celebrate his arrival, the banker gave a splendid dinner, at which "assisted" all the notabilities of the city. Charming conversation and lively sallies circulated round the table during the repast; then, when the greater part of the guests had retired and there remained in the *salon* but a few intimate friends, the conversation took a more familiar turn, a more expansive one, and Monsieur R. said to the author:

"My dear Mery, like most poets, you think but little of the future; it is for your friends to think for you, and I charge myself with that task. Do not be uneasy, but give way fearlessly to your happiest inspirations."

To prove that these were not empty words, the banker opened a secretary and took from it a paper, which he unfolded—

"See here," said he, "this is a codicil to my will, by which I have left you a legacy of a hundred thousand francs."

A flattering murmur welcomed this act of

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generosity, and the poet after having properly expressed his gratitude, observed to the banker that his property belonged to his children, and then declared that he would not accept the legacy. It was in vain for Monsieur R. to say that each of his children would be millionaires twice over, and that a bagatelle of a hundred thousand francs was of no importance to them. The poet was obstinate in his refusal, and to put an end to the struggle, which threatened to be a long one, he made himself master of the codicil and tore it up, with the best grace in the world.

Shortly after this scene, Monsieur R. died.

This event caused a great sensation in the city, and a general mourning. On the day of the burial, our poet, who is the chilliest fellow in Europe, was sitting close by his fire-side, his feet upon the bars, when one of his friends entered, and said to him in a mournful tone—

"Ah! if you had but accepted that legacy—"

"Eh bien!" replied the poet, in the same tone, "did it not look like inspiration?"

"How?" cried his friend.

"Certainly," replied Méry, "look at the weather we have to-day; frightfully cold and villanously misty. If I had accepted that legacy I should not have been able to dispense with going to the funeral, and should have infallibly caught cold."

—

Monsieur Alphonse Karr, in one of the last numbers of his *Guêpes*, (Wasps,) said, "Monsieur B——, author of a treatise on swimming, is a *fort nageur*, (swimmer,) but not a *nageur de pemiere force*."

Now Monsieur B. pretends that he is the first triton in France and Navarre. Great then was his fury on reading this article, to which he sent the following reply, directed to Karr:

"It is now twenty years since I was proclaimed the first swimmer of the capital, and in that time I have had at least ten affairs of honor to maintain my nautical supremacy. I shall not recoil from the eleventh one to prove to you, Monsieur, that not only am I a strong swimmer, but now, the strongest in Paris."

It should be known that the author of the Guêpes has transported his hives to Etre-tat. Monsieur B. did not hesitate an instant, and for fear that his challenge should miss its direction, he took the Rouen rail-road and arrived at Etre-tat, the Normandy of prawns and lobsters. He repaired to the residence of the writer, and found that he had left for Paris an hour before.

Doubly furious, he returned to Paris by the same rail-road, ran to the hotel where his adversary had alighted, and sent up to him the "aforesaid" billet, with these words added, in the form of a *postscriptum*:—

"My witnesses will come in an hour to arrange with you."

An hour afterwards, the two witnesses knocked at the door of the celebrated Wasp. All means of conciliation having failed, the writer came right to the point.

"Your day, gentlemen?"

"To-morrow."

"The hour?"

"Eight o'clock."

"The place?"

"The Pont Royal."

"Your arms?"

"The River Seine."

The author "went off" in an explosion of laughter. "I understand it is a duel *à l'eau*, that you propose?"

"Exactly. Monsieur B. does all his fighting by swimming. Neither a sword nor a pistol will prove that he is a stronger swimmer, than you—by his method doubt will be impossible."

"Fort bien, if it was in the month of August, but in the month of November, the glass seven degrees below zero!—Does Monsieur take me for a marine monster?"

"This is his ultimatum. I ought however to add that the duel will be followed by an excellent dejeuner at Vefour's, at Monsieur B's. expense."

Alphonse Karr reflected a moment, and thinking the whole affair very original, wrote a reply thus conceived, to Monsieur B."

"I accept your proposition. To-morrow, at eight o'clock, I will be with you."

The next day, at the hour appointed, the author of the Guêpes stood before Monsieur B.

"You see I am exact."

"Tres bien, exactitude is the *politesse* of writers. One moment, and we will set out to fight."

And the duelist in deep waters set about preparing his swimming costume. Already had he drawn on the garment prescribed by modesty and the constitutional charter, when the writer exclaimed:—

"Were you serious in sending me that challenge!"

"Very serious! what did you come for!"

"*Parbleu!*" replied the other, "to breakfast."

"Then you confess yourself beaten?"

"I will tell you that at the dessert; let us go."

They went out, breakfasted, and the bill was paid by Monsieur B., who eat as much as four Alphonse Karrs.

"Eh bien! now go; you recognise me for a swimmer of *premiere force?*"

"You will find my reply in the next number of the Guêpes."

Here it is.

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"*Erratum.*—It was by mistake tha t in the las number of the Guêpes, my compositor made me say in speaking of Monsieur B., '*He is a fort nageur, but is not a nageur de première force.*' I wrote on the contrary, '*He is not a strong swimmer, but is a mangeur (eater,) de première force.*'"

Original.

TO ——.

I.

Go bid thy heart in silence brood
O'er all the memories of the past,
And draw from out the solitude
A pang that cannot choose but last.

II.

High hopes were mine—their wings I clipped,
And curbed them to the earth for thee!
And golden dreams, whose curtains dipped
Their shadowy fringes in the sea,

III.

I rudely rent to give *thee* room,
With thy cold, disenchanting eye,
Beside my heart; and bade the gloom
Lighter upon thy heart to lie.

IV.

Whole troops of bright undying forms—
My ministering angels—fled apace,
Affrighted at the stolid shade
That slept upon thy placid face.

V.

For thee a wilderness of hopes,
Fairer than wind flowers in the spring,
I buried in the unechoing depths,
Where drooping shadows darkness fling.

VI.

My recompense? Thy cold disdain—
Thy jealousy all passionless—
A squandered heart—a wasted life—
Alone to tread the wilderness!

EPHEMERON.

Our criminal laws are too indiscriminate and sanguinary. The murderer, and the wretch, who, prompted by want, and unrestrained by the precepts of example or education, destitute of the benefit of either, commits a theft to support existence, receive an equal punishment. All these abuses are tolerated. Why?—Merely to avoid the risk of innovation.

Original.

THE ROBBER IN "BOOTS;"

OR, THE MIDNIGHT ALARM.——BEING AN ACCOUNT OF MR. VARIAN WALLACE WELLS' FIRST VISIT TO THE CITY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," "KYD," AND THE "QUADROONE."

"Art thou a robber? speak!"

Varian Wallace Wells was a very well born young gentleman of nineteen, at the period we introduce him to the acquaintance of the reader. He had a father and a mother, as most young gentlemen have had, except those who have been found in Champagne baskets at bachelors' front doors! His father was an independent farmer in the county of Orange, and lived in a very pretty villa-like farm-house, within a mile of the Hudson: his mother was a notable housewife, and by her thrift brought and kept more money in the house than went out of it. She was not so modernized but that she could spin at her well-worn wheel: and, when short-handed, milk her own kine! Varian was her only son, and she felt a maternal pride in him! During his boyhood, she kept his clothes neatly patched, and fed him on buttermilk and hominy! Varian grew thrivingly on this, and at the interesting period in which he is now about to produce himself, he had got to be a tall, slim youth, with an incipient beard, and a voice like a penny whistle stuck inside of a French horn! He had never been away from home, but had grown up tall, green and delightfully unsophisticated! At length, the idea entered his mother's head, that as her son was by and by to become the heir of the homestead, it was necessary for him to see the world and get a little polish!

"Yes," said she, taking off her spectacles and wiping them on the corner of her plain silk handkerchief, while seated one twilight in the door beside her lord gazing upon the Hudson, with its moving panorama of sails and steamers, "yes, husband, it's time our Varian see'd a bit o' the world! He's been to school ever since he was nine year old, and knows enough! Now 'spose we let him go to York and make a visit! All other young gentlemen go there to finish! You are rich and Varian's got to have all we've got! I want him to live and spend it like a gentleman, for I'm sure we've worked hard enough to make it! What say you, husband?"

"I think the boy'd be a great deal better off to stay at home! These large cities are the devil's foundries!"

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"But Varian, the dear child, never saw a bigger place than Poughkeepsie, and I want him to see York! Come, husband, give him his grand-father's old silver watch; Mr. Van Snip, the tailor, will soon make him a nice coat of your old one turned; I'll cut and make him a waistcoat and pantaloons! He's got a bran new hat already! and I think he'll be fixed off so that he'll do credit down in York to Orange county, and to them as born and bred him. Come, now my heart is set on it!"

"It'll cost money! He must have money, wife," answered the farmer, stoutly. "There has been no dividend this year."

"You needn't draw money out o' the bank. I've got a hundred dollars I've been savin' up jist for the boy, when he should go to the city! Now 'spose we let him start off next week!"

"But suppose the boy don't want to?" said Mr. Jacob Wells, taking his pipe from his mouth, and looking very ill-satisfied with the perseverance of his better half, on this unwelcome theme; "I ha'nt heard him say any thing about it!"

"He does want to go! and when I told him I was going to ask you if he might, the dear boy was so happy I wouldn't he should miss going for the world!"

"Here he comes, let me ask him," said Jacob, with pertinacious obstinacy.

At this crisis the young gentleman made his appearance coming up the path leading from the village road. He was about five feet eleven inches in height, standing in his stockings, and as slender as a lad of ten. He wore a buckish looking black fur hat of domestic manufacture, purchased of the village hatter, who asserverated on his block that it was the latest Parisian cut! Whether this were so or not, Mr. Varian Wallace Wells had no opportunity of deciding, and without his expressing any doubt of the truth of Mr. Beaver's assertion, the hat passed into his possession! It was bell-shaped with an exceedingly narrow brim tastefully curled up at the sides, the fur was long and waved richly in the wind! It was a very singlar looking hat, to say the least! but the wearer was a very singular looking person! His hair was white with a tinge of yellow; perhaps some folks might call it alone a faded yellow! It was straight and worn long behind and at the sides of the face; for having seen two dashing soap-locks from Chatham street at the village inn who styled themselves gentlemen from New York, with their hair thus worn, he forthwith let his own strait locks grow till now they touched his shoulders with their brushy ends. This aptness at following fashions betrays, on the part of Mr. Varian Wallace Wells, a decided bias towards ultra exquisitism! This incipient love of personal adornment was what probably put the idea into his fond mother's head of sending him to the city, so that what germ of gentility lay covert in him might there be brought out! Our hero had a very light Saxon complexion, white eyebrows, white eyelashes, and very light blue eyes with very little expression in them. His nose was short, turned up and tipped with pink and down. His upper lip was long—a Henry Clay lip—Heaven save the mark! and his mouth looked as if, after all the rest of his face was completed, this feature had been made by drawing a knife across about two inches below the nose, as one would open an oyster; to which, or, more correctly still, a clam, this orifice bore a singularly striking resemblance. He had no whiskers, but a promise of these distinguished appendages to manhood in a proper growth of fall hair about an eighth of an inch long all over his upper lip, chin, and especially that region of the anticipated crop, the rear part of his cheeks. Around a long neck he wore a green cotton cravat carried twice round and tied in a hard knot behind, the end of the knot sticking to the right and left over his waistcoat collar;—an improvement on the ordinary method of wearing the knot in front, as any one who has had the happiness to behold it thus illustrated by this interesting young man, could not help seeing. He wore a round jacket of grey cloth which he was fast outgrowing, inasmuch as three inches of the skin of his wrists were visible between the end of the cuffs and his long dangling hands, while behind, it descended but three inches below his shoulder-blades. His pantaloons however were gallowsed up so high as to compensate for this deficiency, though they left the lower part of his legs half way up the calf to suffer by this ingenious expedient! but as his mother furnished him with long blue yarn stockings reaching above the knee, this brevity in the legs of his trowsers was not of so much importance, as the stocking quilt covered the limbs, which with ordinary socks would have displayed full five inches of its brawny flesh! they served besides, to show to advantage his worthy mother's labors with the knitting needle! Yet, would you, could you, *can* you believe it, dear reader! these pantaloons had straps! Yes, straps, straps of green morocco leather to match the cravat! Straps nine inches in length down one side, under the foot and up the other side! and fastened by a single button hole to a single

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button! They were one inch wide! Such straps to such trowsers were never seen before!

On the little finger and fore finger of each hand he wore certain and sundry rings, brass, gilt, paste and gold, thirteen in all; while the ends of his short, well-gnawed nails were delicately shaded by a black line beneath the edges! The principal beauty of this interesting young gentleman consisted in a set of firm, white teeth that glittered like those of a lynx, though without any thing like ferocity. No, no! there could be no person better tempered or more unoffending! With all this *outré* appearance Varian Wells had a good share of common sense. He was no fool, though superlatively ignorant of the world, and gifted with a large share of credulity! His bump of wonder was prominent; and if he had fear of any thing on earth it was of banditti and bloody pirates with black flags ornamented with death's head and cross bones! Not that his experience had particularly led him in the way of such wicked people, for the greatest bandit of the region in which Providence had placed him was a robber of hen roosts, and the bloodiest pirates young amateur gentlemen in boots on the Hudson fishing for lobsters with a fly!

Having never been from home, our hero's ideas were limited! There was not a penny paper ragamuffin in the city he was about to visit but knew ten times more than he knew or dreampt of. In brief, Mr. Varian Wallace Wells, to use a very expressive as well as a comprehensive word, was very green! It was spring time of the year with him and the verdure was luxuriant!

"Well, now," he said seeing them both watching his approach with more than usual interest; "I should think you never see a new bell-topper afore! A'nt it han'some now!" and the delighted, youth took off his Parisian cut and placed it in his mother's hand to look at for the twentieth time that week.

"It is a nice han'some one, child! Now look here an' dont be thinking too much about it! Tell your father you want——"

"No, he shant tell, nor you shant tell him to tell," cried the former; "let me ask the boy myself! Your mother says you want to go to York a gallevantin! A'nt home good enough?"

"Yes, father! But I never seed York!"

"Nor I never seed London—and shouldn't I be a fool to go poking off there now!"

"But York is close by! Jerry Dibble's been down with pork, and he says he want but six hours goin' in the boat; and he says it's a all nature big place, an' the only way to keep from gettin lost in it is to have a good long string and tie on end to where ye start from when ye get ashore, and then hold on the other and keep unwinding, and so when you want to get back again, all a feller's got to do is just to follow back the string!"

"Lor! do tell!" ejaculated his mother with profound surprise; and half repenting in her heart that she had determined to let her little son go to a place where he was in such danger of being lost.

"Well, boy, you may go if your mother will fit you out," said the old man; "it may cure you for all your life as it did me! I hate a city! I'll give ye your fond father's old silver watch if you *will* go, for I suppose you must have a watch! You may stay two weeks, and I hope when you get back you will say you have had enough of the city!"

With these words the matter was settled and our hero's mother began to prepare him for his departure. At the end of a week Mr. Van Snip sent home his blue coat garnished with bright gilt buttons, and made after a fashion peculiar to country tailors, with a short high collar covered with damson colored velvet, and very long pointed skirt with cuffs of capacious breadth! The fit was admirable by comparison—for compared with a coat stuck on a Renovator's cross-arms to show the power by which "old clothes were cleaned within and made good as new," it was a very admirable fit. His vest his mother cut and made out of a *turned* old brown bombazine one his father had worn twenty years ago and which she made up after the same fashion. The pantaloons were also cut and made by the hands of "his anxious mother," and were so tight a fit from scarcity of material that his mother told him warningly that he must not sit down sudden, as it might burst 'em out! but always unbutton his straps first!

The morning for his departure at length arrived, and the interesting traveller, Varian Wallace Wells made his appearance from his room in full costume as above detailed, and with a green cotton umbrella beneath his arm. The green cravat was exchanged for a white one, above which his triangular shirt collar rose erect even with his ears, so that to the eye of the uninitiatied observer his head had the appearance of resting on it by them! It was tied in a double bow in front, the ends of which were spread out and displayed to great advantage. His shirt-bosom was ornamented by a huge plaited double-ruffle, as broad as his hand, which being well starched, stood out in front like the dorsal-fin of a mackerel when full spread. In this extraordinary ruffle was stuck a green paste-pin, as large as half a dollar,

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which sum it had cost his careful mother! His hands were encased in a new pair of white cotton gloves, in which his fingers kept moving and contracting, as if in want of room or of breath—being all unused to such confinement. The rings of his hand having interfered with the getting of them on, his fertile mind struck out a new expedient, and he had placed them on the outside over his gloves—a fashion as unique as it was convenient, and which our hero has the honor of originating. From his fob which his mother had made on the left side, depended his silver watch-chain, terminating in a huge oval cornelian seal and a steel key!

He now made his appearance to undergo the inspection of his parents. Old Jacob looked at him, shook his head and muttered something about "good old times," and "folly of modern days!" His mother surveyed him with maternal delight! She felt truly proud of her son! and truly she might, for never mother had such a son.

"Don't he look genteel and acrostic, husband?" she said, walking round and round him, and making him turn round and round in her desire to have a good and thorough survey; now picking off a little lint here, brushing a spot there, pulling down in this place and hauling round in that place, till she had fixed him to her mind. "A'nt he a darlin now?"

"You'll make a fool of the boy," said Jacob, gruffly; "if he's ready, let him start off to meet the steam-boat at the landing! Now, Varian, see you keep in good company, and don't drink any thing, nor go out nights," said his father, shaking hands with him. "Good bye."

"God bless you, my dear baby," cried his mother, throwing her arms about his neck, and kissing him with tears in her eyes; "I hopes you'll not forget your poor mother, but soon as you get finished up you'll come right home again! Be careful of robbers; for York is a bad place for 'em! Be sure and keep an eye on your trunk, and not let 'em steal it!"

"Yes, marm, don't be feared," answered Varian, as his father's ploughman, Hans Van Glum, took up his trunk and carried it out to the wagon that was to take him to the steam-boat which could already be seen five miles off, steaming down the river. "I'll be back right soon."

"Now that's a good boy! Here now, is your pocket-book, and a hundred dollars in it; don't lose it, Varian," she added, with cautious warning, as she placed it in his inside coat-pocket, and buttoned it safely in.

"Good bye, mother," now cried the youth, anxious to get away, "I'll lose my passage!"

"Well, well! I'm e'enamost sorry I let you go, dear! But don't get lost now! Stop at the Astor House, for that's the great place, they tell! Here, Varian, is the skein o'twine for you to fasten to the post soon as you gits ashore in York," she said, thrusting with maternal solicitude a hank of twine into his pocket.

Thus accoutred and fully prepared for all events that might happen, our hero left the house and hastened to the wagon: but before he could get into it, his mother came running out with a life-preserver in her hands, the tube of which was in her mouth, which she was blowing up as hard as her breath and running would let her.

"Stop, stop, here is your life-preserver, Varian! Oh, lordy lord, if you had forgot it now!" she cried, taking it from her mouth and screwing it round to retain the air. "Come, let me buckle it round you!"

Our young gentleman, in whom so much maternal interest was manifested, stopped by the wagon and patiently lifting his arms, he stood with them stretched at right-angles while his most anxious mother buckled it round his body beneath them!

"There, now, you're safe if the steam-boat should blow up! Don't take it off till you get out o' the boat safe on the shore! Will you, child?"

"No, marm," answered the youth, "I won't."

"Now write as soon as you get to York."

"Yes, marm, I will."

The youth now got into the wagon, which drove off towards the river, the tearful eyes of his mother, in whom maternal pride had proved stronger than maternal love, following him 'till he was out of sight.

"Dear boy, I hope he won't get hurt nor lost, but come home sich a gentleman as 'll make every body take off their hats to him!"

"I hope he'll come home with a little more common sense than he goes away with," said Jacob; "you've made a fool of him, wife, by your fondness and weak indulgence! It'll be a good lesson for him to go from home and learn how to be independent and take care of himself! Why, the boy is afraid to go to bed in the dark unless you sit in his room till he falls to sleep!"

"An' it's natural he should be, the dear child! He never had no brothers nor sisters to keep him company, and it stands to natur' he should love his mother! I do hope he'll not come to harm."

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"He'll have his pockets picked, and will be fortunate if he comes home with his eye-teeth safe!" answered Jacob, going in the house to take his morning pipe.

"Well, well-a-day, York is a bad place, I know! But I wanted him to see the world as well as Judge Bailey's sons, and Senator Mudge's boys! An' I guess he'll come back as big as any on 'em now!"

With this ambitious reflection, the worthy and simple mistress Deborah Wells took a position before her house from which she could command a view of the landing! At length, she saw the steam-boat touch the wharf, delay a moment to land and receive passengers, and put off on her downward course again! How earnestly her eyes followed its receding outline, for her heart was on board where she believed her idol son to be. At length the boat was hidden from her view by a distant head-land, and at the same moment Hans, the ploughman, came back in the wagon.

"And did he get on board in time, Hans?" she anxiously inquired, running to meet him.

"Yaw," answered the taciturn Dutchman.

"And didn't fall overboard!"

"Naw."

"And did he keep his life-preserver on?"

"Yaw."

"And didn't they all say, Hans, he was a nice young gentleman?"

"Naw;" and Hans went silently to work to take the horse out of the harness, while the solicitous parent cast a lingering glance after the unseen steamer that had borne away her heart's treasure, gazed tenderly an instant upon the cushion of the wagon where she had last seen him seated, and then went into the house to mourn over his departure, and indulge her numerous maternal hopes and fears!

The appearance of our hero on board the steamer Swallow produced, however, a sensation that would have delighted his prideful mother! Tall, slender, ungainly, and so evidently green, he could not have passed on his own merits without attracting attention; but the additional bizarre of his costume; his bell-shaped hat; his flashy rings over the fingers of his gloves; and more especially, his blown-up life-preserver buckled on the outside of his coat about his waist, filled the passengers with no little surprise and curiosity. The first impression was that he was a humorist, acting a part; but this idea was instantly corrected by the gravity of his features and his unsophisticated looks.

At length the boat reached New-York, and our hero, bewildered and ignorant, seated himself on his trunk for fear of robbers, whom he mistook the hackmen for; and waited to see all the passengers ashore, and what they did when they got on shore, before leaving the boat himself. He was very much afraid of doing any thing wrong, or that a New-York gentleman wouldn't do; for his arrival there inspired him with an ambition to be thought one of them,—knowing, cool, free and easy!

"Hack, sir!" now shouted an Irishman, with a whip in his hand, close to his ear, while with the other hand he caught hold of one end of his trunk.

"Let my trunk alone," he cried, between alarm and anger; "you needn't think you'll get it, now."

"Cab, sir? first rate cab, number nine hundred and seven," yelled another, catching hold of the other end of the trunk; and both lifting it up together, Mr. Varian Wallace Wells was toppled off upon his back before he could open his lips to reply. He was not hurt, however, as his inflated life-preserver broke his fall! He sprung to his feet, and seizing his umbrella swung it around his head and told them he would instantly slay them if they didn't keep off.

"Och, and be ——," said the hackman, "an' he's a picthur o' civilization! Divil take you and your thrunk, I wouldn't be afther having it on the back o' my hack for fare o' the flays I'd have to charge passage for!" and off went Paddy in no very good humor with Mr. Varian Wallace Wells, who felt grateful that he had so fortunately escaped being robbed!

"Now, yer honor, I beg yer honor's pardon," said the cabman, keeping at a safe distance from our belligerent hero, and speaking in an apologetic tone; "I didn't mane to let your honor on your honor's back! I was only axing for the lave to carry yer honor's baggage to the hotel in my iligant cab! for sure yer honor is'nt a poor man to walk!"

Mr. Varian Wallace Wells seemed to comprehend the reasoning of the penitent robber, and it occurred to him that it was necessary for him to have his trunk taken up to the Astor House by somebody.

"What is a cab, robber?" he inquired, though without depressing his green cotton umbrella from its menacing elevation.

"A cab?—sure, an' it's a cab—an American jauntin' car, yer honor! It'll take yer honor and yer honor's baggage iligantly. Shall I show it t'your honor?" said Paddy, advancing to take up the trunk.

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"Well, I'll see it, I guess," answered Varian deliberately; "but who'll keep my baggage while I go?"

"Oh, I'll take it on my shoulder, an' save the throuble o' comin' back for it, if your honor concludes to ride."

"Very true," answered our hero, who had sense enough to feel the helplessness of his ignorance in a large city, with the manners and customs of which he was wholly unfamiliar. With him all was uncertainty, doubt and suspicion! His mind was filled with stories of robberies and murders, and his fears and suspicions were continually alive. It occurred to him that there might be persons appointed by the city to take strangers and their baggage to hotels, and that this was one of them; and he had been hasty in supposing him to be a robber. He therefore permitted him to take his trunk on his shoulder, determined, however, to keep close to him to see that he didn't run off with it; resolutely determined if he attempted to do so, to beat him with his umbrella till he killed him; for to slay a robber, was, in his opinion, doing the highest service to his country.

The cabman, however, showed no disposition to run off with his trunk, and he led him to the spot where his cab stood by a lamp-post.

"Here's the cab, yer honor," he said, as he threw the trunk on the top, and opened the door; "plase get in, and I'll have yer honor to the Asthor in no time."

"How *did* you know I was going to Mr. Astor's tavern?" asked Mr. Varian Wallace Wells, pulling up his shirt collar.

"Didn't I see yer honor was a tip-top gintleman? and don't I know it's the Asthor the likes o' you'd be afther going to! Lave Pat for that! Coom yer honor, get in, and I'll drive ye there in a jiffy!"

"But it's in the back way," said Varian, hesitating to enter the door of the cab. "Do New-York gentlemen get in the back way, man?"

"Every soul on 'em," answered Pat.

Our hero was about to get in, when he bethought himself of the hank of twine his careful mother had put in his pocket. Thereupon he took it out, and very gravely tied one end to the lamp-post.

"What in the divil is it now?" cried Pat, between surprise and impatience.

"To keep from getting lost, and find my way back here again," answered the young gentleman, with interesting simplicity.

"It was sometime before he could make Pat fully understand his object; who, when he had comprehended, told him the best way was to put the name of the pier on a bit o' paper, and when he wanted to find it to get a cab and tell him to drive him to it. Varian, after a little reflection, was convinced; and untying his string he put it into his pocket, and wrote down the name of the slip in his pocket-book!

"Now, yer honor's ashore," said Pat, patronizingly, who felt he had a very verdant customer to deal with; "now yer honor's safe ashore, wouldn't it be proper to kape it from wearing out, to take off the life-preserver?"

"A'nt there no more water between this and the Astor tavern, sir?" he asked first, with commendable foresight.

"Och, divil the bit, yer honor," answered Paddy, gravely.

"Then, perhaps, it would be as well," answered Mr. Varian Wallace Wells; and thereupon he took off his life-preserver, let out the air, rolled it up and thrust it into his pocket. He now got into the cab, but first insisting that his trunk should ride inside with him.

On reaching the Astor House, he was let out by Paddy, who put out his open palm with a significant touch of his hat! Varian took hold of it and shook him very warmly by the hand, while he expressed his obligations to him for his disinterested kindness.

"It's a dollar I want, yer honor, if you plase," said Pat, not understanding such a gratuitous system as our hero hinted at.

"A dollar!" repeated Varian, "why, I paid two on the steam-boat, to bring me to the city!"

"But not to bring you to the Asthor!"

"Yes it was—for I was pertickler to ask the captain, when I paid him my passage."

"I must have a dollar, honey," said Paddy, resolutely; and our hero opened his pocket-book and very reluctantly paid the demand. He felt, as others have felt before him, that he was the victim of a new system of robbery. While he was putting up his pocket-book after paying the cabman, he saw the porter of the Astor House running up the steps with his trunk and umbrella.

"Hullo, there, stop! robbers, murderers!" he shouted, darting after him towards the saloon! "I say, there, put down my trunk and umbrella!" And he reached the rotunda just as the man placed the trunk beside a pile of other baggage that had come by the same boat. Mr. Varian Wallace Wells relieved to see it so quietly dropped when he never expected to see it again, sat down upon it, and taking up his umbrella shook it menacingly at the astonished porter!

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"Want a room, sir?" asked one of the civil clerks, who at that instant came in to the rotunda with a pen behind his ear, and respectfully, yet with a covert smile, addressed our hero.

"A room!" repeated the youth, eyeing him from head to foot suspiciously, as if he thought he might possibly be a genteel robber.

"Yes! Go to the office and enter your name."

After some difficulty arising from his total ignorance of every thing, he succeeded in passing the ordeal of his first entrance into an hotel; and at length found himself, trunk, umbrella, hank of twine and life-preserver all safely assembled in a small room in the "sky-parlor" of the Astor House. He amused himself awhile in gazing from his circular window upon the vast extent of city, river and bay with their myriads of novel objects! His eye fed on spires and towers, and he wondered if people lived in all of them, for if they did he came to the conclusion there must be a great many more people in York than there was in "Pokeepsy;" the only town of size he had ever seen. After wearying his eyes, he sat down and wrote a letter to his mother, which, for want of room, must be omitted; which is to be regretted, as it was a model for all youths in similar circumstances, to shape their letters by to their mammas.

He had sealed and directed it, when he bethought himself how he should find the post-office. He recollected that the grinning porter on putting down his trunk and going out, had said to him, "When you want any thing pull that bell," pointing to a green tassel at the end of a cord. Although he then closely examined the tassel and could find no bell, he now thought it possibly might communicate with one. He therefore approached it, and after inspecting its connection with a brass apparatus at the ceiling, he gave it a sharp pull. It so happened at that very instant the gong was sounded for tea, and the fearful roar and clatterings swelling and rising upward with increasing uproar, filled him with horrible consternation. What infernal and diabolical agency had his pulling of that green cord set in motion? He could form no conception, and stood listening with horror to the roar, as if of an earthquake, till it finally ceased. He wished himself safe at home, with his mother! Suddenly a sharp rap on his door startled him afresh, and he sank upon the side of his bed, expecting the most awful issue to the fearful sounds he had raised! The door opened, and a waiter he had not seen, thrust in his head. Here was new cause for alarm.

"Did you ring, sir?"

"No, no—I didn't ring!—I ha'nt any bell here to ring!"

"There's your bell, sir," and the waiter went to the mysterious cord, to examine it.

"For God's sake, sir, don't touch that again!" he cried, in alarm; "I just pulled it, and I thought the house was falling down with the awful roar."

The waiter reflected an instant, and then burst into a loud laugh. "Why, it's the gong, you heard?"

"Gong!" repeated Varian; and from the association of sound his mind brought up the ideas of Gog and Magog, and he began to think he had got into a giant's castle.

"What do you wish for?" asked the amused waiter.

"A post-office, to put this letter into, man."

"I'll take it down to the House post-office, and it'll go the next mail."

Our hero surrendered the letter into his hands, and then at his suggestion, followed him down to tea. At the table his appearance and manners drew on him many a smiling eye; but New-York people are so accustomed to seeing all sorts of odd looking people, that Varian's awkwardness and rustic peculiarities, did not attract so much attention as they otherwise might have done. After tea, he went out to see the city, having learned that by asking for the Astor House he could always get back without the help of the twine his mother had furnished him; and at this accumulation of knowledge, he felt himself already wiser than his mother, whom he thought a very silly woman to think a gentleman like him wanted to go along the streets unwinding a skein of twine to keep him from being lost. Thus did Mr. Varian Wallace Wells accumulate ideas!

About half past eleven o'clock he safely returned in company with two very fashionable young gentlemen, whose acquaintance he had formed opposite the Park theatre, which he took for a meeting-house! They, however, corrected his error, and on learning from him that he was from the country that day, and had his grandfather's silver watch, and a hundred dollars in his pocket-book; and had come to see the city; they expressed themselves highly delighted at having fallen in with him, as they were perfectly acquainted with every alley, lane and street, and nothing would give them greater happiness than to serve him. He went with them every where, and when they parted from him at the steps of the Astor, he thanked them for their kindness, and asked them to come and see him the next

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day. They promised to do so, and Mr. Wells parting reluctantly with his polite friends, entered the hotel.

In the rotunda, a porter furnished him with a chamber lamp, and he took his way into the upper regions, where his room was situated! After half an hour's wandering through stories and passages, when he felt his skein of yarn would have been of great service to him, he at length, by the assistance of one of the waiters, found the door of his room.

He entered, and closing it, commenced undressing himself, thinking how delightfully he had passed the evening with his new friends! what lots o' free and easy pretty girls he had seen, who wa'nt afraid to be kissed, "like the gals up country." "Ah, I can tell 'em what, York is a great place! When father's dead, I'll come here and buy a grand house, marry one o' them gals that let me set on her knees, and live here altogether, and let my two friends live with me! What fine chaps they were! Now, a stranger might be in our village a month, and nobody'd take to him so friendly as them young gentlemen have to me. It must be mighty late! I'll jest look at my watch!"

To his surprise, it was gone! In vain he searched all his pockets, and turned his fob inside out! It was missing! Where could he have left it? How could he have lost it! While endeavoring to account for its disappearance, which the reader will not be at a loss to do, he thought of his pocket-book! *That had disappeared, too!* Overcome with amazement, he knew not what to do! He made once more a fresh and close search for both, but they were irrecoverably gone! What should he do! How had he lost them! His suspicions never dwelt on robbery, for he knew no robbers had openly robbed him of them! He had no suspicions of his two obliging friends!

Overcome with grief and surprise, he looked to see that his trunk was safe, which much to his relief he found remained as he had left it. He was sorrowfully undressing and devising some means to recover his watch and money, when the thought occurred to him that he might have laid them away in some part of the room, perhaps absently placed them on coming in, in a clothes-press in the room, before which a curtain was drawn. He took up his light and approached to examine it, when, with a cry of terror and astonishment, he started back, and seized the poker, trembling all the while like a leaf! The object of his fear and surprise was clearly apparent. There was a man standing concealed, all but his boots, behind the curtain!

What more appalling spectacle could present itself to the visual organs of Mr. Varian Wallace Wells, particularly at the midnight hour! For a few seconds, he stood trembling in his stockings and shirt, unable to articulate the cry of, "robbers and murderers!" that rose to his lips! His starting eye-balls were fixed upon the appalling boots! Suddenly, in his imagination, he saw the arms move as if the robber had taken his dagger from his breast! This was too much for his nerves, and uttering a sort of yell and bark, he at length made out to say with a face as white as a sheet:

"Oh, you, you robber—you blood-robber! I see you! I see you! Don't think to scare me now! I'm prepared for you! Oh, you bloody villain, come to steal my trunk and murder me in my bed! Now come right out from behind that, and walk off!"

Hereupon our valiant hero brandished his poker, and walking backward flung his door wide open so as to give the robber egress. But the concealed assassin remained silent, but the curtain, itself, moved as the wind now freely circulated between the window and open door.

"You won't start, sir! You won't move, hey!" cried the still more terrified youth; "you think you are going to frighten me! But I a'nt scared! I a'nt scared!" and the courageous Mr. Varian Wallace Wells trembled so like an aspen all over, that he could hardly hold the poker! "Run, sir, or I'll blow your brains out! I will! I'll certainly fire! I'll kill you!"

Suddenly the curtain was lifted upward by a draft of air from the window, and our hero who had been pointing his poker at the curtain as if it were a gun, finding that he could not frighten the robber out of the room, darted out himself! With a terrific yell he fell, overcome by terror on the floor, and laying on his back shouted "murder and robbers," at the top of his lungs. His voice awoke the echoes of the vast halls of the hotel, and startled a hundred sleepers in affright from their pillows. Chamber door after chamber door was flung open, and various individuals of both sexes in white night-caps and drawers, wrappers and dressing-gowns, hastily thrown on, hurried some with lights in their hands, others with whatsoever weapon they could seize upon, to the scene of murder.

Our hero all the while continued his outcries, which were not lessened by the sound of the approaching footsteps of those whom his voice

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brought to the spot, and whom he believed to be those of the robber himself, or of his associates.

"What's the matter! Who's murdered! Where's the robber!" were the repeated and eager queries to which our hero had no reply, save,

"Robbers! oh, the robbers!"

"Where?" demanded a Virginian, cocking a pistol, whereat every body started, and the ladies slightly shrieked.

"In my room, behind the curtain! I saw his boots! He was waiting to murder me after I got to sleep," said our hero, who had been assisted to his feet.

"Let us go and see," cried the Virginian, "which is your room?"

"It is number two hundred and ninety-three," said a waiter.

"I'll fix his flint for him," said the Virginian, taking the lead, pistol in hand. At different distances, according to their respective ratios of courage, the night-capped crowd followed him to Mr. Varian Wallace Wells' chamber. The courageous Virginian threw open the door wide, and levelled his pistol, while he cried out,

"Come out there, stranger, and show your carcass, or I'm d——d if I don't make daylight shine through it!"

There was an awful pause of suspense. There was no reply or movement heard within the room.

"Where did you see him?" asked the bold Virginian of our hero, who stood trembling near him.

"He's behind the curtain! Just go in and you can see his boots, if he's standing there yet!"

The Virginian advanced into the room, and going round the bed, pistol in hand, he suddenly cried out,

"Yes, he's here! Now, Mr. Robber, just show yourself!" he cried, levelling his pistol at the curtain, "or I'll blow you into the middle o' next week." There was no answer: the wind waved the curtain and the Virginian fired!

There was a mingled groan and shriek from—not the robber—but the audience! The robber stood firm! The Virginian half-suspecting the truth, rushed forward and tore away the curtain. What ghastly spectacle then met his eyes! A murderous robber weltering in his blood! No, dear reader—but *simply a pair of boots!* which the last lodger had left behind as perquisites to the boot-black!

After the silent surprise that followed this discovery was over, there was a universal roar of laughter at the expense of our hero, and the Virginian himself did not altogether escape the ridicule! The boarders, officers, chambermaids, waiters, boots and all, whom this scene had brought together, now retired and our hero was left alone with the "robber in boots." He had sense enough to feel the ludicrousness of his present position—for rusticity is not idiocy! He felt mortified beyond measure. Dressing himself, he sat on his bed waiting for the morning. As soon as he beheld the first streak of day he crept down stairs to the office and sent up for his baggage—ordered a cab, settled his bill, and hastened to get away from the scene of his disgrace, before he should be seen by any who witnessed it. As he was getting into the cab, he saw a person followed by the porter with his baggage, hurrying into a hack drawn up near it. A second glance told him that it was the Virginian!

Our hero had just enough change in his pocket to settle his bill and pay his fare back home; from which he has not stirred since, though his father is dead, and the homestead has become his inheritance. He has learned two things by his visit to the city, to be content with the country, and to be cautious of trusting voluntary friends on a loose evening's acquaintance.

Original.

TO THE ALBATROSS.

BY HENRY M. PARSONS.

Bird of unwearied wing!—thy flight
  Infrequent daring hath;
For when our view is veiled by night,
  Or by the tempests' wrath,
Upon thy pinions sun-light plays,
As nearer to its burning rays,
  Leads up thy dazzling path;
Nor dost thou heed the winds that sweep
In anger o'er the land and deep.

Passion may rage—earthquakes may rock
  The ancient hill,—the beetling height,
And yet no elemental shock
  Checks for one hour thy flight.
Still onward thou dost speed thy course,
And upward to the wondrous source
  Of pure and gushing light.
Undrooping sail, until its beam
Of cloudless glory round thee gleam.

So should the world bright hopes impart
  And then those hopes destroy,
Let faith on wing like thine depart
  In search of higher joy;
And though the strife be loud within,
And sweet temptation's voice to sin;
  If every power employ
The spirit in its homeward way,
Time will not bring one rayless day.

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Original.

TROUBLED WITH THE NIGHTMARE.

Old Hans Von Spieglefort, a real, genuine descendant of the Knickerbocker breed of Dutchmen, lived, some years ago, in an old gabled-end house, of the color of the last century, and a "stoop" which was *stooping* under the weight of years and a decayed balustrade, somewhere in the vicinity of the East River. The house, whatever may have been its imperfections, was the exact beau ideal of a house, to Hans Von Spieglefort. He was born there—and so were his father and his grandfather before him; and the old cabbage-patch at the back of the premises, and running up to the road on either side, had supplied Hans and his ancestry for several generations with the material for the manufacture of that most delicious of all Dutch luxuries, sour krout. The city, year after year, like a great snail, put forth its feelers, and crawled gradually up the river, much to the dismay of Mynheer Von Spieglefort, who, like all true Dutchmen, had an inveterate repugnance to Yankee innovation upon the quiet of the ancient settlement of New Amsterdam. The city, however, continued its approaches; block after block of spacious and elegant edifices rose, from summer to summer, nearer and nearer to the brown old home of Mynheer Von Spieglefort, until he actually began to look round him with dismay, for the safety—nay, perhaps the very existence—of his beloved cabbage-patch.

At length, what the old man had so long dreaded, actually came to pass. At that time, the house of Longreach, Bubble & Co., were the most extensive *city* builders in the Union. Besides several magnificent towns and cities situated on the Missouri and Platte rivers, connected together by "uninterrupted lines of railroad communication," this famous house was rapidly cutting up the whole country around New York into building lots, and selling it off at several hundred dollars the foot. At length the old dilapidated mansion and ever-blooming cabbage patch of Mynheer Von Spieglefort stood in the way of this worthy and enterprizing firm, and the old man was waited upon by Mr. Bubble in person, and tempted with an offer for his premises which, it was confidently anticipated, would overwhelm the old Dutchman with astonishment and delight.

To the infinite surprize, however, of Mr. Bubble, Mynheer Von Spieglefort appeared to have formed no definite idea of the value of money, although his notions of the worth of his old house and cabbage-patch seemed to be extravagant enough.

In short, notwithstanding that the puzzled Mr. Bubble, in his mildest and most amiable manner, offered to double the amount of purchase-money at first proposed; (for Mr. Bubble was a very influential director in a bank which *made money* a great deal faster than the mint,) yet not the slightest effect was produced upon the obdurate old Dutchman. To every thing that was said, his reply was, invariably—

"Sour krout ish goot—mine kabbitches ish goot—mine house ish goot—what for musht I sell 'em den? Ya, ya,—ich forstauns!"

Completely discomfitted, the great speculator took his leave; and it was with no very moderate degree of vexation that he informed his partners that one of their most promising and profitable enterprizes was brought to a sudden and permanent stand-still by the obstinacy of an old Dutchman with his cabbage-patch.

What was to be done?

"If you would allow me, sir," said Job Thompson, the confidential clerk of the firm, looking up from his enormous ledger, in which he seemed to be busied, "I think I could manage to dislodge the enemy, and take possession of his works. I am acquainted with several young persons in the city," continued Job, "who occasionally go on a *bender*, as they call it,—and of which I assure you I know nothing,"—

"Oh, we believe that, Job!" exclaimed Longreach and Bubble, with a laugh. "Never mind your gammon, just now—go on with the sour krout."

"Well then, sir," continued Job, "these persons of whom I spoke, are in the habit of occasionally playing their pranks upon old Von Spieglefort, who is as superstitious as a Turk, and as cowardly as an old woman. Leave him to me, gentlemen—or rather, (correcting himself with a blush,) to my wild young friends; and I promise you he will come to your own terms within the week."

"Well, Job," said Mr. Bubble; "I offered the old fellow eight thousand dollars for his whole establishment, cabbage-patch and all; and if you can frighten him into evacuating for a smaller sum, you shall have the surplus."

* * * * *

We have no disposition or time to go into a detail of all the devices by which, every night for a week following the conversation reported above, the very life and soul of old Hans Von Spieglefort, as it were, was frightened out of him. At one time, he had no sooner got comfortably

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into bed, than his ears were assailed by the most unearthly and fearful noises, as if a legion of gibbering fiends had been let loose to torment him; at another, his bed seemed to have been sown with fire, and he rolled and tumbled in agony from night until morning. In fact, the life of this peaceful and inoffensive old Dutchman had suddenly become a terror and a burden; but he still held stoutly to his cabbage-patch.

The crowning act of the tormenting devils who were set to afflict poor old Mynheer Von Spieglefort, came off on Friday night of the week of purgatory he was enduring. The night was excessively dark; and, about eleven o'clock, poor Mynheer had retired peacably to bed, and, for a wonder, had been permitted to fall asleep without any of his usual diabolical interruptions. Suddenly, however, he was aroused from "the first sweet sleep of night," as Shelley so beautifully phrases it, by a tremendous thundering at the street door, accompanied by such a noise, between a whistle and a groan, as made his hair fairly stand on end with terror. Scarcely knowing what he did, he hastily lighted his candle, and hurried to the door, where the knocking still continued, though in a singular and irregular fashion. Pulling open the door, which seemed to be withheld by some one from without, and shading the light with his hand, Mynheer Von Spieglefort looked up, and found himself face to face with what he in good sooth supposed to be the old horned devil himself.

"Ach! mein Godt!" groaned the old man, as he fell senseless on the door-step.

"Ach-phem! ach-ch-h!" was solemnly reverberated by the creature which had been transformed into the shape of "*der tuyfel*" by the unlucky Hans Von Spieglefort, as half-a-dozen graceless sparks, with Job Thompson at their head, exploded in a loud laugh, and disappeared round the corner.

That night the old man must have suffered dreadfully. He looked quite haggard and wobegone, the next day, as he sneaked into the office of Messrs. Longreach, Bubble & Co., and offered to sell his house and cabbage-patch for the price which had been offered him by Mr. Bubble. By the merest accident in the world, Job Thompson was the only person in the counting-room; and, after a score or two of falsehoods, the poor, frightened old man gladly agreed to take *two* thousand dollars for his premises, instead of *eight*, and Job closed the bargain at once, chuckling at the profits which were to go into his pockets, as the result of this most reprehensible practising upon the foolish fears of a weak old man.

Original.

HELEN GREY.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

I have often thought that a great deal of the unhappiness of married life was the result, not so much of disappointment with respect to the attributes which fancy had bestowed on the beloved object, as of a want of self knowledge, and an incapacity for adaptation to those very attributes. The man who selects the partner of his future life simply from "the desire of the eye," may find that the presence of beauty alone is not sufficient to ensure the happiness he anticipated. Yet the beauty is there,—its bloom has not faded, it is only his own heart which has learned to know itself too late. There are doubtless many who find in the intimacy of the domestic circle, how,

> "Charm by charm unwinds
> That robed their idols,"

and bitter indeed is such knowledge. But there are also many, who attain all they desire, only to find it worthless within their grasp, because they have mistaken their own capacity for its enjoyment;—many, who, whether they are conscious of it or not, bear within their worn and weary hearts, the *curse of a granted prayer*.

My schoolmate, Helen Grey, was one those sensitive and nervous creatures, to whom an extremely delicate organization of the mental and physical structure, often gives, in early life, the semblance of genius. She was a very pretty girl, fair and pale, with deep, blue, melting eyes, a soft, rosy mouth, and a slender, willowy figure. (I mention her *personnel* first, because its somewhat romantic style had no little influence upon her mental development.) From her very infancy Helen had been distinguished by tenderness of feeling, and an almost morbid sensibility. Her mother, an inveterate novel-reader, had early imparted the same taste to her child, in the belief that she was thus encouraging a love for intellectual pleasure; and at an age when others were delighting in Tom Thumb and Jack the Giant-killer, Helen was weeping over the delicate distresses of the heroines of the Minerva press—those angelic creatures in white muslin, who pen stanzas by moonlight, and sing to a sort of ubiquitous harp on all occasions.

Any one who has ever had patience to notice those little monsters called "precocious children," must have observed that their *prodigious* genius is usually little more than a vivid imagination, (and the imagination is always an active principle in children,) acted upon by great

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self-esteem, and a diseased love of approbation; aided probably by the natural advantage of a good memory. Helen Grey possessed exactly the materials out of which precocity could be manufactured; and her mother, alive only to the gratification of her vanity, sought, by every means in her power, to develope those faculties which were already disproportionately evolved. The child became a creature of sentiment long before she was capable of understanding it or of anticipating its results. She would weep herself into a fever over a new novel, while the death of a pet bird, or the withering of a favorite flower, would throw her into exstacies of grief. At school, she was at once our torment and our jest. In the glee of our merry hearts, we were always saying or doing something which agonized the exquisite feelings of Helen Grey; and our minds were, as yet too healthy in their tone, to enable us to sympathize with her ready tears. As she grew older, this false sensibility seemed rather becoming to her style of beauty; and the knowledge that her blue eyes were lovelier when swimming with unshed tears, enlisted her vanity on the side of her sentimentality. Naturally warm-hearted and affectionate, the deeper feelings which grow up in the soul of every woman as she oversteps the threshhold of girlhood, were construed into a new inspiration. She mistook the waywardness of morbid sensibility and the whisperings of half-awakened passion, for the impulses of a poetic temperament. The language of plain prose was quite inadequate to the expression of her ardent feelings, and Helen began to utter her refined feelings through the medium of verse.

There was no affectation, no insincerity in all this. Helen had been taught to believe that she was a genius; she had sedulously cultivated her sensitiveness of character, and as carefully neglected the culture of her judgment. She did not attempt to reason,—she was content to feel; but her sympathy was wasted upon fancied woes, and she had no spontaneous tenderness for suffering humanity. Her emotions always traversed a circle, the centre of which was herself, and thus the effect of her injudicious education had been to make her supremely and most refinedly selfish. Had she made this the test, how soon would she have discovered that she had no part in the inheritance of the true children of song. In the mind of the true poet, the sweet charities of life are exquisitely blended with the lofty imaginings of a higher state of being. The expanded energies of a soul which bears the impress of Heaven, have not destroyed the sympathies that bind him to his fellow men; and though his gifted spirit wings its flight to the regions of lofty thought, yet is it also content to fold its pinions beside the household hearth. But the being whose exaggerated sensibilities must be exercised only amid the refinements of human destiny;—the mind which feeds only on the Ambrosia of a fabled Olympus, finds little to satisfy its cravings amid the exigencies of daily life. The reveries of excited imagination can surround it with ideal beings, far nobler than the children of men, and bring to its diseased appetites unreal joys, compared to which the purest self sacrifices of the human heart, (and what are they but its joys?) fade into insignificance. Therefore it is, that while the truly poetic temperament is one of cheerfulness, hope, trustfulness, and lofty faith,—faith in God,—faith in human nature; the tendencies of the false and morbid fancy are to engender discontent and envy and uncharitableness.

It may readily be supposed that Helen Grey found little congeniality in the gay circles of fashionable life. Her beauty and softness of manners attracted many admirers, but her refined ideas were constantly shocked by the plain and honest wooing of the very prosaic men who ventured to seek her love. Her affectionate temper rendered her yearning for sympathy a positive heart-sickness; and her "opium dream of too much youth and reading," seemed likely to result in something more serious than poetizing. At eighteen, Helen was fragile in health, feeble in mind, and wayward in temper. The want of wholesome bodily exercise, the undue culture of one faculty at the expense of all others, and a foolish disgust for the realities of life, were sufficient causes for these pernicious effects. But no heroine of romance was ever known to be in the enjoyment of rude health, and Helen cherished all those pretty and pensive fancies about early death, which sound so very sweet from the lips of a very young and very pretty poetess. Indeed, she became an object of such especial interest to herself, in consequence of such anticipations, that it may be questioned whether she would have been willing to resign such "luxury of wo," for the most radiant gifts of health. This is a mistake, by the way, which is very common to romantic girls. They seem quite unaware that sickliness is only interesting in the eyes of very romantic and very young gentlemen,—those choice and delicate specimens of humanity who imagine that long hair, bare throats, and a supercilious contempt for the daily decencies of life constitute genius. Next

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to the possession of youth is the gift of health; and though the poet may talk of the

> "Sweetness of woman's decay.
> When the light of beauty is fading away,"

yet to a man of sense and feeling, nothing is so lovely as the glow of health on woman's cheek, the light of intelligence in her eyes, and the buoyancy of a cheerful temper in her elastic step.

Helen's increasing illness rendered a change of air necessary, and a seaside residence was ordered by her physician. But the good doctor forgot to prescribe a course of balls, parties, and frivolities, as well as to prohibit her usual regimen of sentimentality. She chose to reside in a lonely farm-house in preference to taking lodgings in a fashionable hotel; and, accordingly, accompanied by her mother, and provided with a box full of novels and romances, she sat herself down within sound of the moaning sea, not sorry to have this new addition to her many pensive associations. For a while this lonely and monotonous life was perfectly delightful to Helen, but by the time she had dilated upon the advantages of her new home to her favored correspondents, in letters of four pages, crossed with red ink, and romanticized in metre about the sky, the sea, and the sand, not forgetting the sun, moon and stars, she began to sigh for more society. Her mother, whose habit it was to pore till midnight over the last new novel, and then sleep till midday to recover from its effects, was not a very interesting companion, and Helen began to feel like the Frenchman, that though solitude was sweet, one wanted some one to share its pleasures.

Just in time to save her from the demon, Ennui, she learned that the only unoccupied apartment in the house had been taken for Professor H———, whose sight had become so impaired by close application to study, that idleness and sea-bathing could alone restore it. Here was a subject to awaken all Helen's sympathy;—an intellectual man suffering for devotion to his noble pursuits. Vague dreams of ministering to the wants of a gifted mind,—pictures of romantic scenes, in which a blind lover occupied the foreground,—now filled the imagination of Helen. Even the actual presence of the professor, a middle-aged man, with iron-grey locks, and a most unpicturesque green shade projecting from his beetling forehead, could not dissipate the pleasant fancy. Yet had she known more of the actual man, she might well have despaired of awakening sympathy in the breast of the cold, abstracted, passionless student, whose very ambition, though his ruling motive of action, was a dogged and plodding determination, rather than a high and far-reaching impulse of the soul. He had been a close and unwearied student from his boyhood, and the awkward sense of inferiority, which his deficiency in the lighter graces of life imparted, had made him always shun female society. Yet his shyness was the result of pride, not of modesty; for he heartily despised the very beings before whom he blushed, and attributed their aptness in all the amenities of life, to an inferior grade of intellect, which while it forbade them to reach after golden gifts, allowed them to pluck the wayside flowers.

But a lonely house in the country, the absence of all intellectual occupation, and the presence of a pretty and pleasing woman have converted many a sceptic to the true faith. During the many hours which the professor was compelled to pass in idleness, and almost in darkness, his only solace was found in the society of Helen. She read to him, sometimes from his own favorite volumes, sometimes from the pages of the poet, and the pleasant voice which gave new charms to abstruse disquisitions, almost reconciled him to the impassioned language of verse. His ignorance of the sex led him to believe that Helen's literary tastes were most unusual, and evinced a decided superiority to most women. Those things which were the most palpable defects in her character, seemed to him proofs of her exaltation. Her contempt for commonplace duties, her indifference to her own personal adornment, her want of considerateness to the comfort of those around her, her ignorance of all the details of life, were regarded as so many evidences of talent. The man of learning was totally unaware that in a really superior woman, the moral and intellectual qualities are perfectly balanced, and that as nothing is too high for the grasp of mind, so nothing is too humble to demand the attention of her who was sent upon earth to be a ministrant of the affections. He did not know that the considerateness which never forgets another's weal, the unselfishness which binds one in bondage to the meanest duties for another's sake, the love of order which shows itself in the adjustment of a dress, as well as in the lucid arrangement of ideas, and the wide sympathy which finds something to respect in the meanest of God's creatures, are as essential to the character of a truly noble woman, as are the gifts of mental power.

There is a moment in every man's life, when he seems to pause from his engrossing pursuits,

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—a moment when he becomes, as it were, drawn away from the objects of habitual regard, by some fortuitous circumstances, and when he can look around him with a freshened eye, and an enlarged comprehension. But in nine cases out of ten, it is just the very time when he will be led to do something so entirely contrary to his previous habits of thought, that the world will deem it the moment of madness, which Johnson asserts to form part of the destiny of all mankind. The case of Professor H——— is precisely in point.

The summer hsd passed away pleasantly. Helen had improved in health, the professor had regained the use of his eyes, and they were preparing to return to the city, when the learned student made the notable discovery that Helen was in love with him. As if to confirm his belief, he found in a book which Helen had been reading to him, the following lines, entitled:

A DAY DREAM.

We'll have a cot
Upon the banks of some meandering stream,
Whose ripple, like the murmur of a dream,
Shall be our music; roses there shall twine
Around the casement, with the jessamine,
Whose starry blossoms shine out from beneath
Their veiling leaves, like hope, and whose faint breath
Is sweet as memory's perfume. All the flowers
That Nature in her richest bounty showers,
Shall deck our home: fresh violets that, like light
And love and hope, dwell every where; the bright
And fragrant honeysuckle; while our feet
Shall press the daisy's bloom. Oh! 'twill be sweet
To sit within the porch at eventide,
And drink the breath of Heaven at thy dear side.
The sky will wear a smile unseen before,
The sun for me more genial light will pour,
Earth will give out its treasures rich and rare,
New health will come in every balmy air.
Then thou wilt ope to me great nature's book,
And nightly on the star-gemmed heavens we'll look;
Thou with the pride of knowledge wilt unfold
The mighty chart where Science is enrolled,
And gayly smile while I recount to thee
My wild and wayward flights of fantasie;
For the frail beings of my dreamy heaven
Shrink from the light by scholastic wisdom given.
Wilt thou not joy to see the vivid glow
Of my expanded mind, when I shall owe
Its treasures all to thee?
Methinks it would be grief for me to bear
E'en bliss, beloved, unless thou too might share,
But oh! were joy poured forth in such excess,
My heart would break from very happiness."

Beneath the verses was written: "Alas, for the heart which weaves such dreams and wakes to disappointment!"

Had Helen's girlish verses been judged by their intrinsic merit, she would have met with slight reward, but the Professor was like a man who has exchanged the dim but concentrated light of a student's lamp, for the glare of a girandole in a lady's drawing-room. He was dazzled, and ere he could distinguish the confused outline of the glittering objects, he had stumbled into a comfortable seat. Helen's fanciful day-dreams when translated into sober prose, seemed to mean that she would like to live in a nice brick house, and study astronomy with him. The idea was new but not disagreeable, especially as Helen could provide the house and all its accessories without encroaching much upon her really fine fortune. He thought of the matter until he had demonstrated to his own satisfaction that it would be wrong in him to break the heart of so very interesting a creature; and the result of it all was, that three weeks after their return to town, Helen Grey became Mrs. Professor H——.

No sooner were the newly married pair settled in their future home, than the husband undertook to carry out his plans for happiness. Associating his wife with him in his abstruse studies, he commenced the task of infusing into her mind the tastes and habits of thought so familiar to himself. But had Helen's mind been made of far sterner stuff,—had she been really capable of giving herself to higher pursuits, her husband's verbose and learned disquisitions would have terrified her from all participation in his philosophical researches. Yet while the dream of excited sentiment lasted, Helen was perfectly happy. She was allowed to sit beside him in his study, to search out the volumes of reference which he constantly required, to make notes for him of the particular passages which might have a bearing upon his studies; and in short, she became a sort of amanuensis. It was exactly such a fate as she had desired; she had realized one part of her day-dream; why was she not content?

So long as her husband felt a personal pleasure in her ministry, so long as he seemed to enjoy her presence, she was quite content; but when he gradually became absorbed in his studies, and instead of noticing her affectionate cares began to esteem her as a sort of literary drudge, occupying the same position with regard to him as the boy who grinds colors does to the skilful artist; then, her pride and her feelings were equally pained. Had she been a woman of more enlightened mind, Helen would have learned to look upon these things with a different eye. She would then have adapted herself to his tastes from her unselfish wish that the desire of his heart should be gratified; and if she found that ambition was indurating his heart, she would have shed the sunshine of womanly tenderness upon the fading flowers of social feeling in his bosom. But she would still have felt herself a part of him; the gentler portion of his nature would have been in her keeping, and while she would have placed no fetter on the wings of the soul, she would have woven ever fragrant and fresh rose-chains for his affections.

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"How beautiful," says Mademoiselle de Stael, "how beautiful it is to love at once with the heart and with the mind!" Methinks if there be any thing like happiness on earth it is only found in the perfect union of lofty and congenial souls, where each ministers to the other in hallowed things,—where intellect is but the high-priest of the affections. To such hearts Love wears not the semblance of the Boy-god, armed with bow and quiver; he is there an angel, robed in light, wearing on his brow a crown of purity, and shedding hues of paradise from his folded wing, while he points with uplifted hand to the realms of eternal joy, whose highest bliss is, that "we shall know as we are known."

Helen was one of those sensitive beings who must be constantly fed with the food of tenderness, or her affections perished from inanition. She wanted perpetually recurring evidences of her influence. She knew nothing of the blessedness of an assured and trusting spirit. She sought to be the constant object of especial interest with those whom she loved; and though she would have triumphed in her husband's fame, yet she could not make a single personal sacrifice to aid him in its attainment.—Her imaginative habits of mind had given her a species of artificial strength of character, which might have enabled her to perform some grand and heroic act,—something that would strike her fancy as sublime, while it would appear to others like a *coup de theâtre*. But she was utterly incapable of the numberless small sacrifices—those minor acts of self-devotedness—which to an unselfish woman are as habitual as to be unmarked. Can any thing be imagined more utterly at variance with all congeniality than the union of a cold abstracted student, who received into his mind nothing but demonstrable truths, and the restless, fanciful, morbid creature who sought to poetize the most common-place realities of life? The one all stern intellectuality, the other all exaggerated sensibility!

There are men in whom the mere animal nature predominates so entirely over the spiritual, that they are but one degree removed from the beasts that perish. There are others, so purely intellectual, that the sweetest charities of life are as a burden to their cold hearts, while the claims of their earthly nature are selfishly allowed because importunately demanded. There are again other men,—and they the most mischievous than ever were gifted by the powers of darkness,—in whom are blended the noble powers of intellect with the base passions of sensualism. But there are some,—and God be thanked for them!—in whom the intellectual is linked to the animal nature by the strong bond of geniality; men in whom the sensual is refined by the spiritual, while the spiritual is softened and humanized by a strong sense of fellowship, with all who live. There are such on earth, and few though they be, they are creatures to be revered and loved, for they teach us what human nature is when men waste not the sacred fire which burns in the inner sanctuary of their souls.

It had been Helen's lot to meet with one of those cold and selfishly intellectual persons, and it had been her error to believe that such an one could make her happy. She was a being fitted to be the pet of a strong-minded and kindly-hearted man, who would have treated her fancies but as the whims of an indulged child, while his firmer reason would have imperceptibly influenced her to better things. But she had fashioned her own scheme of happiness, she had obtained all she sought, and the result was utter disappointment. She became querulous, captious and exacting, and after a few vain attempts to understand her grievances and to soothe her discontent, the student-husband applied himself with redoubled zeal to his engrossing pursuits, glad to find such a remedy for the vague sense of discomfort which his wife's murmurs had occasioned.

A few years since, I read in an Eastern newspaper, a most laudatory notice of "A Dissertation on the Philosophy of the Egyptians, being the first volume of Professor H——'s great work entitled 'A Summary View of all systems of Philosophy, to be completed in ten folio volumes.'"

In another part of the same paper, I saw: "Died, in the twenty-seventh year of her age, Helen, wife of Professor H——!" Poor thing,—she had mistaken her own capacity for happiness, and the attrition of a cold and iron nature had worn away the purer and softer metal.

Who will be hardy enough to assert that a better constitution is not attainable than any which has hitherto appeared? Is the limit of human wisdom to be estimated, in the science of politics alone, by the extent of its present attainments? Is the most sublime and difficult of all arts—the improvement of the social order, the alleviation of the miseries of the civil condition of man—to be alone stationary, amid the rapid progress of every other art, liberal and vulgar, to perfection? Where would be the atrocious guilt of a grand experiment, to ascertain the portion of freedom and happiness that can be created by political institutions?

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Original.

THE RAIN-DROP.

BY MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

How like a gentle spirit's kiss of love,
The pearl-hued rain-drop to the thirsting flower,
When noon-tide heats have parched the floral grove,
And crisped the stateliest sovereigns of the bower,
New life inhaled, their cloistered perfumes rise
On evening zephyrs to the wooing skies.

The queen of the bright parterre, the proud rose,
Unfolds to drink the shower her blush-like lips,
And the gay dahlias all their hues disclose,
As each the tribute of the rain-cloud sips:
Along their petals pours the blessed stream,
And in return, with lovelier light they gleam.

The unmurmuring violet, that through the day
Has sought the fickle shade of the parched plain,
And the poor lily, at whose heart decay
Throughout the weary day has ruthless lain,
Lift their bowed folds with gratitude and pride,
Their hues once more to heaven's own blue allied.

And when its breeze-borne sound in music roves,
'Mong cottage homes, and laves their rustic eaves,
How like a voice of childhood's early loves,
To manly heart where wo its dark tide heaves;
Thoughts of the past start forth in fair array,
And for a time drive present cares away.

And to the pillow, where the sufferer's head
Burns 'neath the feverish finger of disease,
The rain-drop's cooling influence is sped,
Upon the wing of the health-bearing breeze:
Its moisture glides along the pain-racked brow,
And through the veins warm tides of healing flow.

I do remember me a vigil sad,
Held by the side of one whose feverish eye
Was with the dread and wild expression clad,
That told to all who saw it, she must die.
To her parched brow the balmless dew-damps clung,
From the dark pinion of the Conquerer flung.

Through the dull watches of an August day—
Its dawn's hot omens, and noon's fervid power—
Awearied on her pain-strewn couch she lay,
Noting the slow flight of the laggard hours:
Yet uncomplainingly, for well she knew
Her soul even then to its deliverance drew.

But with the gloaming of the coming even,
A sweet south breeze the flowers' bent foliage stirred,
And from the guest-clouds of the darkening heaven,
The sound of rain-drops in their glee was heard:
They chased each other down the shingly eaves,
And made fair music 'mong the forest leaves.

Oh, how I blest their coming, as the moan
Of the death-stricken girl its anguish lost,
And o'er her fair, clear brow—the grave-damps gone—
Her raven locks were by the zephyr tost!
I stooped to smooth them, noticing the while,
The angel radiance of her soul-fraught smile.

She died! it seemed as if the rain-drop came,
The messenger of HIM, whose love is given
To those who know and praise His holy name,—
To whom the blest inheritance of Heaven.
The world may hold me weak, but since that hour,
The rain-drop hath a sad, yet wayward power.

Original.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY AND VIRTUES OF LA FAYETTE.

BY THE LATE SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

WHAT is *true* GREATNESS?—In the Eternal Mind
'Tis Wisdom, Love, and Potency combined;
In *man*, HIS image, it is truth in thought,
Embrac'd, belov'd, and into *action* brought:
In one bright spirit *all* these virtues met,
And bless'd the world with glorious LA FAYETTE;
Whose feelings, thoughts, and acts united, ran
To one grand point,—*the happiness of man.*
No blemish stained the escutcheon which *he* bore;
If he lov'd *glory*—he lov'd *virtue* more;
Heir to a splendid name, rank, title, power
And princely fortune—from the Elysian bower
Of youthful wedlock, which an Eden bloom'd
By breath of angel-tenderness perfumed,
He tore himself away—at FREEDOM's call,
In FREEDOM's cause resolv'd to stand or fall.
From a voluptuous court, where all caress'd,
He flew to join her votaries in the *West*;
Here, with a stripling's arm, he bared the blade,
The drooping cause of LIBERTY to aid;
Resolv'd for GLORY's dazzling goal to run,
And share the prize with none but WASHINGTON!

Was *this* not GREATNESS? Triumph or defeat—
The furious onset—masterly retreat—
Skill—Courage—Patience—Conduct, and Address—
Yet great in *all*—till crown'd with bright success,
He saw our Country FREE; with laurell'd brow
Beheld her God-like CHIEF resume the plough;
Then sought his much lov'd native land again,
To brand the fiend, Oppression, in its den,
Bearing a torch from FREEDOM's blazing shrine,
Which lights the WORLD, and will *for ever* shine.

Whether beheld in Victory's brightest hour,
Or as a fugitive from lawless power;
In the dark cells of Olmutz, crush'd with chains,
Still not a spot his laurel-chaplet stains.
Free'd by NAPOLEON's arm—e'en *Gratitude*
His love of Truth and Virtue ne'er subdued.
With manly pride he princely honors spurned,
And to his fireside—lov'd LA GRANGE—return'd.
Was GREATNESS *his*, whom cuts'd Ambition fir'd
To mount a throne—or LA FAYETTE's, retired?

But time roll'd on.—The HERO came once more.
And millions hail'd him "Welcome to our shore!"
That was a triumph "meet for Gods to view,
And men like Gods,"—what *monarchs* never knew.
But oh! the *moral* grandeur of that hour,

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When introduced beneath our Senate's dome,
That solemn conclave hail'd him "*Welcome home!*"
Leaves human language destitute of power
To do it justice.—It was more sublime
Than any scene upon the page of Time!

And when he saw the Sages of the land
Convened to place in one deserving hand
The reins of Power, the Car of State to guide
In peace or war, whatever fate betide;
A Chief install'd without the vain parade
Which dazzles vassals, when their *kings* are made:—
Fired with the *moral grandeur* of the scene,
With tear-drops gushing from an eye serene,
He saw—he heard—and, with high-throbbing breast
Prounounced COLUMBIA's sons supremely blest.

But lo! in FRANCE Oppression reigns again,
And LA FAYETTE, at three-score years and ten,
Plucks from the BOURBON brow the jewell'd crown;
While the weak Despot, shrinking from his frown,
Yields *him* the sceptre, flying in disgrace—
The last, the worst of that degenerate race!—

Millions of hearts, and hands, and voices, now
Had plac'd upon the PATRIOT's silvery brow
That dazzling diadem—but he was *yet*
GREATER than *monarchs*—he was LA FAYETTE!
On younger brows he plac'd the glittering *thing*
And swore allegiance to the new-made King:
This was *true* GREATNESS—for this act surpass'd
The loftiest stretch of thought—*it was the last*—
And it approach'd so near the Heavenly goal,
Earth could no longer hold so pure a soul;
But fill'd with Virtue, Wisdom, Truth and Love,
'Twas call'd to wear a Diadem *above*.
We mourn him not on this august occasion—
We celebrate his HEAVENLY CORONATION!

Original.

THE OWL.

BY ANNA MARIA HIRST.

WHEN twilight fades, and evening falls
Alike o'er tree and tower,
And Silence, like a maiden, walks
Around each slumbering bower—
When fragrant flowrets fold their leaves,
And all is still in sleep,
The horned owl, on moon-lit wing,
Flies from the donjon keep.

And he calls aloud, "tu-whit, tu-whoo!"
And the nightingale is still,
And the pattering step of the hurrying hare
Is hushed upon the hill;
And he crouches low in the dewy grass,
As the lord of the night goes by
Not with a loudly whirring wing,
But like a lady's sigh.

About the wood the owlet floats,
Like the breath of the evening wind;
But scattering fear and leaving a tear
Of blood on the leaves behind—
Up through the oak-tree's leafy crown,
He seeks his slumbering prey,
Or, dimly, down through the tangled dell,
He, ghost-like, glides away.

But an honest bird's the hated owl,
Though many a heart he chills,
And many an innocent breath with dread,
His midnight music thrills!
In russet garbed, he lives his life,
With never the thought of change,
So long as he has the leafy wood
And the briery brake to range.

Original.

LIGEIA.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

A VISION nightly visits me,
(A vision such as poets see
Of earth yet ideality!)
With face of melody, and eye
Most musical with glances,
And lips that breathe a gentle murmur,
Like sighing winds at birth of summer,
Whose song the ear entrances;
And voice that has a silver tone,
Such as we fancy seraphs own,
Solemn and deep, but lingering sweet,
In all for one so lovely meet.
Would one like me
Might ever be
The mate to so much melody:
But vain my dream, so, sadfully,
I tune my lyre, and sing
A low and weird and wailing strain,
The mourning of a heart again
Her glance hath given to utter pain—
Pain past imagining!
While from that heart, (sad sepulchre!)
Ever yearning silently,
Wild hopes look up in love to her,
Who knoweth not they be,
Like shells that look up to the stars
From neath the sleeping sea.

Sweet spirit! is it crime to love,
As one would love the stars above?
A star thou seemest to me!
And as my soul from out its shell,
Looks up through Misery's waves that well
Above it fitfully,
And sees thy glorious eyes outshine
Those orbs, it feels it must resign
All hope of love from thee;
For cold as is their light, thy smile
Falleth upon me all the while—
Thou dreamest not of me!

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Original.

DESERTED EDEN.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

A SOLEMN voice, at cool of day,
In Eden's garden-shade,—
The Maker walking 'mid his works—
But none an answer made.

A rustling of ethereal wings,—
A gleam of radiant vest,—
And hovering forms of light, that deign'd,
To be a mortal guest.

Rich gifts they bare—the dews of love
That heal the spirit-wound,—
The seed of happy, holy dreams,
To sprinkle all around;—

The fragrant fruits that near the Throne
In blest luxuriance wave,—
Yet tears upon those treasures fell,
For none a welcome gave.

No prayer arose.—The wondering birds
Witheld their wonted lays,—
For no sweet tone responsive rang,—
No carol'd hymn of praise.

The cool, clear lake, where Eve at first,—
Her mirror'd brow survey'd
Reflected now the threatening cloud,—
And trembled at its shade;—

The vines unclasp'd, the reptile fang
Pierc'd deep the tender flower,—
And noisome weeds exulting sprang
Where rose the nuptial bower.

The lion, who with gentle heart
Had roam'd the verdant path,
Now turned upon the startled kid,—
An eye of burning wrath;—

The crested serpent wound his way
In glittering green and gold,—
The fearful curse, not fully felt
That o'er his head had roll'd.

A thunder-sound!—The warring winds
A deafening clamor kept,—
And the first storm o'er Eden's breast
In awful vengeance swept.

Then low the terror-stricken plants
Bow'd down in sudden dread,—
And felt that Eden's soul of peace
With innocence had fled.

O'er crashing trees, and frighted floods
Rushed on the whelming blast,—
No bow of mercy on the skies,
Announced God's wrath was past.

But from their arch, a sheeted flame,
The lightning's reddest ire,—
In strange and dire suspension hung
A sword of living fire;—

And fixing at the fated gate
In flashing vengeful guise,—
For ever barr'd the foot of sin,
From forfeit Paradise.

Man was not there to mark the woes
His rebel hand had wrought,—
The smitten earth,—the angel's tear,—
The cloud with anger fraught,—

For forth had gone the exil'd pair
To take their lot of wo,—
And earn their bread 'mid toil and care,—
Where thorns and thistles grow.

Original.

THE ARTIST BY THE DEAD.

WRITTEN ON SEEING A PAINTER ATTEMPTING THE LIKENESS OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY IN HER COFFIN.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

OH, pure and beautiful!—
"*There's rest in Heaven;*"
I read this language on thy chisel'd brow,
And thy pale lip, although it breathe no sound.

Be faithful, Artist! Thou hast seen the smile
Of gentle friendship, that so oft would play
Changeful and soft, around those features fair:—
Heaven guide thy pencil to preserve that trace
For weeping love!

Hast seen the holy light
Which from those eyes would beam, when in some hour
Of suffering meekly borne, she spake to those
With whom her heart-strings twined, of perfect truth
In the divine Redeemer?—

'Twere not strange,
If earthly hues, should fail to catch that thought
Which had its birth in heaven,—and hath gone back
Thither again lock'd in an angel's breast.

Ask not too much of man—oh, ye who mourn
The early dead, as if his tints might reach
Ethereal portraiture, but by her gleam
Of blest example, treasured in your souls
Like vestal-flame,—walk onward till ye touch
Her seraph-lip,—where sorrow comes no more.

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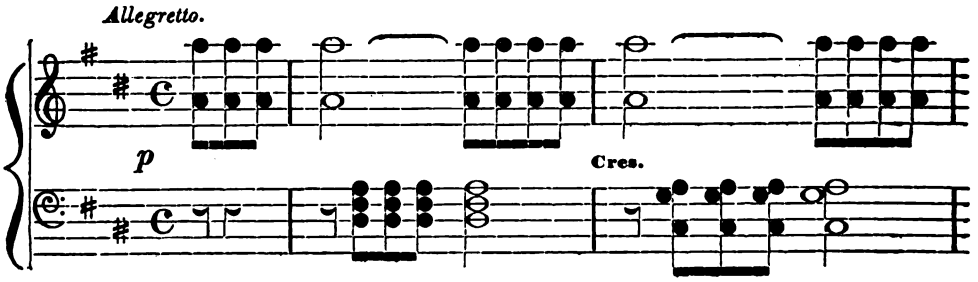
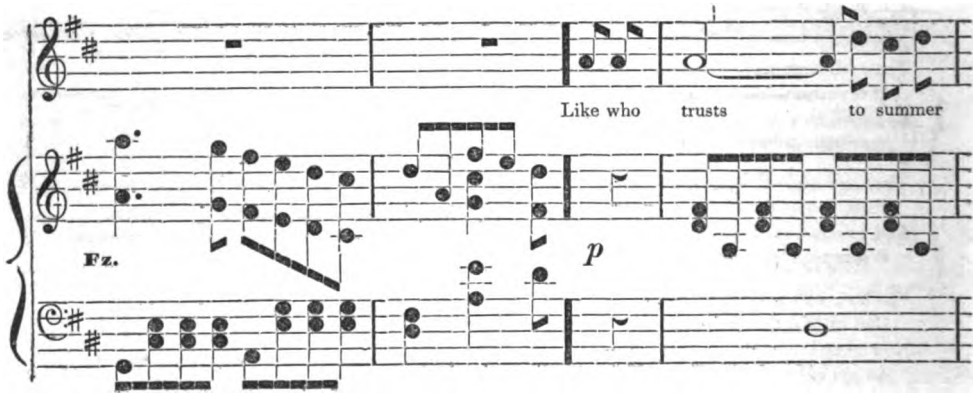
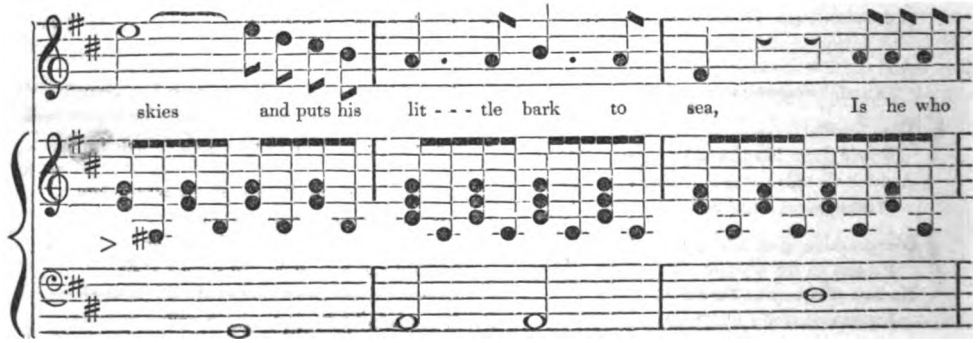
LIKE WHO TRUSTS TO SUMMER SKIES.

COMPOSED BY GRATTAN COOKE.







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lur'd by smiling eyes, consigns his simple heart to thee; For

fic - - - kle is the summer wind, and sad - - - - ly may the bark be

tost, For thou are sure to change thy mind, and then the

Rallo. Tempo.

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wretch - ed heart is lost, For thou art sure to change thy

mind, and then the wretch - ed heart is lost.

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EDITORS' TABLE.

THE SEASON.—Well! the holiday campaign is fairly over; and, although we, (the gentler sex,) have some of our very stoutest and bravest hearts chronicled as "lost or missing," yet even our haughty antitheses must confess that we have at least come off with *flying colors*; and if we have lost some hearts, they, (if their own *declarations* are to be believed,) are in still worse plight, and have been forced to sue for an exchange of prisoners, according to the rules and regulations of the high court of love and honor! Having done all that was befitting to assert our valor and independence, candor [!] compels us to acknowledge the gallant bearing of the other sex—and we cheerfully yield to the arms of antagonists so generous and unexacting. May peace be between us!

Perhaps a more brillant and delightful season of rational enjoyment than the one just faded never illuminated our gay metropolis. The beautiful custom of the Knickerbockers of making an universal gala-day on the first of every year, and reuniting the broken or severed links of social intercourse, along which the electricity of friendship is once more taught to sparkle, has been observed to the full; and thousands of pleasant acquaintanceships, almost forgotten from disuse, have been delightfully and permanently renewed. As Sancho Panza said of sleep, so say we, in regard to our annual jubilee: "Blessings on his head who invented New-Year's!"

NOVEL LITERARY ENTERPRIZE.—We understand that there is a plan on foot amongst several of the choicest wits, critics and poets of the metropolis, of a very novel character. We have obtained what little we know of it, almost by accident; and we are only at liberty to say that the new paper is intended to be the exact opposite of every thing at present emanating from the periodical press. It is to contain no horrible accidents, no details of police doings, no chronicle of crime,—in short, no *news*; and, instead of advertising and puffing itself into notice, the enterprize is to be sedulously kept from the prying eyes of vulgar curiosity, and will commence under the special auspices of the favored few—the *élite*—to whom the plan has been confided. Its price, too, instead of being seductingly cheap, is to be forbiddingly dear; so that, depending upon neither the favor nor the patronage of the public at large, it will probably contain some of the most finished and high-toned criticism extant.—But we have, we fear, already said more of the project than will be pleasing to its aristocratic progenitors; and we must beg to be excused for any slight breach of confidence, on the ground of our anxiety to keep our lady readers advised of the movements of the exclusives of the literary world. The new journal is to be called "The Exclusive," we believe.

COLE'S PICTURES.—These remarkable works of genius, which have been for several weeks exhibited to the New-York public, have attracted very general observation and comment, amongst connoisseurs. Few pictures have given rise to more contradictory criticism; and, not professing to be adepts in matters relating to the pencil and palette, we shall content ourselves by simply expressing the abstract pleasure which these pictures have occasioned us, and leave all critical questions relating to them to be settled by our readers, according to their own taste and judgment.

MADAME NECKAR DE SAUSSURE'S "WOMAN."—An efficient translation of this philosophical and deeply interesting work—so justly popular wherever the French is read or spoken—we have long considered a *desideratum*. It has at length, we are happy to announce, been accomplished, and accomplished well, in a beautiful volume just issued, and which is published by Lea & Blanchard. The motto of Madame de Saussure is the celebrated passage from the great De Staël—"Cette vie n'a quelque prix que si elle sert à l'éducation morale de notre cœur." Most ably has the great and beautiful problem of woman's life and destiny on earth been treated by this philosophic French woman; and the world—the female world, more especially—indeed owes her much.

BENJAMIN WEST'S PAINTING OF THE ANNUNCIATION.—We were indebted to the politeness of a friend, a few days since, for a sight of this celebrated picture, which was given to an ungrateful church, by the great painter, and by it *turned out of doors*, on account of some fancied tendency to Catholicism in its design and execution. After this, it slumbered amid dust and rubbish for upwards of *twenty years*, when it was purchased at auction for ten pounds, and brought to this country—with the design, as we understand, of exhibiting it to our citizens.—We believe there can be no doubt of the genuineness of the picture; as, in addition to what is known of its history, it possesses intrinsic evidence of having emanated from the brain and brush of the great painter. Our examination of it was not sufficient to enable us to speak of its merits or defects in detail; and we intend to avail our selves of the opportunity to give it a thorough review, which will enable us to comment upon it as it deserves. We can only say that the picture has great and striking beauties, as well as flagrant and glaring faults. Its design is bold, original and successful—and a thrilling awe seems to be diffused around it, which hushes the soul to deepest admiration.

THE LECTURE SYSTEM.—We are pained to learn that the lecture system flags this winter—whether from want of public interest, or lack of capacity in the lecturers, we shall not undertake to determine. It may be safely inferred, however, that the system has become too sensibly encumbered with humbug, quackery and pretension, to gain credit with the public, even for its real merits. The public is a restless, uneasy and suspicious animal; and if he think he has been once imposed on, it takes a great deal of care and coaxing to restore him to good nature. Too much lecturing has, in good sooth, lectured the system to death; and we know not what direction the universal desire for knowledge will next assume.

We are sincerely sorry to witness the neglect of the lectures this winter—because we believe they are, in general, more than usually interesting and instructive. But it is entirely useless to attempt reviving the dead ashes of a gone-out excitement. Public excitement is the true Proteus;—and, until our unaccountable insanity for the monstrous exaggerations and horrible atrocities of Eugene Sue, Ainsworth, Dickens, and their disciples, whether writers of books or police reports, be fairly passed over, we may as well rest quietly, watching the turbid and muddy current as it rolls away, and watching the skies for better days.

O. A. BROWNSON.—This very powerful and remarkable writer—whose recent contributions to the Democratic Review occasioned so much uneasiness to its proprietors, readers and party—has commenced the publication of a Quarterly, in Boston, which is emphatically "all his own," and in which he gives full scope to the startling thoughts and doctrines with which his powerful mind is so deeply imbued. His style approaches that of Carlyle, more than any other living writer, although it is clearer, more perspicuous and more accurate in its construction. He has an unbounded command of language, and his erudition is so varied and profound as to keep his pen perpetually overflowing with every form of rhetorical beauty. His page is in short, a kind of intellectual panorama, swiftly passing; and one has need of his sharpest faculties, if he would not bewilder himself in the labarynthine mazes every where spread around.

The Review established by this eccentric and brilliant theorist ought to be read by all strong-minded, deep-thinking men, and by none others. It is too strong for young heads or unskilled mental appetites.

M'CULLOCH'S GAZETTEER.—The Harpers have just published the sixth part of this very valuable and popular work—now too well known to need further notice or remark. The Harpers have fairly succeeded in taking advantage of the "shilling literature" mania, and in turning it to good and healthful account.

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MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVED PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.—The portrait of Washington, in mezzotint, recently published by the proprietors of "The Albion," is perhaps the finest engraving ever issued in the city. The noble and benevolent expression of the features—the grand and majestic contour of the form—the dignity of the position—all combine to perfect one of the most impressive efforts of art we have ever examined. The publishers of the Albion deserve the greatest praise for the care and expense employed in gratifying their numerous readers. We are glad to learn that their paper is as popular as ever.

HARPERS' ILLUMINATED BIBLE.—Quite the most magnificent enterprize in the way of book-publishing ever attempted in this country is the new illuminated Bible of the Messrs. Harpers. For several months preceding its appearance a great deal of speculation and curiosity existed, and many fears were expressed that the work would be a failure. So far as the first number is concerned, this is certainly not the case—although there are two or three of the engravings which have already proved objectionable to several ministers, who have published, in one instance, a formal protest against the work. There is, truly, something in the idea of thus bedecking the Holy Scriptures with the trappings and adornments of the fine arts, which would seem to underrate the intrinsic attractions of the book itself, and to detract somewhat from that grand and sublime simplicity which the heart regards as the great characteristic of holiness and inspiration.

To leave these controversies, however, to casuists, we must express our admiration at most of the engravings in the present number; and if the others equal these, the work cannot be considered a failure. The style of the whole work, however, is eminently *ad captandum*, and seduces from the judgment of the senses a verdict in its favor, ere the graver and keener faculties have passed upon it. There is, on a careful reexamination of the work, nothing lofty, sublime, thrilling—nothing that approaches the realization of one's own thought-pictures in reading the sacred page—to be discerned. On the contrary, the attempts at the sublime are regular failures—so far, at least, as the point of sublimity is aimed at. The drawing and design of the pictures are unexceptionable; and the engraving has been executed with remarkable fidelity, if not absolute power. To the charge of indelicacy in the choice or treatment of subjects, we do not agree: but that there is great lack of strength, vigor and *worthiness* of conception in the plates, all must admit. Compare, for one moment, the "Deluge," in this edition, with Martin's sublime and almost terrible picture; or shudder at the idea of *the Creator's foot and hand* seen through the clouds in a wood-cut, as He "moved upon the face of the waters!"

But we have little room for criticism, and must conclude our notice by referring to the remarkable beauty, clearness and brilliancy of the typography. In this department the work is entirely unexceptionable and faultless.

We learn that the first numbers have met with a great and profitable sale; and we are happy to know that Messrs. Adams and Chapman, the artists, are to be recompensed for their long and arduous labors.

BENTHAMIANA.—Lea and Blanchard have published a large and well edited volume of "short extracts from the works of Jeremy Bentham," with an outline of his opinions on the principal subjects discussed in his works. The editor of this valuable compilation is John Hill Burton, Esq.

Bentham was one of the most eccentric yet most amiable, most celebrated yet most strictly *unknown*, genius of his generation—which, by the way, can scarcely be said to have passed away, while liveth our own true and faithful John Neal. The works of Bentham, deserve a rank above Fourrier, and a place side by side with the political economy of Bacon and Plato. The present volume should to be extensively read.

NEAL'S HISTORY OF THE PURITANS.—The first part of a cheap and very elegant edition of this interesting work,—embellished with a portrait on steel, of the Rev. John Wiclif,—has made its welcome appearance. Perhaps in the history of the world there is not a class of men who stand more boldly out from their contemporaries, or around whose memories so much of high romance, stern self-devotion and unbending perseverance mingles, as the Puritans. They are justly regarded as the germ of this great and magnificent empire—for, most of the enterprize, hardy toil, endurance and perseverance that have made us what we are, come to us by legitimate inheritance from our Puritan forefathers. Their history is an uninterrupted series of struggles with hard fortune, oppression and tyranny, and moral triumphs over all the unheard-of obstacles which lay thickly strewn in their untried way. The record of these trials and conquests—treated, as it is in the work before us, with a master-hand—cannot fail of proving instructive and elevating; and we recommend the work to an universal circulation.

WORKS OF HANNAH MORE.—The Harpers are doing good service to the cause of popular intelligence by their republication of the works of this great and good writer—one of the noblest ornaments to her sex and to humanity, whom the world has ever seen. We have too long neglected to inform our readers of the existence of this neatly-printed and cheap publication, thus far entirely from accident; and we hope they will not delay providing themselves forthwith. No library can be considered at all complete without it.

By the way, why will not the Harpers give us a cheap and uniform edition of the historical and philosophical works of Madame de Staël?—one of the greatest *thinkers* who ever wrote, and of whose works there is absolutely *no* American edition extant. Our edition, (in English, and a splendid translation,) of her "French Revolution," and "Germany," cost twenty-four dollars, or four dollars a volume; and we have not the slightest doubt that a cheap edition, got up in the Harpers' own inimitable way, would meet with the most signal success.

WILLIS' POEMS.—The third "extra" from the Mirror establishment, containing the dashing and elegant poem of English high life, entitled, "Lady Jane," and several others, in the author's happiest vein, is published. The only objection we have to these publications is that they are too cheap.

THE FASHIONS.—Our plate of fashions for the present month has been prepared with great care, and may be strictly relied upon. It is regarded as one of the finest fashion-plates ever got out in this country. Some wiseacres have latterly undertaken to say smart things about fashion-plates, and to talk about "distortions," etc. Now do these people suppose that women are totally destitute of sense, and are therefore unable to see that the fashion-plates are *not* intended as models of *form*, but are only meant to display the make and material of the dress to the best advantage? For our own part, although as much opposed to extravagance as any one, yet we are the warm advocates of *good taste;* and we believe the gentlemen will bear us out in saying that a lady appears much more agreeable and interesting in a calico-dress, neatly and tastefully made, than even in a velvet robe, badly selected or awkwardly adjusted. It is this indescribable charm of appropriateness, both in configuration and color—as well as the adaptation of dress to time, place, and circumstance—which constitutes the true secret of dressing well. Those who sigh for gorgeous fabrics or ill-assorted and gaudy colors, are not, whatever may be their ostensible position in life, the *truly* fashionable and genteel. Boorishness—nay, even barbarism itself—often seeks to appear in lively and flaunting colors and fantastic shapes; but the true in-bred gentility is that which looks only to the general effect, and sedulously endeavors to keep subdued the comparatively unimportant matters of color and costume.

The present season has already beheld the death of an almost insane rage—brief as it was preposterous—for gaudy colors and striking contrasts in female dress; although we regret to add that the other sex still adhere to a too fiery and military display of colors; and we sometimes cannot help wishing that some of our perfumed exquisites should be able to in-*vest* in brains some portion of that dazzling brilliancy which their tailors have succeeded in imparting to their glaring exterior. But "something too much of this!"

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The Latest Paris Fashions for March 1844

THE EMERALD.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

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THE PORTRAIT.

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THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, MARCH, 1844.

THE PORTRAIT.

BY G. G. FOSTER.

Ah, gay and brilliant Lady Isabel! The sharp fingers of "the Comforter" have been busy with that round and elastic cheek, since last, in the wild and crazy exuberance of boyish friendship, I hallowed it with my kiss! The silent-falling flakes of that great snow-storm which buries, year by year, our bright and joyous hopes, and whose westward-sloping drift is now gilded by thy beauty's sunset smile, have encumbered, perhaps, a little, the rich and ombre shadows of thy clustering hair. But that is nothing, dear and loved Lady Isabel! The warm light of feeling still beams deep and placid from those holy eyes in which I first read of Heaven; and there is a pure, cool moisture in thy yet velvet palm that speaks of the fountain of noble thoughts and affections still welling within thy bosom. There is to me a tender sacredness about every thing hallowed by my youth's involuntarily and indiscriminate enthusiasm, even were it worthless; but to thee, oh, dear, lady! belongs the vague, sweet, undefined, evanescent yet never vanishing worship which my untutored, untamed heart first paid to the Beautiful, whose fair image lies still enshrined in thee. Accept, then, Isabel, the homage of a heart grown old, withered, perhaps tainted in many things by the rude contact of the world; yet faithful and pure to thee, and to the early and lofty aspirations for great achievements which the heart-caress of thy young and smiling eye inspired me withal, in the vanished years of youth!

And now, after many weary, weary years, like two parted streams wandering amid desert wastes, we meet again. Hereafter, then, let our lives flow on in deep and placid love together. The chafing and shallow torrents which brawled along under banks of overhanging flowers, or stopped to chide with the shining pebbles in their bosom, have subsided into a broad and smooth-flowing stream, ample and deep enough to bear our barque, however freighted with broken hopes and sad disasters, safely to its destined haven. I love to gaze on such a pure, calm, passionless brow as thine. The painter is worthy of his glorious art; for he has caught the very tone and aspect of those exquisite features, and has even transfixed to view that indescribable and lovely shadow of romance which lingers around thy every attitude and motion. Fair Lady Isabel, welcome to my heart again! Others may be, perhaps, brighter and more dazzling in their loveliness, but in thee I behold the immaculate presence of that great and true soul whose love survives the touch of time, and beams holiest and strongest amid the deep shadows which settle around our footsteps as we tread wearily along the thorny pathway of life.

Original.

THE SUICIDE.

A thousand leagues from home!
And oh! a thousand melancholy days
Still throw their shadows o'er my path of gloom,
And darkly show my *only* home—the tomb—
Glimmering 'mid faint, inhospitable rays.
For me will blaze no more
The cheerful faggot on my father's hearth—
No mother's hand my pillow will smooth o'er,
Nor sisters' voices greet me at the door,
Filling my heart with love, and joy, and mirth.
From me have passed away
All natural showers that nourish up the soul,
And fill the garden of the heart, and play
With many-colored rainbows, in the spray
Of love's sweet springs, which gush beyond control.
No more upon my ear
The voice of friend or lover falls, to soothe
The burning fever raging madly *here*—
Nor look nor smile from any face to cheer
The rugged path which love would all make smooth.
Alas, alas! how weak
And helpless is *one* heart alone! how die
Our giant energies, when we but wreak
Them reckless for ourselves, with none to speak—
To cheer us as the weary hours drag by!
Away! I will not live
To be a solitary column 'mid
The ruins of Hope's temple—or to give
Malice a mark to shoot at. I forgive
All, that of all I may at once be rid.
'Tis better far to die
Thus, where there are but strangers' eyes to mock,
And strangers' hands to minister unto death
His dreary offices. 'Tis but a breath
Lost 'mid the untold vapors in the sky.
Farewell! if still there be
Bosom to thrill or mourn for my dark fate!
Peace, world that hast denied it me! I see
In the dim shadows, spectres beckoning me—
I come! Grim fiends, unbar your welcome gate!

EPHEMERON.

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Original.

AN ENGLISHMAN IN AMERICA;

OR, AN OLD MAN'S STORY.*

"Not hoary hairs nor forty years,
Nor moments between sighs and tears;
Can make my thoughts or fancy flee
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee."
Cunningham

"You will remember my saying I intended to visit New-York to look into my business affairs, once a week during my country sojourn. This had been my intention, but strange to say, I allowed month after month to pass away without ever once doing so. It was strange and unaccountable why I did not go; but, a mysterious and undefinable feeling of dread of something, I knew not what, withheld me. The consequences of such neglect I was soon made to feel; for scarcely had we got fairly settled and the arrival of Mr. St. Aubyn and his beautiful and accomplished wife been duly emblazoned forth in all the public papers of the day, than my trusted and hitherto eligible partner absconded with every cent of our mutual property, converted into cash before and during my absence; which was indeed very considerable. The first intelligence I received of this awful defalcation, almost maddened me—though I resolved not to believe it, on second thoughts, when I became a little more calm;—imagining he might have gone out of town for a few days. So I determined to hope against hope,—for alas, my bankers' answer to my application as to the state of my funds, was plain and conclusive: there was nothing in their hands to my credit: my partner had drawn it all out some weeks before.

Still however, I concealed my worst fears from every one, and bore up with a fortitude surprizing even to myself. Rivers continued still the intimate of our house; and being rich, should things come to the worst, I consoled myself with believing I could obtain any assistance I desired from him. He was very anxious in his inquiries after Simpkins, my partner, but never once encouraged my hopes, as to his proving ultimately innocent of the charge alleged against him. Alas, if he did not, I was worse than ruined; for with my beggary, the debts on the business, being enormous, I knew must devolve on me for liquidation;—and that every thing I possessed in the world must be sacrificed ere I could attempt any thing for the future.

The aspect of Augusta, however, was very consoling; she seldom inquired any thing on the subject, and her manner was if possible kinder than ever. This was very encouraging, and my heart clung to her with redoubled tenderness.

Three, four, and five months, rolled away in this suspense; at length my worst fears were confirmed beyond a doubt, and I confided to my adored wife my woful situation: I stood a beggar in the world. But so great was my affection, that with her I thought I could bear all—concluding by telling her what my plans were for the future, and my hopes from the friendship of Rivers. Edward, the eyes of affection are very quick. I thought I saw her countenance fall as I uttered this. But of course my heart refused to believe it.

"The next day I spoke to Rivers on the subject; told him my hopes of Simpkins' return were all over; that it was necessary to better myself in some way, in order to reöpen my warehouse, and asked him to lend me a few thousand dollars to begin with.

"His countenance, before bright and smiling, till I came to the loan part of my discourse, became instantly clouded and stern. 'This bodes no good,' thought I. 'However, I will not believe so far in the faithlessness of my species as to doubt the friendship he has so long ardently expressed for me. His feelings for Augusta too, will, I make no doubt, influence him, for he has seemed long to regard her in the light of a beloved sister; and if I am not assisted, he knows she must immediately be plunged in poverty—almost beggary.'

"Thus I soliloquized, while waiting his answer;—but judge my surprize, for describe it I cannot, when he answered me shortly, that he had no ready money to spare in any way. And as to lending, he said with a coolness that could alone have emanated from a heart dead to all the feelings of humanity,—and almost exasperated me to strike him dead at my feet—he never had committed that greatest of all follies, nor never would; 'For,' said he, drawing up his collar with the most consummate sang froid, 'it only makes a man,—enemies!'

"I listened, though I scarcely know how, to this reply to my request, from a man, who a few weeks before, I would have trusted my life with; ay, and staked it too, on the sincerity of his tested friendship, such was the intimate confidence I placed in that man. Poor deluded being that I was.

"This rejection, to complete its poignancy, took place in my own house; and in the height of the fury that burned within me, it occurred to me to desire him instantly to leave it. But I

* Concluded from page 189.

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restrained myself and flew from a presence that completely maddened me.

"Scarcely knowing what I did, I called a hack and jumping into it desired the man to drive me whithersoever he listed. 'Where?' said he, in answer to my words, which he either heard not or did not understand.

"'To Beauchamp,' said I, the name of my country seat. The stupid blockhead had this also to be explained, and at the close of the day I found myself once more an inmate of what I had a few months before, named my Earthly Paradise. But how changed it seemed as I now entered it! The Doleful would have far better expressed the forlorness of its aspect, and its wretched associations. The furniture still remained as before, and I resolved to stay there till I could collect my mind in such a way as to be able to resolve on something definite for the future.

"I could not enumerate the number of schemes that presented themselves to my troubled brain; nor shall I tire you with a description of them; suffice it to say that the second day after my arrival reached its close and found me still as undecided as when I entered it, as to any positive determination. And I was beginning to think of returning lest Augusta should become alarmed at my absence, when on looking toward the entrance-gate, I beheld, or thought I beheld, amid the deepening gloom of evening, a man on horseback trying to open it.

"'This is Rivers, doubtless,' said I to myself, 'come to offer me the loan I requested. Poor fellow, no doubt he felt sorry after I had parted with him at refusing me; and has sought me out to make up the first breach that was ever made in our hitherto faithful and uninterrupted friendship of five years standing. And I hastened out to meet him—creeping behind the shrubbery to give him a surprize.

"The horseman rode up to the door and dismounted, without having perceived my covert watchings as he did so, from behind the bushes; and great was my surprize to find myself mistaken in my man. It was not Rivers, but my valet Bryant. Ay, Edward," seeing his nephew's astonishment, "the same Bryant that attends me now; I brought him with me from England, he was the son of my father's butler, and discovered such an attachment to me, that I resolved, while his conduct proved honorable and praiseworthy, never to part with him. Yes, it was him I found, and I hastened to him—to make inquiries of home, particularly of course, for Augusta, imagining her anxiety had sent him in quest of me.

"As I approached him, I discovered he looked unusually sorrowful. That I thought natural, considering my then state of affairs. So rallying myself, I exclaimed in as unconcerned a tone as I could assume, 'Well, Bryant, how is Mrs. St. Aubyn? and what brings you here?'

"'I have brought a letter, sir,' was his laconic reply.

"'From Augusta, I suppose; nothing the matter, I hope?' I responded.

"Bryant made no answer, but seemed occupied in searching for the letter.

"'Bryant,' said I impatiently, 'you will provoke me beyond endurance, unless you are more explicit. Tell me at once, how Mrs. St. Aubyn is?'

"'I believe her health is good, sir,' was his evasive reply. 'But her letter will tell you all,' and he shook his head.

"'Well, where is the letter, then? You have been long enough finding it, I hope?'

"'My master,' he said, in a tone of deep feeling, 'my much loved and respected master, I would fain prepare you a little first for what may be contained in the letter——'

"'Villain,' said I, interrupting him, 'have you then been looking into it?'

"'At any time but this,' he said coolly, 'a charge of this kind would have separated me from the best of masters for ever; but now I will not add to the weight of your sorrows;—here is the letter, sir,—and its contents are unknown to me. Would that I were equally ignorant of——' he paused.

"I seized the letter; it was Augusta's well-known hand; I tore it open, and read as follows:—

'MR. ST. AUBYN:

'The present condition of your affairs being fully made known to me; and being informed that it is impossible you can ever live again in New-York, I have taken measures to relieve you of a burthen, which could only add to your distressed situation. Our mutual friend, Mr. Rivers, has suggested a plan which I shall immediately adopt. In a word, we are going to England. I have no nerves to sustain the shock of poverty: and love, I am told, cannot exist amid its freezing influence. Under that impression, therefore, your regrets will not be great at losing her whose love for you has long taken wing. In fact, Henry, we were not born for each other. AUGUSTA.'

"Thus ended my accomplished wife's epistle.

* * * * *

"For many weeks it appears I was insensible to every thing; for I loved this false and faithless wife deeply and devotedly; and cheered with her affection I felt I could yet have known happiness. But all was rent from me,—wealth, friendship, love! I felt indeed desolate. During the distressed state of mind following my desertion,

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however, one faithful heart kept patient, devoted watch over me: that was Bryant. And at length his attentive kindness and honest zeal were the means of restoring me. Once more I enjoyed the blessings of health and reason; and I determined to take courage and see about my long neglected business. My thoughts turned naturally to my mother and father-in-law. But they, I found, during my illness had gone to Paris again to reside, and I could reckon on no assistance from them. By the way, they turned out to be complete adventurers. I resolved at once, therefore, to offer all I possessed to my creditors, and seek a clerkship, as being the only thing within my reach. And indeed, what cared I for more than a maintenance, now that my heart was entirely bereaved of all it held dear on earth.

"I delivered up every thing I possessed; all went by the hammer. And I went to board at a cheap boarding-house in New-York, to look out for a situation. Meanwhile, I had dismissed Bryant, and as he quietly received it, I saw nothing more of him till settled in the manner described. When one evening, as I was sitting in my own room ruminating on the vicissitudes of fortune I had experienced in the short space of two years, a servant came tapping to my door; which being opened, she informed me a gentleman below wished to see me. 'Desire him to come up,' said I. She did so, and presently in came Bryant.

"'Ah, Bryant,' said I, 'how are you? Shut the door, and sit down; and let me hear how you get on.'

"The poor fellow was unable to answer me; it was the first time he had seen me in lodgings since my marriage: and the thought of what I was reduced to pierced him to the heart, and unable to repress his emotion, he wept like a child.

"'Never mind, Bryant, my good fellow,' I said, 'my change of fortune is nothing; perhaps it is better that it should be so now; for happiness in any shape would only be an aggravation of my sorrow.'

"'Oh, my master, but I cannot bear to see it; have I not known you from an infant, and seen you always living like a gentleman? But now, to see you cooped up in a place like this, a mean beggarly boarding-house, cuts me to the soul. You must not stay thus, master—no, no. I have got a situation that satisfies me for the present, as coachman to Mr. L——; and I am come now to offer you the little matter bequeathed to me by my father, who died last year, leaving each of his two children one thousand pounds, which of course, comes to about five thousand dollars. Father earned it in the service of Sir Hugh St. Aubyn, and you have a good right to it; take it, therefore, towards commencing something again in the world; and when you again keep a servant, forget not Bryant;' and placing the money in my hands, he was leaving the room. But I stopped him, and refused to take the offered sum. He managed to disengage himself, however, leaving the whole of his fortune in my hands, without bond, security, or receipt for the amount.

"The morbid state of my feelings did not so far overcome my judgment as to prevent my acting on this suggestion of my faithful servant. I resolved as I handled the money to better myself; and to raise myself once more to the level I had fallen so abruptly from. 'And my poor fellow,' said I, wiping the tears that filled my eyes, as I thought of his faithful affection, 'my generous Bryant, you shall then again have a place beneath my roof, and your wife also.' He had married about the same time I did.

"Well, I commenced business once more. It was on a small scale, to be sure. But the handsome manner in which I had behaved to my creditors in giving up all that I possessed, insured credit to any amount, and there seemed every probability of my going on again swimmingly in a short time. Alas, I counted too rapidly. The vital principle that had given life to my former energies, had been sapped to its very foundation; and the excitement over of establishing myself,—my flagging spirits soon began to evidence themselves in that want of systematic arrangement which it is the business of every master of a concern to see enforced, and rigidly observed. I soon saw the result of my carelessness and inattention. But that freshness of heart born of hope, was wanting. There remained no delight to stimulate me;—I had nothing to incite me,—no one beloved being to do it for!—my heart and hearth were desolate,—I was alone, wretched, forlorn, and forsaken!

"The natural consequence of this self-abandonment to sorrow was first, want of punctuality in the payment of my drafts; and second, the loss of credit in the eyes of my creditors. In a word, I felt myself a going man. Bryant's loan suggested itself to me, I resolved he should not be a sufferer. I gathered in and saved for him the five thousand dollars, and paid him; and soon after called my creditors together, settled with them at forty cents on the dollar, and closed once more the concern.

"I must not forget to tell you that in the

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meantime, the ship in which my wife and her vile paramour had embarked, was lost in a gale at sea, and all hands on board had perished, she and him of course, among the number.

"My creditors behaved themselves very handsomely; I was allowed to retain a small portion, as they said, to start again. This, of course, was very generous.

"But business, for some time, I resolved to abandon. My mind and nerves were utterly unfitted to undergo the fatigues it entailed. And with the residue of my wretched fortune, I resolved to travel, and somewhere amid the quiet seclusion of rural life, to seek that repose and tranquility my mind and heart so much craved and needed.

"A gloomy state of my mind, occasioned a perfect distaste to gaiety of every kind. Society, public amusements, and the ringing laugh of hilarity and joyousness, I shunned like the pestilence; for what had all these things to do with me? My soul was in the gall of bitterness, and save solitude, where unseen I could indulge my sorrows, I found no place of rest.

"It was somewhat early in the spring of ——, that I embarked for Philadelphia, with a resolve of visiting and sojourning some time in the state of Pennsylvania, my mind prompting my removal thither, from the character of its inhabitants more than any thing else. 'I shall,' thought I, 'amid its woods and streams be out of the way entirely of the gaieties of New-York; and the plain and unostentatious movements of its Quaker dwellers, will harmonize well with my sorrow-stricken spirit. Ay, there, perhaps, I shall enjoy repose; there abandon myself to the pleasure of the quiet indulgence of my melancholy feelings, uninterrupted by the prying remarks of the curious or the busy.

"The celebrated Franklin, that great friend of the human species, was then a resident of Philadelphia; when his philosophical experiments, his political movements, his founding of libraries, establishing academies, in short, his devotion to every species of improvement, made him the idol almost of the American people, was then getting old; but the name of Franklin, awakened a glow of enthusiasm in every heart; —and his brilliant unassisted achievements encircled his name with the halo of a true and lasting glory. I was so pleased with Philadelphia that I resolved to take up my abode within its suburbs and to study the character of its people, not only for diversion, but to see if a sect separate from the rest of the world in their habits, manners, lives, and economy, enjoyed a happiness above or below the standard of those who lived in the world and acted only in accordance to its dictates. The idea was a pleasing one, for I longed to find the path of happiness in an entirely new form. And I thought religion and seclusion must secure it.

"I went from place to place in and about Philadelphia, for some time without fixing on any permanent abode. The persons whom I met with failed to please me in manner and habits;—and I resolved to go further. To this end, I journeyed on to the western part of Pennsylvania. I had no definite idea on travelling thither, mere chance prompted me, and I should probably have continued my route westward had I not been attracted by the sweet appearance of a house built entirely after the English style, with a neat garden in front, well stocked with flowers and evergreens, with orchards surrounding it; stacks of hay, corn, etc., and a farm-yard well stocked with poultry and pigs, whose noisy numbers arrested my attention as I started from the inn without any definite intention, save that of loitering away a few hours till the stage in which I travelled should commence renewedly its propelling operations. Travelling then being quite another affair to what it is now.

"Well, the sun shone out in unclouded splendor, and it was about the middle of June. The country looked beautiful. But the appearance of this little farm attracted my attention beyond any thing beside. It seemed so secluded, so far away from the busy scenes of life, that with Moore I exclaimed—

'And sure if there's peace to be found in the world
The heart that is humble might hope for it here.'

And mine had been humbled; humbled even to the very dust!

"As I soliloquized in this way on the brow of a hill to which I had wandered to look at this charming retreat, a middle-aged man leading a little boy, emerged from the dwelling and taking their way to the stables, the gentleman leaving his boy at the door presently brought out a horse, which he attached to a small wagon, and placing what I supposed his son into it, drove off through a lane which diverged from the main road, and was presently met by a party on foot, consisting of two young ladies and two or three small children. There seemed much joy on meeting; but the ladies advanced, and the gentleman went on his way in his wagon. I continued watching those advancing individuals, and speculating on the happiness they were probably enjoying, while I contrasted the misery that consumed me, till I saw the whole party, laughing and chatting apparently with great glee, enter the same house.

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I know not why, but I sighed when the closing of the door shut them from my view; and fixed to the spot, I continued still gazing in vacancy, till the approach of evening made me think of the stage, which was to start by three o'clock. This, of course, was now missed, and there was no alternative but to remain in the neighborhood all night. There was an undefinable pleasure connected with the thought.

"I took lodgings with mine host of the Three Cranes, for the night, and inquiring about the tea-hour, began thinking how I might manage to get acquainted with the owner of the farm I had so much admired. Notwithstanding my aversion to general society, I sat down to the table prepared for general company, imagining I might hear something of him in casual remarks; for country people, generally speaking, are more communicative than those accustomed to the etiquette of the city. So, busy with these thoughts, I took my seat at the table. It was strange how an idea of this sort should interest me as it did. But so it was; and I was on the *qui vive* of expectation.

"The boarders and guests began to assemble, and in a few moments all were seated, awaiting the refreshment and entertainment of that agreeable meal. At first, people were too busy, I found, satisfying the cravings of their appetites to converse much. At length, I heard the name of Mr. Leslie spoken of, as it seemed to me, with great interest. 'Mr. Leslie,' thought I, 'I wonder if this is the gentleman I wish so much to hear about?' I could not be satisfied of course, yet, on this head; but then I should now be able to ask who this gentleman was: having a name to go upon. This was something; for I was not so thorough going a Yankee as to be able to ask point blank many matters that came into my head. The conversation continued around me, and I had the satisfaction of hearing this Mr. Leslie, whoever it might mean, spoken of in the highest terms. His mode of farming I found, however, did not correspond with the views of those who spoke of him; 'for,' they continued, 'he will continue his English plans in spite of every thing. But I tell him they'll never do here,' continued the speaker; 'and he ought to know it by this time, for he's been here a good many years now.' There were various other remarks, but of no particular moment; though highly gratifying to me at the time.

"After tea, I managed to engage mine host in conversation, and had the supreme felicity of hearing that Mr. Leslie was the owner and occupant of the farm, which had so much interested me. You see I speak in the superlative degree; for if you have ever noticed it, there is something highly flattering in the feeling of being able to foresee or pierce into any thing hidden from us. And when I had heard my landlord's high encomiums of Mr. Leslie, my first inward response was, 'How strange! but this was exactly my impression of the man.'

"I learned also, that Mr. Leslie was an Englishman; that he had lived in America ever since the declaration of Independence. That he had fought in the glorious war that preceded it, under British colors; but that his heart had been entirely won over to the American side since, and that now he was a whole soul, out and out, thorough going republican.

"This last communication I did not altogether relish. But it did not counteract the wish I had formed of making an acquaintance with him. But how should I be able to do it? It came about easier than I had anticipated.

"The day being warm, after tea several of the company took their seats on the piazza; and among the neighbors of mine host, eventually came in Mr. Leslie. He seemed generally known, and when he spoke, there seemed a simultaneous desire to listen; I among the number. He talked on various subjects, the weather, prospects of the coming harvest; remarked on the speeches of some members of Congress; state of the banks, etc. etc.; and all with a clearness and precision, that bespoke him a man of a liberal education; though not of that polished kind which makes a man often affect too great a refinement *to be useful*.

"My dear Edward, I wish you to bear in mind that remark, for I have often met with this kind of individuals, and am sorry to say, in my earlier youth, despised them. My aristocratic notions often rendering usefulness and ignorance synonymous terms; and two years previous to this time, I might have indulged this feeling with regard to Mr. Leslie. But a veil had been removed from my eyes. Misfortune had both humbled and instructed me; I had begun to reflect on the relative position of man. The scales of many a dark and vain imagination had fallen from my eyes. And to be useful—to live in the exercise of the faculties bestowed on us by the Creator, was, I found, not one to be truly great, but to be happy. Mine host introduced me to Mr. Leslie, informing him I was an Englishman, and with easy unaffected good will he entered into conversation with me. We chatted long and pleasantly; there was no prejudice, or pride of birth

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or ancestry visible in his conversation; no vaunting of superiority, either of this or any other country. His subjects were well chosen and seemed to have only a reference to the general good of mankind; with that emphatic view of the rights of man, which was quite refreshing to every heart embued with the feelings of humanity.

"It was quite late, when he rose to bid me good night; and as he did so, gave me an invitation to his house the following day.

"This was highly gratifying; and I went to bed that night with a mind filled with happier anticipations than I had known for many, many a month.

"I arose, filled with my intended visit; and having breakfasted, and duly attended to my long neglected toilet, I set out for the farm-house.

"On arriving at the door, I was met by Mr. Leslie, who kindly inquiring my health, told me he was then going in search of me. There was a frankness in his demeanor, that took immediate possession of the feelings.—You felt at once he was a friend, and to me whose heart had been wrung as mine had been, by perfidy of the deepest dye, both by man and woman, the idea carried a happiness along with it, such as I had expected never to know again. For I had thought it impossible ever to have placed confidence in one of my species this side the grave.

"We entered the house, and I followed my new acquaintance into a neatly furnished parlor; and taking seats, commenced a conversation on ordinary subjects. There was an air of rural quiet about the room, which had a soothing effect on the feelings; the windows were filled with plants and flowers, and their lively green appearance, gave evidence of the care and culture of some watchful hand.

"'These are my daughter's pets,' said Mr. Leslie, seeing my eyes fixed on the blooming stands. 'Mary loves her flowers, I believe,' he continued, 'her brothers and sisters excepted, better than any thing in the wide world beside.'

"'You have a family, then?' I inquired.

"Oh, yes, he replied, and a pretty large one, too; but, thank God, in this country, the thought brings with it no carking cares,—no aching sorrow,—for their future,—such as narrow circumstances necessarily entail on parents, in the old country. At least, to such parents as have the good of their offspring at heart, and who wish to bring them up in a manner that shall secure to them that happiness which a liberal education requires. To do this, sir, as you well know, a fortune is necessary; without it, parents, for the most part, can do little more than form visionary plans for their childrens' future, and leave to chance entirely, I may almost say, the order of their fulfilment.

"'Your reasoning is but too true,' I observed, and a sigh involuntarily escaped me.

"'My young friend,' said he, 'pardon an almost stranger's frankness, but methinks I see traces of unhappiness on your countenance. I would not unwillingly pry into any man's secrets, but we are placed here on earth to relieve and assist each other; the council of a friend is often beneficial in a high degree. I do not say that any thing I could offer could be accounted such, but if I might in any way assist a fellow being by sharing his feelings, or advising him in any way, believe me I shall feel but too proud and happy to do so in your case. This may, he continued, seem somewhat premature and ill-placed; if so, let it pass, but it proceeds from the interest with which you have inspired me; and as such, pray receive it; and now, said he, let me show you my little farm;' and rising, we took our hats, and I followed Mr. Leslie for the purpose stated.

"We roamed about all the morning, looking at a paddock here, a field of corn there, potatoes, Indian corn, beans, peas, hay, oats, orchards, gardens, etc.;—poultry-yard, piggery, stables and pasture-lands being of course all inspected. I always had a taste for those things, and the remarks of Mr. Leslie on every thing connected with farming, gratified me exceedingly. We returned to the house about two o'clock. It was, I found, their usual dinner-hour. Mr. Leslie invited me to dine with him and his family; I did not require much pressing; I accompanied him to the dinner-table, set forth in the hall, around which were seated the family of Mr. Leslie, consisting of two daughters, one about twenty-four, the other some years younger, four boys, and some cousins. Mr. Leslie took the head of the table. I was introduced, and took a seat opposite Miss Leslie. Mr. Leslie was a widower, I found. The dinner proceeded, and the happiness that pervaded that charming family, caused me greater enjoyment of heart than it had been my lot to experience for a length of time.

"Affection seemed to be the rule and guide of all things there, and I blessed my good angel for having guided me to an abode where its hallowed influence was so beautifully manifested. Contentment sat smiling on every face, and blooming hopes mantled over the roseate cheeks of that happy family party, unsullied by sorrow, disap-

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pointment, care, or pain, either mental or bodily. There is such a thing, thought I, as earthly happiness, surveying the charming group. And for once I was not disappointed in my estimate.

"I spent the day at the farm-house, and the more I saw of the family, the more I was delighted; there seemed such perfect harmony among them; such confiding affection,—that much craved boon for the heart of man.

"As the evening advanced, Mr. Leslie proposed a walk, and the weather being delightful, I readily complied. I would fain have requested the additton of Miss Leslie to our company, but I feared breaking in on her domestic engagements, so we proceeded without her.

"We wandered on for some time without saying much, save an occasional exclamation on the wonders and beauties of nature, as some wondrous or beauteous scene broke on our view. At length some remark on America and the Americans, caused me to observe, 'you are an Englishman, I believe, Mr. Leslie?

"He smiled as he answered, 'I am by birth.' But said he, his smile deepening as he spoke, 'I am an American at heart.'

"Indeed, said I, that is a somewhat unusual declaration.

"'I know it,' said he, 'and if you like, I will give my wherefore for such an assertion.'

"I should indeed, I said, be highly gratified at hearing it, for the cause that induced it, must, I am sure, be a good one.

"'You shall judge for yourself,' he said; 'here is a most beautiful view of the river, beneath our feet, and a few paces on, I have constructed a rustic seat; let us go thither, and I will relate a few things in elucidation of my remark.'

"We walked on, and having reached a rude though comfortable sort of garden seat, made of the branches of trees, woven and nailed together, we sat down, overshadowed by the foliage of beach and other trees; the murmur and ripple of the river breaking on the ear,—the only sound that broke the stillness that pervaded the wild though glorious beauty that surrounded us.

"'I was born in England, Mr. Leslie began, and my father being a farmer, he brought me up to follow in his steps, an occupation he deemed the most honorable on earth. At the age of twenty-one, I married; and enjoyed perhaps as much felicity as falls to the lot of man, for ten years. At the expiration of that time, my wife died, leaving me alone in the world, with six children. My wretchedness and desolation of spirit I have no words to describe. But I had six children, and they required some thought and care. Alas, my heart sank so deeply under my burden of sorrow for the loss of my angel wife, that I longed for nothing so much as to fly for some time from the spot that continually reminded me of my past happiness, and to lose my regrets in some foreign land, imagining that change of scene would bring relief to my constantly tortured mind, for my grief was literally killing me by inches. With this view, I placed my children under the care of my father, and war between England and America being declared, without saying a word to my father or any of my friends, I resolved to join England in defending what I then conceived her rights, and to spend my worthless, unblessed life, in fighting for my country.

"To this end I entered myself a volunter, and embarked with the troops for America.

"The war was fiercely continued, as you know, for some time. And to conquer those obstinate republicans, those democratic defrauders of the rights of the English crown, was the dearest wish of every British heart that fought under its banner; mine among the number. To be sure, for myself, all countries seemed of like interest, but my childrens' happiness and well being were dear to me, and I strung every nerve in the preservation of what I then considered their rights and privileges.

"But all our efforts proved unsuccessful. The Americans, under the command of their excellent and revered General Washington, conquered, and the English sailed homeward to the tune—Vanquished.

"Whilst I was in America, however, I had learned many things. Going into a new country, I naturally felt desirous of inquiring into the reasons that led to so determined a non-compliance to the laws of the parent land. And notwithstanding my prejudices, I felt there was justice in their refusal to comply with that severe measure, of which, by the bye, Dr. Franklin was the first originator. When I returned to England, I thought much on the prospects afforded in America. Its ample country, its equal laws, the just appreciation of man by his fellow man, without reference to caste or rank; the remuneration of labor, and of course the incentive it naturally afforded to honorable industry. I was not rich; and my children had no inheritance beyond what mine and their own exertions could secure to them. I incessantly pondered on those things, and the project of removing my family became every day stronger and stronger. I mentioned my views to my

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father and brothers, and other members of my family, but they only laughed at my vain and foolish visions as they were pleased to call them. America appeared to them a country of savages, and nothing I could say removed the impression; and burthened by taxation, scarcely able by the most unremitting industry to keep their heads above water, as the phrase goes, their hearts and souls bent only for the country that gave them birth; and the monarch, who drained their pockets in support of that royal magnificence, their education and habits notwithstanding ever caused them to love and to admire. Strange infatuation, but nevertheless true.

"My mind had been long secretly made up; but the starting moment had not been, as yet, decided upon; my thoughts, however, incessantly ran on the subject, and eventually, amid prayers and oppositions against what was emphatically denominated my madcap scheme, I sat sail with my six children for America.

"Oh, how my heart beat with rapture as I looked forward. My children would grow up unburthened and unoppressed with the groaning weight of taxation. The glorious provision made for the rights and privileges of men breathing the pure air of this vast continent in the declaration of independence, filled my heart to overflowing as I pondered upon it; and I blessed the good providence of God a thousand times for guiding me to it. I seemed to breathe with the sense of blessing continually upon me.

"I hired a house or lodgings in New York on landing; but having resolved on continuing the occupation to which I was brought up, I eventually took up my abode in the house I now occupy. I was, comparatively speaking, a poor man, but labor and industry promised me every thing. And one great peculiar blessing of this country is, that mind and body receive an equal concern. No employment, however low, is thought beneath the necessity of education. Oh, how many bright, inspiring visions come wafted on that thought! Our great Franklin, that great benefactor to his country and to his race, was almost, I have heard, a self taught man. What encouragement this affords to the young, what incentives to mental culture, without one gloomy and crushing drawback in the shape of want of birth, position or wealth; such, alas, as exists in England; where, if beings should happily come into the world gifted with that light and beauty which men call genius, and belong to that class denominated the poor or laboring classes, it lies hidden for ever amid the rubbish of uncongenial circumstances, and becomes eventually choked by the cares, the oppressions and sorrows of this world's dismal calendar. Ah," said he, drawing a sigh, "the poor of England are the poor indeed. No lights of science gladden their souls; and the glorious freedom of thought is scarcely understood by them to be a blessing. The light of prosperity can alone unveil that privilege to the darkened mind."

"Notwithstanding Mr. Leslie's strong democratic principles, I found him also a man of taste; he could appreciate the fine genius of Shakspeare and Milton, and was conversant with Addison, Steele, and other writers in the Spectator and Tattler. We chatted till the dusk of evening warned us to return to the house, where, under the superintendance of Miss Leslie, a well spread tea-table was waiting.

"The conversation at the table was in every way in keeping with the sentiments expressed by Mr. Leslie; and a sense of enjoyment insensibly stole over my long torpid and dormant feelings.

"You will not wonder at my remaining in the neighborhood of Mr. Leslie for some time, during which I had the happiness of increasing my intimacy with this charming family. It was, in many respects, a great contrast to what I had formerly admired. But adversity had taught me that the impulses of pride are shallow foundations for the heart to build its future felicity upon. Here, all moved upon the principles of duty and love; love that came from God, and influenced regard to his creatures, whether they were rich or poor. My heart could not but prize such beings; affection was to me every thing. And doubtless such was the Saviour's meaning when he said, 'Love is the fulfilling of the law and the prophets.' That holy religion influenced their hearts, and made them the blessing and admiration of the whole neighborhood where they lived.

"I found the daughter, Mary Leslie, your father's sister, in every respect worthy of her excellent parent. She had been as a mother to her father's family of motherless children, managed for them, took care of them, instructed them, and guided their infant minds in every thing beautiful, useful and ennobling to human nature. She was, moreover, the directress of her father's household; and under her auspices, all things wore an aspect of cleanliness and comfort I have seldom seen equalled. But no words of mine could do justice to her modest worth and her retired excellences of character. She could neither play on any instrument, sing nor dance, but her elegance and propriety of manners I have rarely seen equalled; while her refined and well-

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stored mind ever afforded those who were intimate with her a pleasure which all the accomplishments in the world, without it, would fail to produce.

"I soon grew to love her, Edward; and thought could I ever become the object of that care and attention her father received from the most dutiful and affectionate of daughters, I should be the happiest of men.

"Once more, then, I became a candidate for wedded happiness, and devoted myself in endeavoring to gain the heart of one of the fairest, purest and best of women.

"Our regard was mutual; and under the influence of nature and unbiassed judgment, instead of the infatuating blindness often said to attend the votaries of Cupid, we became betrothed.

"I confided to Mr. Leslie the nature of my circumstances; but he did not, in consequence, withdraw his sanction to our union; on the contrary, he began to devise plans to help us on in the world. I knew I could at any time command the fortune of Bryant if I could see any favorable inducement in the way of an investment calculated to set me once more in the way of rising a little higher in the scale of fortune than I then stood.

"Mr. Leslie understanding this, recommended my commencing business in Philadelphia; and agreeably to his advice, I informed Bryant of my intentions, and he readily advanced me the required sum as before, five thousand dollars.

"I was not long in selecting a location with the assistance of Mr. Leslie; a few months after my establishment, we were married, and if there is such a thing in this world as payment for sorrow and suffering, such was my happy lot. My home, under the auspices of my gentle Mary, was home indeed! where the heart in all its varied requirements found a resting place, and every refined sensation, whether of pain or pleasure, in her accomplished and well regulated mind, a ready and fitting response.

"In the first year of our marriage, we visited little, for the Quaker inhabitants, though I once expected to admire them, were little to my taste. They were too narrow in their prejudices to render them pleasant companions, though in the main, excellent people; and justly distinguished as a body of people of the first character and respectability. But I loved the noble, frank, and generous sentiments of my excellent father-in-law; and sought in making new acquaintances, to meet with some like him, but I found few indeed, with his fine taste and overflowing humanity united.

"Now Edward, such was my second marriage, and such a person, my beloved nephew, it is my desire that you should select. But let me tell you, it is not in the hotbeds of fashion that you will find her, believe me. It was your expression to that effect that led me to recite the incidents of my life to you, lest, like me, the tinselled array of flimsy worth should allure you with the belief that its solidity would equal its bright and gaudy hues. Ah, Edward, many an one like myself has been deceived, and will again. But if I can save you from the horrible desolation of heart that cast such a blight both on my happiness and worldly prospects, my tedious recital will not be in vain."

"I hope it will not, indeed, uncle," said the young man, "and I feel much obliged besides."

"I have not done yet," said Mr. St. Aubyn. "For I have yet to tell you how rapidly I gained ground in my business. The happiness of my home gave an impetus to my feelings, an energy and clearness to my thoughts, that worked wonders. And when I returned of an evening to my heart's resting-place, how sweetly flew the hours! Affection's cares were visible in every thing around; my every wish was anticipated; my every pleasure augmented by the presence of that one being whose gentle heart beat only to scatter happiness in the paths of those she loved.

"She was passionately fond of flowers, and I indulged her taste by surrounding her with what is so beautifully denominated the poetry of earth. We had a beautiful garden and conservatory; and listening to her eloquence on these charming gifts of our benevolent Creator, I grew also quite fond of them. Eventually, we settled in New York; and in this very house where you now witness the cheerless loneliness of your poor old uncle, my days flew on, wafted on the pinions of a happiness few, I believe, in this world, ever experience.

"Her garden I still have attended to, in memory of the departed loveliness that once made each leaf and petal the object of her constant care.

"Tis true that as I look out and recall the beaming radiance of the past, my soul seems unable to bear the weight of loneliness that the contrast with the present reveals; but thoughts of one day listening again to that beloved voice, in a brighter and happier sphere eventually, comforts me, and in my solitude, when no human being is near, her spirit, methinks, com-

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munes with me, and Heaven, my Mary, and a Saviour's love, fill my soul with unearthly exstacy!" The tears fell fast and thick from Edward's eyes, as he listened to the faltering voice of his revered uncle. He paused, and looking upward, seemed occupied in prayer. He then turned to his nephew, and grasping his hand, said "Edward, my anxiety for you, lately, has been very great, lest you should choose as I did at your age. Ponder on what I have experienced, and choose one for your partner through life whose distinguishing trait is affection. This alone can bless the heart of man. And now, good night." Bryant wheeled his master, as usual, into the little bed-room, little thinking it would be the last time; but this recurrence to his lost wife, though years had rolled over his head since it took place, was too much for him. In the morning he was found dead in his bed.

Original.

THE MESSENGER BIRD.

BY A. M. WALCOTT.

FAR away o'er the billow, sweet messenger bird,
Go return to the home of my love!
And bear on thy wings the tears I have wept him,
Ever dimming hope's brightness, sweet dove!

Oh, that I had thy fleet pinions, lovely roamer in haste,
E'er dawn o'er the green hills is streaming;
I'd abroad on thy mission, with untiring wing,
Nor sigh for the land I am leaving.

But "repinings are vain," then flee from the lattice;
Love listeneth, and waiteth for thee;
See the day-light is breaking, and fading the star
He gazes on nightly for me.

I've bound on thy bosom the dark-burning jewel,
Fitting token of love, and of truth;
Go tell him its wearer shall ever inherit,
A heart never changed e'en in death.

And tell him fond prayers are ever ascending,
From true hearts far away o'er the main;
And notes in the accents of love ever blending,
Call back the lone wanderer again.

And oh, bid him hasten and come to my bower,
Where sighs often mingle with tears,
Where the moments roll sad, and the hours ever lonely,
And hopes almost vanish in fears.

Then speed on thine errand o'er the treachrous deep,
To lighten the bosom of love;
Come again with a word of my lover's devotion,
Wilt haste thee, sweet carrier dove?

Springfield, Jan. 1844.

Original.

EARTH-PAPERS.

BY A CLAIREVOYANTE.

HAVING lately prepared for the public press the commencement of a series of papers, embracing a kindred range of subjects; yet finding still a large portion of unappropriated incident, which could not be included in those, I have thought proper to commence another series. These, as well as those, are transcribed from notes made directly after the periods or points of time which they describe; and sometimes, also, without the intervention of notes.

With my motives in making these revelations public, the world has nothing to do, provided always that the train of thought pursued, and the principles involved, should be of a high and healthful order, and never the reverse.

With the personal feelings and events which may hereinafter be delineated, I will only say that if *my* delicacy does not suffer by any disclosure, that of the PUBLIC need not; though that very sensitive body is wont to manifest considerable anxiety and uneasiness, when a woman, though nerved by a high and holy purpose, or even impelled by necessity, speaks, lectures, reads or recites in public; or, sometimes, if she even writes in her own name for the public press—reserving to itself the exclusive right of attending, and countenancing by their money and their presence, the intellectualizing displays of itinerant dancers, and other like decent exhibitions. Yet even with this I have no disposition to quarrel, at present. The Public and I, are, in the main, on pretty good terms; and as I wish to continue this state—or, in other words, I wish TO BE READ; therefore I shall use all proper and laudable endeavor to keep on "the right side" of the dear, fidgety old gentleman—believing that TRUTH, of its own omnipotence, will finally prevail.

As I did not in my other papers allude to the reasons which induced me to submit myself as a subject to the influence of Mesmerism, I will briefly do so now. I had been for several months afflicted with a most grievous malady, in the shape of convulsive and spasmodic affections, which, with very slight intermissions of repose, continued until the whole system was reduced to such a pitiful condition, that my constant prayer was that death might be permitted to end my distress; for death, alone, held out any hope of alleviation.

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A benevolent gentleman, a physician by profession, having heard of my deplorable situation, and believing that he could relieve, visited me. Though I had always been prejudiced against Mesmerism, and Mesmerisers, I clung to the hope of rescue, as a drowning man to the floating stubble, with apparently the last reaction of the vital energy. The calm confidence of Dr. H. encouraged and sustained me; or rather served to quiet me; for in my weak and highly excitable state, the barest possibility of relief acted as a strong stimulant, and seemed to arouse every nerve within me.

I willingly submitted to his influence and soon experienced its magic effect. No words can paint the rapture I felt when I found myself quietly sinking into the arms of sleep. My sensations were more exquisite than any I had ever before imagined. I had read poetic stories of infinite raptures—of souls lapped in Elysium—of exstacies produced by wine and other artificial means;—but I had read of nothing, heard of nothing, dreamed of nothing, like what I had experienced, when all the senses were thrilling to the remotest nerve with the luxurious consciousness of ease—simple ease—which I had not known for months. A reaction was produced. The concentrated torture of more than half a year had reversed itself in a single moment of rapture, such as

"None can have experience of but mortal man;"

and in knowing which, the bliss of unsuffering, unsorrowing angels is transcended. My whole being seemed floating on an element, buoyant and ethereal, yet, at the same time, so soft and couch-like, that I felt my head pillowed, and my limbs up-borne, as by the plumage of sustaining angels. My soul was expanded, as the Transcendentalists say, with "*the largest happiness:*" and so was I carried to the sweet arms of Peace.

I awoke oppressed with a delicious languor, after having slept, as my friends informed me, for more than twelve hours. My recovery was rapid. Indeed from that time, I never experienced a violent attack of my disease. But gratitude, wonder, and afterwards, love, bound me to the Mesmeric state; and for more than a year I never knew any natural sleep. I soon made such progress in the different gradations of sleep-waking, that my Mesmeriser lost all power over me, except that of inducing the state, and, at times, of producing a temporary paralysis. I had the power of hearing in the Mesmeric state—a power of which, as far as I have heard, but one other indvidual was gifted with.

Thus far premising, I will, at once, commence my story; for story it is, though it may be in a somewhat novel form: and that it is *my* story I at this moment quite distinctly feel.

About six months before the period at which I commence my narrative, I was greatly afflicted by the loss of a cousin, a young man of very promising talents, and of the fairest moral character, who died suddenly in one of the southern states. The account of his death which reached us was so exceedingly vague, that it could not be ascertained with any degree of certainty, even in what part of that country he died. It may well be supposed that my mind in the sleep-waking state, should be excited in regard to this dear and lost friend. Accordingly, for months, night after night, I wandered in pursuit of his grave. In these mental excursions the whole line of coast from Florida to Maryland, with a considerable range of the interior, was searched, again and again; but no instinct had, as yet, directed me to the hallowed spot where rested his remains. I was making, as I felt within myself, my last journey; and, like a lone stricken bird, way-worn and disconsolate, I had folded my weary wing, and sought rest beneath the branches of a live oak, at a greater distance from the shore than I had hitherto been. Disappointed and sick at heart, I, at first, paid little attention to the scene about me; but gradually its beauty seemed to open upon me, until a magnificent whole, complete in the glorious perfection of nature, was revealed. I was first attracted by a very beautiful bird—a species of oriole, that was flitting from branch to branch, in the most expressive and earnest manner. I then perceived four young-ones perched on the summit of the deep, pendant, and basket-like nest, peculiar to that genus, quivering with fear, and delight, and hope, and all the little passions which are manifested by young birds, in their first attempt at flight. My interest was aroused, and with it my sensibility to the beautiful; and when the last little one had reached a neighboring tree in safety, and the full chorus of their tiny chirpings, joined like a sweet and joyous falsetto with the loud and exulting song of the parents, my heart was opened, and, with it, my eyes. I was blind no longer.

The scene was beautiful beyond description. Live oaks, magnolias, and tulip-trees were grouped together in the most fantastic manner; and over these crept the sacred mistletoe, and a thousand unnamed parasites, with innumerable varieties of the passion-flower, binding the strong old trees with their flowery garlands, which, to a fanciful eye, might seem to lend themselves to

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the twining fingers, that set on their lofty foreheads sweet gems of beauty, as crimsoned knights of old bowed themselves to be decorated with flowers, by the band of bright-eyed maidens. Even the bare rock and the sterile sands were softened into beauty, by the rich blossoms of a thousand cæcti, among which the aloe of a hundred years, stood ready to make her splendid offering to her old adorer, TIME, while the lowly Cereus cherished her magnificent buds now almost bursting into flower, keeping all their fragrance, and all their beauty, for her faithless lover, NIGHT, as the young and trusting heart gives up, without reserve, its sweet and beautiful affections: and, finding too late it is to one unworthy, dies in the act of giving. The air was full of gentlest sounds, like the murmur of far-off waters, or the low tinkling of distant bells; and every breath that lifted up the tendrils of the creepers, or shook their long and pendant tassels, came home laden with delicate perfume—a sensible expression of the flowers' love. A very small inlet or cove was half hidden by banks, that bending all around, had made for it a nest of flowers; and there a great variety of aquatic birds had found themselves a paradise. Among the soft pea-green mosses lay the roseate spoonbill, combining colors which give the most agreeable effect; and in her languid luxury of repose, looking as if her own spirit produced and felt its portion of the harmony. Above hung the large gull, peering with a curious eye into the waters beneath her, and flashing in the sunshine like an expanded flake of living snow; while the not less beautiful duck, flapped his burnished wings and bathed his irised neck, with a zest which all those who know not the luxury of bathing, might do well to study. Exquisitely alive to the beautiful in nature, and now, from my peculiar state, more sensitive than ever, I became penetrated to the inmost soul by a consciousness of all-pervading, all-sublimating beauty.

I have always thought that there is something in the aspect of external nature fitted to administer to every mood of mind; something which glides into its affections, half unconsciously, awakens its sympathies, and allies itself with its peculiar tendencies, whatever they may be; or, in other words, that the soul is Nature's interpreter, and always interprets for itself. The robin's flute-like tones will ever be a sound of joy to the happy; but the sorrowful heart will catch amid their delicious flow, the deep and tender thrill of latent or positive sadness. In the one case, they will be only the outgushings of love and hope and happiness; but in the other will be detected an expressed or imagined consciousness, that trembles, even while it sings of hope, as if a thought of the wanton schoolboy, the fowler's snare, the faded leaf, and the desolate bower, had stolen into the song, mellowing its gladness not with sorrow, but with the gentlest image of it; and, in both cases, the heart will be touched and meliorated. The pendant branches of the wood, with all its moss-carpeted and bowery aisles, will only speak of security, of peace, and love, to joyful hearts; but to the sorrowing, they will be a symbol of drooping and solemn thoughts; and even through the deep and glossy green of summer's brightest foliage, the melancholy eye will detect the "sere and yellow leaf." The same quickening breeze, the same deeply-breathing sea, the same calm, blue heaven, the same placid moon, the same deep and everlasting stars, will speak of peace and joy to one heart, of sorrow and desolation to another; and, in both cases, will be correct. Is there not, then, something in all external objects, adapted to the wants and capacities of the soul; ay, and so adapted, that every individual may, through all the infinite combinations of change and circumstance, always find something peculiarly tempered to every point of his existence,—to the very minutest shades of feeling and sentiment, through all the manifold changes of human life? Happy is he who keeps his heart open to these influences,—who can clearly perceive this structure and adaptation of inferior being, to the affections and necessities of the soul; thus finding out for himself the great use of beauty in external organization, and associating a lesson of infinite wisdom and benevolence with all its forms. Beauty is, indeed, but an image of spirit, a type and symbol of the deeper and holier beauty of the soul,—but a shadowing forth of the Unseen, the Infinite, the Eternal.

I am an orphan. I lost my mother when a mere child; and I now remember how much I loved a large old elm, that stood behind the house. I was quite sickened with the unwonted heaviness of sorrow; and that weeping elm was the first object that renewed the link which bound me to life. There was something soothing in its drooping branches; and when I have felt alone in the wide world, that tree became to me a friend; and the low wind that murmured through its branches seemed to animate it with a sensible and intelligent being. Sometimes in the depths of the night I have left my little bed, with its sleepless pillow, and creeping softly from the house, have gone out and nestled myself

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among the drooping branches, until soothed by their gentle motion, and their low, spirit-like murmur, my heart would gather composure, as if I had felt my own mother's arms about me; and then I would return to my couch, and sleep sweetly until morning. So was my broken spirit healed again,—so did the germ of hope revive in my sore and desolate bosom. But let us return to the subject.

So rapt was I in the sweet consolations I had drawn from the bosom of my holy mother, I knew not that any human being was near me, until a deep and bitter sigh roused me to consciousness, and I saw a delicate and gentle youth, reclining at a short distance from me. He was sitting beside a low mound of earth, with a portfolio upon his knees, upon which he appeared to be sketching very earnestly. As he held up the paper to try the effect of his drawing, I was no less astonished to recognize the features of my dear departed cousin. Here, then, was truly an end of my wanderings. I had found his grave. Down I went,—down into the depths of the gloomy house. The intercepting earth seemed to be removed in layers, that slid away, one after another, from before the eye, until I came to the coffin. The lid of that also was removed,—and there he lay. It was marvellous how entire,—how life-like he at first appeared. But when I looked again,—oh, horror unutterable! I cannot describe it! My soul sickens even now, at the hideous memory! My mortal nature shrunk within me, and the soul, though herself indestructible, shuddered at the doom of her fair and beautiful sister. I think I could not have survived many minutes; for I had already become so faint as to be incapable of much exertion, when I staggered back to the open air, and sinking upon the ground I had left, I remained for some time quite exhausted. The youth was still there. He continued to draw, as it appeared, partly from memory, and partly from a rude sketch which lay before him on the grave; his occupation being frequently interrupted by deep sighs, which were, at times, respired with the labored anguish of groans. "How he must have loved him!" I whispered to myself. Then how I longed to make my presence sensible, that I might, by some means, obtain a copy of that faithful sketch, and question of my departed friend! But that was impossible.

He finished his work; and after looking at, and retouching it, again and again, he laid it aside in the port-folio. A few minutes after, he drew it forth again; and as if he had dipped his pencil in the clearest light of memory, a very peculiar expression of the mouth, which I had observed was wanting in both sketches, but which was nevertheless the characteristic of the face, was recalled and added. After scanning it awhile, he laid it aside with a more satisfied air. How wonderful it was, the expression of that familiar look, recalled, and responded to, so mysteriously! It was all wonderful! But the whole atmosphere is filled with greater wonders; and only by the obtuseness of the senses are we unable to penetrate them!

There are single and minute points of interest, where hearts mingle and become one, as converging rays blend in a focus; and when the sympathies are delicate, many simple things will produce this effect. A tender sentiment—a touching thought in poetry,—a sweet strain of music,—the common love of a particular flower, or animal—a discovered coincidence of taste, though in matters never so simple, are pages where congenial hearts read revelations of each other, written in characters of light and truth; and though flashing upon the eye with the vivid quickness of lightning, yet their impression remains for ever.

But, to return. The youth, after walking to and fro some minutes, with an agitated step, fell prostrate on the grave; and, clasping his arms across it, wept aloud: his sobs alternating with words, which grief rendered almost inarticulate.

"Brother of my soul!" he began, "must I leave thee here, alone? Can I see thy face, in all this earthly pilgrimage, no more for ever? Is it for this we loved, as few have loved? Did our hearts grow together as one heart, but to be rudely torn asunder? Oh, bitter, bitter was the parting! for it was the division of one life—the rending asunder of heart-strings,—the separation of twin souls! Could I but have been with thee,—could I have been permitted to soothe thy pains,—to moisten thy parched lips,—or even to whisper one word of kindness and love o'er thy feverish dreams, this moment would not have been so bitter! And to think that I left thee to the selfish and cruel neglect of menials! It is very hard to be reconciled to this!" He paused as if overcome with extreme misery. Then, after a few moments, rising, and clasping his hands, he looked up to Heaven with a serene expression succeeding the bitter struggle which had taken place, and cried, "Yet, oh, my FATHER, thy hand hath done this—and it *must* be right. The generations of men pass away as the morning vapor; but thy truth, and thy love, shall endure for ever! Merciful is even thy bitterest chastening, oh, RIGHTEOUS PARENT!

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Then let my bowed and bruised heart submit itself to thee!"

With this simple act of devotion, he gathered up his papers, and, looking up at the sun, departed hastily. Until he was gone, it never occurred to me that I might gather something from him, by which he might be found out, so I might meet him composedly, in order to gain the desired information,—or merely for the sake of seeing one who so tenderly loved, and truly mourned my departed friend,—or, it might be, for his own sake,—I did not analyze the motive, but it was, probably, compounded of all the three. I strove to recall his image, as I first saw him, sitting there by that nameless grave, his sketch-book resting on his knees, the finely formed head bending forward—the mouth and chin exquisitely chiselled,—the nose a model for the sculptor,—the complexion fair almost to wanness,—the exuberant brown hair that descended in natural waves upon the shoulders,—all these were recalled, with a distinctness which was quite wonderful, considering I had seen him so very short a time; and then was thinking only of my cousin. I remembered, too, that his eye was of a dark and changing blue, a color in which I delight exceedingly,—and though I only saw it melting in tenderness, I doubted not that it *could* flash; for such eyes are faithful interpreters. There was, in short, an idealized character and delicacy in the whole person, which are only associated with talent of a high order; for Nature sometimes chooses the fairest casket, wherein to enshrine her most prescious gem,—her pearl of great price—GENIUS. The garments which covered this remarkable person, I observed, also, were somewhat on the wrong side of their meridian. They were, in short, poor and much mended, though so neatly kept, as to show that he had none of that weak and miserable affectation, which pretends to despise the common comforts and decencies of life. The case was clear. He was poor,—a genius,—and an artist. It was incredible that I who had always associated with genteel people, should take so much interest in so shabby a person, as to tell how he looked, and what he wore; yet so it is. I began really to suffer a feeling of disappointment, as if of some yet unfledged hope. The idea that we should not meet again was quite painful to me; and, straightway, I began to be angry, and reproach myself for not having followed him, in order to ascertain his address, for from several things which had dropped during our interview, I knew that this was his last visit to the grave of his friend. Just as these thoughts were passing through my mind, I cast my eye on the ground; and there lay a card attached to a small note. The former lay the blank side up, the latter was sealed; I had no power to move so much as the weight of a feather. But I had one resource. I looked through the note, and below the card; and read both. The former was addressed to a friend; and by it I found that the latter was the name and address of my new acquaintance; for I must, henceforth, call him so. Here it is; "Henry Waldo, at Mrs. Granger's, No. —, —— street, New York." What use I made of this address, I must tell you at another time.

Original.

THE KING OF THE UPPER SEA.

BY W. C. ELLECK.

I.

Oh! the eagle he so noble and free,
The king of the upper sea;
He sitteth at rest on the mountain's crest—
On his throne of royalty.
He plumes his wings where the wild-wood springs,
And nothing of danger fears;
When the storm is out, and the thunders shout,
Through the dusky clouds he steers.
Then shout with joy, *Vive le Roi*,
A glorious king is he;
And emblem he is, of our nation's bliss,
A type of her Liberty!

II.

He watches his brood in the solitude,
On the tops of the clefted rock;
He laughs at the blast as it sweepeth past,
And mocks the lightning's shock.
At the dawn of day he's up and away,
Through the upper deep-blue deep;
And his piercing eye is turned to the sky,
As upward and on he keeps.
Then shout with joy *Vive le Roi*,
A glorious king is he;
An emblem he is of our nation's bliss,
A type of her Liberty!

III.

Oh! the eagle he shall be dear to me—
The king of the boundless blue;
Like him I would rise to the lofty skies,
To the home of the just and true.
I would bid farewell to the witching spell
Of pleasure's sweet control;
My spirit should spring on tireless wing,
To the realms of the pure in soul.
Then shout with joy *Vive le Roi*,
A glorious king is he;
An emblem he is of our nation's bliss,
A type of her Liberty!

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Original.

SUMMER EXCURSIONS FROM LONDON.—Number vii.

BY MRS. E. R. STEELE.

OXFORD AND BLENHEIM.

To reach this celebrated city by railway, the traveller must take the Great Western railway, which will land him at the Steventon Station, fifty miles from London, and six from Oxford.

Here the traveller may enter one of the carriages waiting for him, and after a pretty drive of four miles find himself in the ancient town of Abingdon. Although we are so near Oxford, we must linger here a little, for there are many historic names connected with its history. It was called Abban-dun, in Anglo-Saxon days, or town of the abbey. Its magnificent abbey, however, is destroyed, and most of its grandeur departed. It was utterly destroyed by the Danes in King Alfred's time, and afterwards restored in part by Edgar. William, the Conqueror, kept his Easter holidays here in 1084; and his son Henry, called Beauclerk, for his learning, was here educated. We stopped but a little while to change horses, but it gave us a hasty view of its fine old churches, and remains of the days of its former glory. It is a place of importance now, and is situated at the meeting of the Berkshire canal with the Thames. We have left Abingdon behind—and from the eminence on which we are, look down upon a lovely plain watered by the rivers Cherwell, Thames, and Isis, surrounded by gentle wooded hills, while in the midst arise the many towers and spires of the twenty-four colleges and halls, and fifteen churches of classic Oxford. A sight, imposing for its natural beauty, and exciting to the mind when it looks back to that noble band of learned, wise, and religious men, who here first received that light which afterwards so shone over the darkened world. In front stands the great Alfred, who first founded here an university, as a seminary for the sons of the nobility;—to the support of which he devoted the eighth part of his revenue. His own son Athelwald was here educated. By one of this great man's laws, every man was obliged to attend some school, or else send a son, nephew, or servant, that they may learn to read to him. Higher antiquity is claimed by some historians for Oxford, who tell us it was a celebrated seminary of learning in the days of the British Kings. These persons, however, give Alfred the glory of restoring and new founding it, and giving it the standing which has brought it to its present greatness. The walls of Oxford have seen many a battle before they were battered down by the cannon of Cromwell. Queen Matilda was here hotly besieged by her cousin Stephen, but made her escape from the city with a small train. The plain before us, now so verdant, was then white with snow, and Matilda and her train passed over it all clothed in white, thus escaping the notice of her cousin's soldiers encamped around. Here Henry III. held his "mad parliament," where the stout barons forced him to sign the "Acts of Oxford," which would reform some glaring abuses. But, ah, the smoke of the burning of Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer arises, and all the glory of Oxford is dimmed!

Nothing had I seen more imposing and curious, than the High-street of Oxford. Commencing with Magdalene Bridge, whose heavy balustrades and parapets are very handsome, it sweeps along in a fine curve of half-a-mile, lined on each side with ancient walls, and gate-ways, and towers, alternating with modern hotels and shops. Our inn is in this street, and from our sitting-room we look out upon Queen's College, which consists of ranges of large ancient buildings surrounding a paved court, having in front a high wall with a noble gate-way, leading into the street. If the reader is willing, we will go over and visit it at once, and thus commence our tour of the colleges. Fear not, I am not going to describe all the halls, and chapels, and libraries which we visited during our stay in that interesting city; but will sketch a few of the principal ones, for the edification of such as have not braved the ocean wave to visit them.

A competent guide being obtained, we crossed the street to the gate of Queen's College. A noble gate-way it is; and over it stands a circular temple, supported by pillars. In the midst is the statue of Queen Philippa, to whom this college was dedicated by her chaplain Robert de Egglesfeld. Passing through the gate, we found ourselves in a large court, surrounded by buildings, occupied as school-rooms, students' apartments, hall, refectory, and library. In this quadrangle last summer was held a grand agricultural fête. Dining-tables were set across, at which dined two thousand persons. "Here," said the guide, "the great American orator, Mr. Webster, addressed the meeting, and was much cheered." It was very flattering to us to hear my countryman thus spoken of. From thence we entered the chapel. This was founded in the fourteenth century. It has a round dome at one end, and some of the windows are handsomely painted in scripture

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scenes. On the ceiling is the Ascension, painted by Sir James Thornhill. The library is a very good building, having on the west front eight statues in niches. The roof of the interior is beautiful, and there is much carved oak about it. The hall, or refectory of this college, is a lofty and noble apartment, having a portrait at one end, of my favorite, Queen Philippa. Christ Church College, which we next visited, is one of the oldest establishments in the city. It was founded by a lady, named Frideswide, since become a saint. She was the daughter of the mayor of Oxford, and died A. D. 740. From the priory of St. Frideswide has arisen this noble building, which owes its present greatness to Cardinal Wolsey, and which has for eleven hundred years been devoted to the promotion of religion and learning. The celebrated Dr. Pusey is a professor of Hebrew in this college. The great quadrangle around which are the buildings, was designed by Wolsey, and is two hundred and sixty-four feet by two hundred and sixty-one, having a fountain in the centre, and statue of the Cardinal. From this, we enter the hall, a room one hundred and fifteen feet long, decorated with armorial bearings of the Cardinal and Henry VIII., painted and gilded. A large oriel window adorns the south end. The vaulted roof is of beautiful fan-work, supported by one pillar, and the walls are decorated with pictures of Cardinal Wolsey, Henry VIII., and Elizabeth. This large hall has beheld much of state in other days. Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and Edward VI., Kings Charles and James, have been entertained here. Here, also, the allied sovereigns were received, when they visited Oxford in 1814. The library is another side of the square.

We have here, some rooms filled with paintings. Among those which seemed the most noted were a Virgin and family, by Felippino, date 1500—one by Cimàbue—a Nativity, by Corregio, Last Supper, by Tintoretto—St. Jerome praying, by Spagnoletto;—and many others, copies of great masters. Up stairs is the library, filled with books, coins, and other valuables. It is one hundred and forty-four feet long, has a gallery around it of carved Norway oak, and contains one hundred thousand volumes. The walls are stuccoed and richly adorned. The Chapter-house is a splendid antique, built in the thirteenth century, and presenting a fine specimen of the pointed Gothic. Christ Church Cathedral is a fine edifice, built on the ruins of the priory, and having much Saxon architecture remaining. Here we saw some stout Saxon pillars, round and large, with capitals of scrolls. The pulpit is of beautifully carved oak.

Among the monuments is one to the fair founder, St. Frideswide, who was here buried in 740,—and one to Guimond, an abbot of the priory in 1149. There is one also, by Chantrey, of Cyril Jackson, and a curious old one of Lady Elizabeth Montacute, and on it her figure, carved and gilded, and dressed in the costume of the times. There are some painted windows here. From the cloisters we pass out into the "Walks" of Christ Church. This is a large meadow, which was given the college by the Lady Elizabeth Montacute. Across it are laid out long walks, lined with large elms, which have been made by different persons belonging to the College. We found in these beautiful promenades women and children enjoying the air, as the students had mostly left town on vacations. From among the deep shade of the trees as we passed along, we caught fine views of the spire of Christ Church Cathedral; and towers of Merton, Corpus Christi, and other colleges.

New College, by its name, one would imagine a modern creation, but on the contrary, it is the oldest in Oxford. It is the seventh college built, and was founded by the celebrated architect, William de Wykeham, in 1380. The Library and Hall are both very beautiful and extensive; but I cannot linger to describe them. There are some good pictures in the latter. A portrait of the founder, William of Wykeham, which we looked at with great interest, with those of Waynflete and Chichele, are at one end, and a Nativity by Annibal Caraci, at the other. The Chapel well repays the time bestowed on its examination. There are some very fine old stained windows, and a large modern one at the westward, all, as the bright July sun shone through, throwing a many-colored radiance over the church, and bringing to view the old carved monuments and figures around. I never see this many-hued light illumining dim aisles and transcripts, but I think of a verse in Keble's Christian Year—well remembered here, for it was in the cloisters of Oxford where his divine strains were first heard.—He was Professor of Poetry. This is the verse, from the "Third Sunday after Epiphany."

> "I marked a rainbow in the north,
> What time the wild autumnal sun,
> From his dark veil at noon looked forth
> As glorying in his course half done,
> Flinging soft radiance far and wide
> Over the dusky heaven and the bleak hill-side."

On one of the windows is a scene from the life of Christ, and by a skilful arrangement of the artist, all the light comes from the figure of

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the Saviour. We were shown here a very great curiosity,—this was the crosier or pastoral staff of the founder; it was of silver enamel. From the Chapel we enter the cloisters, those solemn walks, where shut out from the world, the meditative mind finds itself alone with the memorials of the dead around him. From this spot there is a fine view of the lofty tower of the college, which was the last work of the great Wykeham in Oxford. Passing out, we enter a quadrangle, around which are buildings of a more modern date, copied from the palace of Versailles, and used as chambers for the students. Across one end an iron railing, with a handsome gate, decorated with the arms of the founder, leads into the college gardens. This is a sweet fragrant nook, hollow in the centre, surrounded by an elevated walk shaded with trees, and set with benches; the whole bound by the buildings of this immense college and part of the old city wall. The Theatre we must not forget, as this is the place of display for the learning which issues from all these colleges. It is a very ornamental building, modelled by Sir Christopher Wren, after the Theatre of Marcellus, at Rome. The outside is highly decorated with Corinthian pillars, statues, and carved wreaths. The interior is a room eighty feet long, gilded and decorated, and hung with portraits of the Emperors of Russia and Prussia, Archbishop of Canterbury, the founder, and others. There is a full length portrait of George IV. painted by Lawrence, which cost one thousand guineas. Lawrence painted four of these pictures, representing this handsome King in his royal robes; one is at Windsor, and one in the Town Hall of Liverpool, one at the Vatican, and this one. Honorary degrees are given in this theatre, and prize poems read. A pensive interest is thrown over the room, when we recollect that here, the interesting Heber recited his poem of Palestine. A very conspicuous and curious building is the Radcliffe Library. It is a circular building of the Ionic order, having a rustic basement, a circle of pillars above supporting a cornice with statues, and a glass dome on the summit. The library within is curiously paved with marble; has a gallery running around, above the railing of which is adorned with busts, the pillars which support it have before each, casts of the Laocoon, and other celebrated specimens of art. Bookcases are set in the windows beneath the gallery, containing eighteen thousand volumes. Besides these, there are pictures, specimens of natural history, and other curious things. This building was erected by Dr. Radcliffe, who lived in the reign of William and Mary. The Ashmolean Museum, and Bodleian Library, however, must always be the centre of attraction to the virtuoso and antiquarian. Through a heavy ancient gate-way we enter a large quadrangle, around which are arranged several noble structures, which consist of the Picture Gallery, Divinity School, House of Convocation, New Schools, back of the Theatre, the Clarendon Buildings, and the Bodleian Library. In front of us, as we entered, we beheld a curious tower connected by five orders of architecture, and statues, some of which were gilded, rather rude and barbaric. The picture gallery of the library of Sir Thomas Bodley, contains many valuable portraits of England's worthies. Among them we gazed with pleasure upon that of the elegant Addison, who studied here,—Queen Ann, by Kneller, Tycho Brahe,—the great Burleigh, Cambden, the antiquary,—the ill-fated, sad looking Charles I.,—Chaucer,—Cranmer, and Luther, by Holbein,—Dryden,—Galileo,—Gower, sweet Mary of Scotland,—Lady Jane Grey, and many others, undoubted originals of celebrated artists. There is also, the School of Athens, a fine picture of Julio Romano;—and what was more novel to me, ancient illuminated manuscripts.

It was a disappointment to find ourselves in the town where Dr. Newman and Dr. Pusey usually resided, and not to hear them preach; but as it was so, we were obliged to content ourselves with lesser lights. In the afternoon of Sunday, accompanied by two very agreeable and intelligent countrymen, whom we met here, we went to the Chapel of Magdalen College, where we heard very fine chaunting. This chapel is very beautiful, and is a specimen of the architecture of the reign of Edward IV. Some of the windows are handsomely painted, and the large west one, decorated with soom good statues. Over the altar is a painting of Christ bearing his cross, by Maragnano. This college is a very noble one; its buildings covering one hundred acres. The gate-way is a handsome one, supported by pillars, and decorated by an image of the founder, William of Wayneflete, Bishop of Winchester. After service, we walked through the silent cloisters and quadrangles, and passed out through an iron gate to the college-walks. This was a large tract of land, part of it a grove, in which were deer, and part a smooth meadow, through which the Isis made a round sweep. On the borders of the stream was an avenue of large elms, and through groves were other walks, where, shut out from the world, many an ardent spirit has meditated on the mys-

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teries of science, and many a religious one on the great truths he had been pondering over. One of these walks, shaded by elms whose arches crossed above like the vaulted roof of a cathedral, was the favorite walk of the celebrated Addison, and here he composed some of his works. Cardinal Wolsey studied in this college.

Here we strolled for some time, gazing up at the noble trees and the grand tower of Magdalen which rose above them, and at the green meadow around which swept this superb walk; admiring the classic Isis, and musing upon the great and glorious spirits who here and in other cloistered walks and gardens in this city, had meditated and written for so many centuries past. Eleven hundred years, and it is said longer, has learning and religion here been honored. To use the words of, I think, Washington Irving,—"here learning puts on all its majesty,—is lodged in palaces, clothed in purple, and fares sumptuously every day." It is said these institutions still savor too much of the monastic. It is indeed very much so, and many spend here most of their days, shut out from the world, their only knowledge of it being from books. The fellows of colleges are not allowed to marry, and provision being made for them, they remain here free from the cares of life, surrounded with choice libraries and intellectual society. The dress of the students is monastic, having been once that of the Benedictine monks, who are called the restorers of literature. It is a black, flowing robe, and square cornered cap, with a tassel. This cap and dress varies with different ranks. A Master of Arts wears his dress of stuff with a black silk hood lined with crimson, falling behind. A Bachelor of Arts, has his hood lined with black fur. Proctors wear ermine hoods. A nobleman's gown is of black silk, his cap of velvet, with a golden tassel—with many more varieties. I have said nothing of the great men whose minds here attained that elevation of thought, and those stores of information which led them afterwards to the heights of fame,—as the shortness of this article would not permit it. It certainly speaks well for the English nation, that through all their wars and vicissitudes, they have continued to preserve in all their privileges and elegance such magnificent halls of learning as are to be found here and at Cambridge and Eton. The result is, that high attainment in literature, science and the arts, which has placed England at the head of all the nations of the earth.

Lest the vanity of some of my sex should be a little ruffled to see themselves so insignificant here, where hundreds of the other sex find happiness away from their society, shut up in their cloisters among musty tomes,—I will beg them to remember that all these classic halls, and many students, are under the patronage of one of their race. Frideswide, now canonized, erected the first school in this city, and is rewarded by being patron saint. Moreover many of the colleges were founded or endowed by females. Balliol college was founded by Devorgilla, mother of John de Balliol, King of Scotland,—Wadham college, by Dorothy Wadham, jointly with her husband,—Durham college by Mabella, Abbess of Godstow,—and Queen's college by the chaplain of Philippa, under her auspices. Beside these, as great benefactors we must mention Lady Elizabeth Montacute, Dyonisia Burewald, Lady Anne Bromley, Margaret, Countess of Richmond, and many others, besides Queens Mary, Elizabeth and Anne. Several churches are dedicated to female saints, as, St. Catharine, St. Mary Magdalene, St. Mildred, St. Anne, and St. Ebbe, daughter of King Etheldfred,—and in old times the Virgin Mary ruled above them all,—while in these days, Victoria is the Queen and patroness of all. The environs of the city are famous as scenes of the story of two most distinguished and unfortunate of our sex. Just over that clump of fir trees, on that hill, stood as late as 1810, Cumnor Hall, once the residence of the hapless Anny Robsart; and down in the valley are the ruins of Godstow nunnery, where lie the bones of the fair Rosamond de Clifford; while the royal domain of Woodstock, where she lived, is a few miles from Oxford. This domain now is attached to the palace of Blenheim, presented by the British nation to the great Duke of Marlborough.

We purpose to visit this palace, and on our way out of Oxford, will mention only two edifices which excited our attention as we passed. One is the County Hall, which brings the past so palpably before us, when we remember this was once a famous castle in which resided the Saxon Kings, Offa and Harold. The other is the memorial now erecting to the martyrs Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, who in this city perished by fire in 1555 and 6. It is in the style of the Crosses once so common in England, and now occasionally seen. Upon a platform ascended by steps it stands, being a compilation of arches and niches, highly sculptured in the decorated gothic style, growing smaller as it ascends, ending at the height of seventy feet, in a cross. The statues of the reformers and martyrs are seen half way up.

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A pleasant drive of eight miles brought us to the little town of Woodstock, at the end of the main street of which, we enter through a triumphal portal of the Corinthian order, into the park of Blenheim. This beautiful park is twelve miles in circumference, and contains fifteen hundred head of deer, and many flocks of sheep. As we passed up the broad, smooth path, we gazed with admiring eyes at the various beauties around us. This had once been the royal park of Woodstock; the ancient palace has disappeared, but the trees remain, and have been added to in succeeding years, and now present specimens of trees from various climes, having innumerable tints, and desposed in graceful groups. Among them, the Portugal laurel attracted our notice, whose dark, glossy foliage falls from the top until it sweeps upon the grass, forming a green tent. At our right was a large lake, across one end of which was a fine stone bridge, the centre arch of which measured one hundred and one feet. Upon a hill beyond, stood a column, one hundred and thirty feet high, supporting the figure of the great Marlborough. In front, on an eminence, stands the palace, an immense building forming three sides of a square. It was constructed by Van Burgh; the sum of five hundred thousand pounds being voted in parliament for its erection. It is built of freestone, and extends three hundred and forty-eight feet in length. Ascending the steps of a grand porch in the centre, which is said to be the most elegant in England, a respectable-looking man came forward and showed us into the grand hall, which was paved with marble, and supported by Corinthian columns. A bust of the great Duke is here, and the ceiling is painted with Victory crowning him. Family portraits, vases and casts from the antique, ornament the hall. From thence we passed through many rooms covered with paintings and rich furniture. There is a full length portrait of stout Queen Anne, by Lely, in the picture gallery, Madonna and child, by Leonardo da Vinci, and many other fine paintings. In the Duke's dressing-room is a good Murillo, and pictures by Rubens and Titian. The paintings in the grand cabinet are said to be rare and valuable. There are some by Rubens, Raphael, Carlo, Maratti, and what I particularly admired, a Madonna, by Carlo Dolce. Two of the drawing-rooms are hung with tapestry, representing the Duke's battles. Some of the rooms are furnished with great taste, particularly the white drawing-room, whose ceiling is stuccoed white and gilt, the furniture white satin and gold, The paintings, however, are the real ornaments of this magnificent palace, and pleased us more than any collection we had seen in England. One of the state bed-rooms was hung with blue damask satin, its bed, blue satin and gold, but there was a small table in the room, worth all its splendors. This was a work-table of wood, painted by the hands of Marie Antoinette, and presented to the Duchess of Marlborough. The library is a fine room one hundred and eighty three feet long, and thirty-two broad, containing twenty-four thousand volumes. At one end is a statue of Queen Anne, by Rysback. Statues, busts, and family portraits,—one of which was Duchess Sarah, adorn the room. The chapel is a pretty room, having a monument to the first Duke and Duchess, and an altar piece by Jordeans. After a walk through the gardens, which are beautifully laid out, we bade adieu to this elegant palace, which is a magnificent gift and a splendid monument of the gratitude of the English nation to its hero. A nation deserves to be well served, and always will be, when it pays its servants in so munificent a manner.

Original.

TO MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Like thine, sweet Sigourney! 'Twas undeserved;
But 'twas the highest meed of praise, that said,
The feeble chirpings of my unfledged muse
Resembled thy rich warblings.
Thou dost touch
The secret springs, that, slumb'ring, lie concealed
Deep in the human breast—and thou dost thrill
The heart-strings, till the pulse throb painfully
With very exstacy. On wing sublime
Thou soarest, and thy carol wafts the mind
Over old Ocean's wave, to wander 'mong
Ruins of palaces, and garner up
The oft repeated lore of by-gone days.
Anon thou lovest to linger 'mid the haunts
Of this new world; its mounts and cataracts,
In their stupendous grandeur; hill and dale,
And dear home—scenes in quiet loveliness—
Have all a dwelling place within thy heart,
And mingle sweetly in thy varied song.
Would I *were* like thee—thou hast ever been
My beau-ideal of poetic worth;
And my young heart's aspirings, were to breathe
Such strains as Sigourney. 'Twas but a dream,
Which, like the pleasant visions of a night,
With childhood's happy days, have fled away.
Yet do I joy, that talents such as thine
Claim heritage in my own native land;
And proudly placed among illustrious ones,
In memory's treasure-house shall be thy name.

MRS. E. M. SHELDON.

Jackson, Michigan.

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Original.

THE DISOWNED DAUGHTER.

BY J. B. FOSTER.

"NED," said Frank Seymour, as they met in Broadway; "have you seen Charles Wilson this morning?"

"No, I have not; but why did you ask?"

"Because he was married last night."

"What, Charles married?"

"Yes."

"Who to, pray?"

"To my cousin."

"What, to Mary Seymour?" eagerly inquired Ned.

"Yes, to Mary."

"Why, I thought you told me that her father would not give his consent to the match"

"So I did; and they have not his consent now; for they ran away, or more politely speaking, they have eloped."

"Why, I thought," said Ned, "that you were expecting to secure her for yourself."

"So I was," returned Frank; "or at least, I did not know but I might at some future day. I have made no proposals though, as yet; nor did I consider it necessary, little dreaming that that young scape-grace would influence her to the step she has now taken."

"Well, where are they now?" asked Ned.

"I forget; she left a letter in her room, directed to her father, stating her reasons for the step she had taken; and requesting him to write to her, assuring her of his forgiveness."

"Well, will he do it? Will he forgive them, and request that they return home?" asked Ned.

"No: not if I can hinder it?"

"Why?"

"Come to my room this evening, and I'll tell you why."

Ned promised that he would; and they parted —one, to attend to his duties, as clerk in a large mercantile establishment in the city; and the other, to meditate upon some plan whereby he could gratify his ill-will towards Charles Wilson, and at the same time advance his own interests.

Frank Seymour was an orphan. His parents both died when he was very young, and left him the sole heir to a large fortune. His uncle, Colonel Seymour, was his guardian: and with him Frank passed his childhood. And now, after he had become of age, so that by law he was his own master, and could control his own fortune, he made his former home his residence.

Frank was a gentleman in every respect, so far as regarded the outward man. Polished in his manners; of a prepossessing appearance; and above all, a man of wealth; he was looked upon as worthy of the best society; and many a managing mother had tried to instil into their daughters' minds the idea that Frank Seymour would be an eligible match for the fairest of the fair.

But while they only looked at the exterior, they did not discern the sordid disposition which was concealed by polished manners and a handsome address.—For Frank was avaricious in the procuring of money; knew that this was sought after by all, and that the possession of wealth was in itself respectability. For this purpose were all his actions regulated; and for the acquisition of wealth would he stoop below the dignity of the sphere in which he moved.

He had for some length of time thought that if no other means appeared to better his condition, he would unite himself to his lovely cousin, Mary Seymour; the only daughter of his uncle and guardian. Not that he loved her; but he thought that by so doing, he might at some future day become the possessor of his uncle's property, which was considerable.

He doubted not but that he should be accepted by Mary. In fact, he believed there was not a young lady in the city who would refuse so good an offer as he considered himself.

Judge then, of his surprize, when he was informed (on the morning he is first introduced to the reader,) of the marriage of Mary with Charles Wilson. At first he thought the affair, as regarded his expectations, were at an end. But when he saw by reflection, that it lay in his power to ruin Mary for ever, in her father's estimation, he gloried in the rash act she had committed. He at once secretly commenced his plans, which were, he hoped, to result in his favor. And for this purpose, had he sought Ned Griffin.

Ned was confidential clerk in the same establishment where Charles Wilson was employed. He was what many would call a whole-souled, clever fellow, but he was, in fact, extravagant and unprincipled.

He had formed an acquaintance with Frank Seymour at the *gaming table;* where they both resorted to increase their pleasures, and replenish their purses.

Ned had lost much money, and Frank was the principal winner: he had no means of paying, and was therefore in the power of Frank—for he well knew that if he dared to disobey his slightest wish Frank would not

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scruple to expose him to his employers, and thus complete his ruin. Thus was Frank his master,—and a hard one too; as the sequel will show.

CHAPTER II.

Charles Wilson, as I have before stated, was engaged as clerk in a commercial house in the city. He was a young man of fine talents, and universally respected by all that knew him. He had seen, and loved, Mary Seymour; she returned the affection; and Charles applied to her father for his consent to their union. Her father, influenced by his nephew Frank, in whom he placed implicit confidence, had refused him her hand without any reason for so doing, except that Frank did not consider Charles a fit match for his lovely and wealthy cousin.

Charles, disappointed in his fondest hopes, had at length prevailed upon Mary to elope with him —believing that her father, after they were married, would in a short time forget, and forgive them for the rash act. But they were to be disappointed; and Frank was the instrument of that disappointment.

When Colonel Seymour was apprised by his daughter's letter of what she had done, he sought Frank and asked his advice. This Frank declined to give, until he could, as he said, procure some information respecting the character of Charles Wilson. With this intention, as his uncle thought, had he gone out in the morning; but, as the reader has seen, it was for a far different purpose. He well knew that not one word could, in truth, be said against the character of Charles.

When he returned home, his uncle eagerly inquired if he had learned any thing respecting Charles.

"I have;" was his answer.

"And is he a respectable young man? Will it answer to receive him as my son, and forgive him and Mary this foolish freak?"

"I should think not," said Frank, sorrowfully.

"Think not, Frank, why? What is he?"

"He is a clerk, and——"

"I was a clerk once myself," interrupted the old man, "and that is no disgrace."

"I know that, sir; but you did not hear me through; he is not only a clerk, but a—— I fear to tell."

"Go on! go on!" said the father.

"A gambler, and a drunkard," continued Frank.

"It cannot be," exclaimed the distressed father, "Mary would not thus throw herself away upon a villain."

"She has probably been deceived."

"She is lost! lost for ever! for I will not own a drunkard for a son. Oh, my child, why did you throw yourself away, and break my heart?" Thus saying, the old man left the room, and while his feelings were yet writhing under the disgrace that he believed his daughter had brought upon herself and father, he wrote the following letter and directed it as Mary had in her note requested.

"*New-York, Dec.* —, 18—.

"To Charles Wilson:

"Sir, you have seduced from home and the path of rectitude, one of the best of daughters, my Mary. For her blindness in being thus deceived by a villain, I mourn; but the step is taken and cannot be recalled. You, I will not curse; for your own feelings (if you are possessed of those of a man,) will be curse enough, when you think that you have deprived an old man of his only child. But she is my child no more! No! I have no child now! for I will not own an ungrateful one. Mary, my child no more! I bid you farewell, for ever.

"S. SEYMOUR."

"Oh! my father! you cannot thus discard me!" exclaimed Mary, as Charles finished the letter.

"Your father, Mary," said Charles, "is deceived in me by some means; and he will, I presume to say, be convinced of his error in a few days. And in the mean time, it will do no good to mourn for what is past. So, Mary, my love, dry your tears and think no more of this harsh treatment,—which, God knows, we do not merit."

"But Charles, 'tis hard to be disowned by him —to be cast off by a father; and to have him think that *you* are a villain. I cannot bear the thought."

"'Tis hard, Mary; but as I said before, he is mistaken,—and wrote that letter in a passion. He will not abide by this resolution long, I am sure." And in this manner did Charles comfort and drive from her thoughts the anger of her father.

In a short time they were comfortably established in a small, but pretty house; and Charles again resumed his business. Mary found her time so much occupied in making arrangements for keeping house, that, although she thought much about her father, she was contented and happy with the man she loved.

CHAPTER III.

Ned Griffin, according to his promise, waited upon Frank the next evening.

"Well," said Frank, as he entered the room, "you are on hand, are you?"

"Yes, Frank, I am always ready to serve a friend, you know."

"That's right; for I am in want of counsel, just now."

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"Well, what's in the wind now? Something about this marriage of your cousin's?"

"Yes."

"Well, what about that?"

"Listen and I will tell you; you and I know each other pretty well, therefore there is no need of concealment between us. And now I will tell you my plans."

"Go on," said Ned, "I listen."

"Well then, you see, when I came home this morning after I left you, I found the old man upon the point of forgiving Mary; and sending after her and her runaway husband, to have them, like good, dutiful children, as they are, return home."

"Well, Frank, that would be the best way for him to do, I think."

"The best way!" exclaimed Frank, "no! it will not answer my purpose by any means. I must contrive some way to make the old man believe Charles Wilson is a rascal. I told him so this morning, and he don't doubt I am correct; but I fear he will soon learn the contrary; and then I'm down with my plans."

"Well, what are your plans?" asked Ned.

"Why, you see I must have the old man's property. I had thought that perhaps I should have to marry Mary to get it; but that's gone by. Now you see, if I can only make my uncle disown his daughter, and stick to his resolution, I shall, of course, be his heir, and pocket the 'tin,' without the encumbrance of a woman. You understand."

"Yes, I know what you mean; but how are you to do this?"

"I'll tell you; the old man thinks now, that Charles is a villain, for I told him that he was a gambler and a drunkard; and now what I want of you, is, to get Charles into some scrape that will injure his character. You are head clerk there, and can do it well enough."

"I don't know about that; Charles is strictly honest; and very correct in all his business transactions."

"What of that? Swear he has stole money; or embezzled goods, or something that will break him down."

"I would, Frank, but—"

"But what?"

"But he is so very careful."

"Pooh! that's nothing, Ned. You must do it some how; for I swear I'll ruin him if I live. And if you can't assist me, why we break friendship, that's all."

"And if I do this, Frank, my note you hold will be cancelled, will it?"

"Yes, and you shall have as much more with it, if you only succeed."

"Well," said Ned, rising to depart, "I'll do my best for you; for 'twill do no hurt to try him, at any rate."

"That's right, Ned; do your best, and report progress to me, will you?"

And thus the plotters against an innocent man parted for the night. In the mean time the unconscious object of their villanous schemes was enjoying the happiness that is ever to be found with a young and loving wife, at the domestic fireside.

CHAPTER IV.

Some three or four months after the conversation described in our last chapter, Ned said to Charles one day—

"Here, take this money and deposite it in the Exchange Bank."

"How much is there here?" asked Charles, as he took the packet.

"Three thousand dollars," was the answer. Charles took the money and counted it, as was his custom. He found the sum to be correct as Ned had stated; and was about to place it within his pocket-book, when an unusual stir in the street attracted his attention. He laid the money upon the counter for a moment, and stepped to the door. While there, Ned, unperceived by any one, abstracted some part of the amount. Charles returned, took up the pocket-book, and started for the bank.

In a few minutes he returned, his face flushed with excitement.

"Ned," said he, as he entered the store, "could we have made a mistake in counting that money?"

"I should think not; but why do you ask?"

"Because there are but two thousand dollars."

"They must have made the mistake at the bank," said Ned, looking very grave.

"No they did not, for I counted it two or three times while there, and there were but two thousand dollars. And now what has become of the other thousand?"

"In truth, Charles, I cannot tell you; I know that there were three thousand, for I c ounted it, and saw you do the same."

"I know it; but what has become of it? I am sure no one could steal that, without taking the rest."

"They could not," reiterated Ned.

"No, Ned, they could not; and now what is to be done?"

"Why, you must refund the money; that is,

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put in another thousand out of your own pocket, as you lost this."

"But I cannot do that; I have not got a thousand dollars in the world."

"I don't know what you will do, then," said Ned, in a sorrowful tone.

"There is one thing I can do," said Charles.

"What is that?"

"I'll go and tell my employer all the circumstances, and see what he will say." So saying he left the store to seek Mr. Day, the principal owner of the establishment. He found him in his office, and related candidly all the circumstances of his losing the money.

"You say that both you and Ned Griffin counted the money?" asked Mr. Day.

"We did."

"And there is one thousand of it gone?"

"There is."

"Well, sir," continued Mr. Day. "This seems to give me good reason to suspect you of using the money for your own individual purposes. But as I have found you always honest heretofore, I do not like to believe but you are still."

"You do not suspect me of stealing the money, do you?" asked Charles, while his eyes lighted up with fire, and his face reddened at the insult.

"No! no! I said not that; and to save all unnecessary words, if you replace the money, all will be right, and nothing more said upon the subject."

"But I cannot do that now; I have not got that amount in the world."

"You must replace it, I say."

"It is impossible; I—"

"I care not," interrupted Mr. Day, "you must do it, or suffer the consequences."

Charles left the office with a heavy heart. He had expended all, or nearly all, his funds in buying furniture for his house; and now what course to take he knew not. With these sad thoughts he wended his way home. His lovely wife met him with a smile of welcome; and soon he forgot his cares, while revelling in all the sweets that hovered round him.

Charles had no sooner left the office of his employer, than Ned entered.

"Ah!" said Mr. Day, "I begin to believe what you have told me respecting Charles; and now what shall we do about this affair?"

"Indeed I know not, sir," answered Ned.

"The villain! he thought to deceive me, by telling a long and sorrowful story about losing the money. I guess it costs more to support his wife than he ever thought of."

"I don't know any thing about his expenses," said Ned, "but I pity him now."

"Pity him! I do not. If he does not replace the money, he must suffer the consequences; and I told him so."

"I hope, sir, you will not be hard with the poor fellow," said Ned, imploringly.

"I'll see to him; and now you may go to the store."

Ned left the office with full as bitter feelings as that of his victim. In fact, he was not by nature made a villain; but Frank had corrupted him with his bribes and promises; and for his own welfare he thought he must become an instrument in the hands of his adviser, Frank, to work the ruin of his former friend.

The next morning Charles was surprized by the entrance of a rough-looking man, who, in a blunt manner, asked him,

"Is your name Charles Wilson?"

"It is," was the answer.

"Then you are my prisoner."

"For what?" asked Charles, in amazement.

"Why, here is the writ; it's on old Day's account the suit is brought."

In an instant Charles saw that he was suspected of stealing the money which he had lost. He turned to Mary, who was looking on with wondering eyes, and in a few words, explained to her the circumstances of the case; then bidding her to be of good courage, he left the house, with the officer, to procure bail for his employer; not doubting but even Ned, or any of his friends would be bail for so small amount. But here his enemies had been at work; and they had so poisoned the minds of his former friends, with their suspicions, doubts, and conjectures, that not one would take compassion upon him, and become surety for his appearance. With a heavy heart he was conducted to the city prison; and there confined with villains of the blackest dye.

He wrote to Mary, telling her of his situation, but at the same time exhorting her to be of good cheer, for he was innocent of the crime laid to his charge.

This news was received by Mary with calmness; for she believed her husband to be innocent; and knew that her cousin Frank would do every thing within his power to distress her. She knew this, I say, for Frank had called upon her the day that Charles was arrested, and taunted her with her poverty, and the disgrace which now must inevitably come upon her and

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Charles, since he was under an arrest for theft. She bore his taunts with firmness; nor even replied to his base-minded slanders. And as soon as he left her presence, she started for the prison in which her husband was confined.

On her way, she passed by her father's residence; the home of her childhood—where she had passed many bright and happy hours, and where her only surviving parent now lived. Hard was the struggle within her mind as she approached her former home. "I will see him!" she exclaimed, advancing towards the door. She hesitated—turned away, and passed on to the prison. She was immediately admitted; and the scene that followed, we, dear readers, will not attempt to describe.

CHAPTER V.

We must now carry the reader to the mansion of Colonel Seymour. He was seated at the desk in his library, apparently engaged in thought. A book was open before him, but he read not; his mind was far away,—and, need we say, his daughter and thoughts of her situation, engrossed his whole attention? In fact, he was sorry that he had been so precipitate in writing to her. But then, again, what Frank had told him respecting Charles, would flit across his his mind; and there seemed to be no alternative, —for, as to owning a gambler for his son, he could not. While thus engaged in his reflections, Frank entered the room.

"Uncle," said he, "I told you that Charles Wilson was a bad character; but you would scarcely believe me; and now he is in prison for theft."

The old man slowly rose from his seat, and in a calm, but stern manner said,

"Frank, I have heard enough of Charles Wilson. He has stolen from me my child, and I have turned her from my house for ever. Let him be what and where he will, I wish never again to hear his name mentioned—for God knows, he has already caused me trouble enough!"

"But, uncle, I thought that perhaps you would think I had judged hastily respecting him. But now circumstances show that I was right,—for he is now under arrest for—"

"Enough, Frank, say no more! and leave me alone."

Frank accordingly left the room; and the old man wept in agony. "My daughter," said he, "alas, my child! could you know the feeling that racks my heart, you would have never left me! But there is no comfort for me now. I am left alone in the world to die, and be forgotten; and it matters not how soon that time comes." He was here interrupted in his revery by the entrance of some one, and in an instant Mary was at his feet.

"Forgive me, father! forgive me!" she exclaimed.

The feelings of the father, for a moment, prevailed; and clasping her in his arms, they wept together. But suddenly recollecting himself, he thrust her from him, exclaiming, "No, Mary! this must not be!"

"But, father, you know not my distress!"

"You have brought it upon yourself, by leaving me, and uniting with a villain who—"

"Charles is not a villain," said Mary, proudly.

"Why is he in prison, then?" scornfully asked the father.

"He is innocent, father, I know he is, and—"

"Ah, Mary, you have been deceived; Frank told me what he was when he first seduced you from home."

"Has Frank told you this?" eagerly inquired Mary.

"Yes, he has told me all about his character, and you must now leave me. I cannot, if I would, help your misguided husband. He must suffer."

"Father," said Mary, approaching her parent, "a few words more, and perhaps they will be the last. You do not know Frank as well as I do. He is determined to work my ruin; he even told me, in a boasting manner, that 'twas through his influence, that you had forbid my coming here."

"But why should he strive to injure you?"

"Because I know him to be what he is; a base, low-minded villain, without one spark of manhood or honor in his nature—because I have refused his advances, and would not listen to his counsel, and become, for his sake, an outcast from society,—yes, father, and from *virtue*. This," continued Mary, "is his character. I know it well. And now, father, believe him or me. I have no more to say."

"Have you told me truth, Mary?"

"Do you doubt it, father?"

"No! I do not; I cannot; you must be right. But I never thought this of Frank. But, Mary, go home now; do not inform any one of your visit here, and I will see you again soon."

Mary left the room with a lighter heart and a quicker step than she had entered. But when she thought of the morrow, which was the day assigned for the trial of her husband, she wept. But she believed him to be innocent, and thought

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that without doubt it would be proved so to the satisfaction of all. But she little knew what a scheme was in operation to complete his ruin, and her own disgrace.

CONCLUSION.

It was in the same room that Mary and her father held their conversation, and on the evening of the same day, that Frank and Ned were engaged in talking over and making arrangements to carry out their plans.

"Well!" said Frank, "to-morrow comes on Charles' trial."

"Yes," answered Ned, "and I wish I was well out of that scrape."

"Why? you have nothing to do but to swear you gave him so much money."

"I know that; but it's hard to swear against an innocent man."

"Oh, Ned, that's nothing!"

"Yes it is something; and if I get through with this, you will never find me caught in the like again."

"Oh, don't be craven-hearted, Ned; you are pretty well paid for your services. There's what you owe me, and the thousand dollars you took from Charles."

"Yes, but that does me no good."

"Why not?"

"Because every bill is numbered; and the number is recorded in our bank book; and if I should spend the money, I should be very likely to take Charles' place myself; and that, you know, would not be to my liking."

"Well, you can keep it till this affair is blown over, and then there will be no danger."

"I know that; but how do things go? are you like to get the old man's money?"

"Oh, yes! if the old devil only dies soon enough."

"Who, your uncle?"

"Yes; that is all I have to wait for; for he will never give Mary a cent." So saying, they separated.

They had no sooner left the room, than Col. Seymour appeared from behind a screen in the room, where he had listened to their whole conversation.

"So, so," said he, "Mary was right; and Frank is a villain—a scoundrel!—The 'old devil would die soon enough,' eh?—I am an 'old devil,' am I? I'll teach you, Mr. Frank! My money will do you no good. But how will I manage?—Ah! I have it: yes, that will do." And he appeared to be satisfied with some plan he had thought of, to punish the guilty, and reward the innocent.

* * * * *

The morrow came; and with it the trial of Charles Wilson. It was a case that had created no little excitement among the merchants and clerks, in the vicinity of the store where Charles had been employed. The court-room was filled to overflowing with listeners. Nearly all believed the prisoner to be guilty; and when he was placed at the bar, he looked in vain to meet a sympathizing gaze amongst his former friends and companions.

The trial proceeded. Ned Griffin testified that he had long suspected Charles of purloining money from the desk,—and had mentioned his suspicions to his employer, Mr. Day. This was corroborated by Mr. Day, and all seemed to work directly against the prisoner.

Charles had no witnesses, except those who could testify to his former good character. But this was of no avail; and his counsel gave up in despair—telling him he must make up his mind to bear the worst with firmness.

At this stage of the proceedings, Colonel Seymour entered the room, with his daughter clinging to his arm. She looked around; her eyes rested upon Charles in the prisoners' box. She would have rushed into his arms; but her father restrained her, by whispering her to be quiet for a few moments, and all would be convinced of her husband's innocence. He then stepped forward and wished to be sworn. This was soon accomplished, and he commenced:

"Some few months since," said he, "the prisoner at the bar married my daughter, and——"

"But what has this to do with the case?" said the prosecuting attorney.

"I must tell my story in my own way," said the Colonel. The judge ordered him to proceed, and again he commenced, and this time he was not interrupted.

"As I have already said, this man married my daughter without my consent. I was told by my nephew that he was a bad character, and I believed him. But last night I suspected that all things were not right; and I accordingly concealed myself in my library, where I knew Frank and his associate, Ned Griffin, were in the habit of holding conversation. While there I learned that they had contrived this plot to ruin Charles Wilson, in hopes that I, by disowning my own child, would make Frank my heir. And they had agreed to divide my property between them. Furthermore, I found by their conversation that Ned Griffin himself had got the money which was lost; and that Charles was not guilty of any

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cr ime—only that of carelessness in trusting for a moment, such a man as this Griffin."

While the Colonel was telling his story, Frank and Ned had contrived to escape from the room; but they were both immediately arrested for conspiracy—and Ned for false swearing.

Charles was immediately released from "durance vile," and with his lovely wife was about to leave the room, when his father-in-law approached him; and grasping his hand, said:

"Can you, will you forgive me for listening to the counsel of a villain?"

"I knew, sir,—indeed, I told Mary, you were deceived," said Charles.

"I was deceived,—basely deceived, by a villain I believed to be honest.—But it is all done with now; I have taught him a lesson which I think he will remember. And now, come with me, my children; for my home, for the future, is yours. And I shall be careful to never DISOWN my Mary again.

Thus saying, they entered a carriage, and soon were seated in the Colonel's superbly furnished parlor—a happy family—and thus we leave them.

Original.

DEATH OF A CLERGYMAN'S BRIDE.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

HIGH hopes were formed for thee, bride of his heart,
Who to God's temple consecrate, did vow
A life-long service. Thy young hand in his,
Thy truthful heart partaker of his joy,
And sorrows, and thy strong and spiritual mind
A fervent sharer in his hallowed toil,
A double strength was his.—
High hopes were thine,—
To whom the vista of this opening life
Seemed bright with bloom.
And how have they been crowned?—
Ask of the Master, who with solemn voice
So early called thee,—ask the angel twain
To whom thou art a sister; for the eye
Of man hath never seen, nor his dull ear
Heard,—nor his earthly heart conceived the bliss
That waits the ransom'd soul.
Thy place below,
At hearth and board is vacant, and the void
In many a tender bosom marks thy loss,
In characters of pain:—but Faith doth tell
Of an eternal banquet, and a bond
That never more is sundered.
So look up,
Ye grieving ones, and when ye think of her,
Give thanks, even while ye weep.
It were not meet
To murmur at her glory, nor desire
To pluck her downward to time's ills again.—
Clay mourns for clay, but spirit soars to catch
Some glimpse or sparkle of their spirit-joy
Who wear the robes of immortality,
And by such blessed token shapes its course
More truly toward the skies.

Original.

STANZAS.

BY MARIA DEL OCCIDENTE.

ISLE of eternal spring, thou'rt desolate
To me!—thy limpid seas, thy fragrant shores,
Whither I've sighed to come
And make a tranquil home,
Have lost, to me, their charm:—my heart deplores,
Vainly, of *two* it loved the unaverted doom!

Well may I weep you, gentle souls, that while
On earth, responded to the love of mine,
Through eyes of heavenly blue,
More deeply, fondly true,
Haply, than he who lent his breath divine
May give again, on earth, to soothe me with their smile.

My George, if thou hadst faults, they only were
That thou wert gifted ill for this poor sphere,
Where first he faints who shares
Earth's selfish, sordid cares;—
And what might faults to baser eyes appear
When ta'en where angels dwell must be bright virtues there!

Men toil, betray—nay! even kill—for gold;—
But had some wretch, prest by misfortune sore,
Asked thy last piece of thee,
To ease his misery,
When thou couldst only look to Heaven for more,
That last piece had been given and thine own safety sold.

Oft when the noisome streams of pestilence
Poisoned the air around thee, hast thou stayed
By friends, while thirsty death
Lurked near to quaff their breath;—
And soothed, and saved, when others were afraid
And hardier hearts and hands than thine rushed wildly thence.

Oh! could I find thee in some palm-leaf cot,
Still for this earth, with thy sweet brother, too—
Though scarce our worldly hoard
Sufficed a frugal board,
Hope should beguile no more:—I'd live for you,
Disclaim all other love,—and sing, and bless my lot.

All other love?—what love, for me, was e'er,
My Edgar, oh, my first-born, like to thine?—
Too faithful for thy state
Thou wert—too passionate—
Too vehement—devoted—Powers benign,
That thy last pain should pass, and I not by to share!

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Love speaks, 'tis said, but what entones his voice?
Avarice,—ambition—vanity—or, oft,
Sensations such as wake
Blind mole and mottled snake;—
Fierce with the cruel; gentle with the soft;—
Promiscuous in their aim; indifferent in their choice.

Haply, more often, but the common wants,
That man with every mortal creature feels;
And satisfaction finds,
In mantle, as it binds
His neck, when cold, or in those daily meals
Sufficing all the life that coldness leads or vaunts.

If one be lost, another seems as well;
Another mantle, or another fair,
As well, may he his own;—
If one die his—alone
He sighs not long;—enter his home, and there,
When past one little year, another fair will dwell.

Or see yon smiling Creole—her black hair
Braided and glittering with one lover's gold;
Ere the quick flower has grown,
O'er where he sleeps alone,
Already to some other lover sold,
Or given, what both call love, and he's content to share.

Better, for those who love this world, to be
Even as such:—a pure, pure flame intense,
Edgar, as thine consumes
The cheek its light illumes;—
And he whose heart enshrines such flame must hence
And join, with it, betimes, its own eternity.

For masculine or feminine gave naught
Of fuel to the hallowed fire that burned
And urged thee on, of life,
Reckless, amid the strife
For worldly wealth that better had been spurned:—
Thy happiness and love, alas! were all I sought!

How could I kneel and kiss the hand of fate
Were it but mine to decorate some hall,—
Here, where the soil I tread
Colors my feet with red—
Far down these aisles to hear your voices call,
Then haste to hear and tell what happ'd while separate.

Beautiful aisles! beneath the sunset skies,
Tall silver-shafted palm trees rise between
Full orange trees, that shade
The living colonnade;—
Alas! how sad, how sickening is the scene
That were ye at my side, would be a paradise!

E'en one of those cool caves which light and dry,
In many a leafy hill-side, near this spot,
Seem as by nature made,
For shelter and for shade,
To such as bear a homeless wanderer's lot,
Were home enough for me, could those I mourn be nigh.

Palace-caves (where, 'neath the blossomed lime,
Winter lies hid with wreaths,) alike may be,
If love and taste unite,
A dwelling for delight;—
And kings might leave their silken courts to see,
O'er such wild garnished grot, the grandiflora climb.*

Thus, thus, doth quick-eyed fancy fondly wait
The pauses of my deep remorse between;—
Before my anxious eyes
'Tis thus her pictures rise;—
They show what is not, yet what might have been—
Angels; why came I not—why have I come too late?

The cooling beverage—strengthening draft—as craved
The needs of each, could but these hands have given—
Could I have watched the glow—
The pulse too quick—or slow—
My earnest, fond, reiterate prayers, to heaven
Some angel might have borne, besought, returned, and saved.

To stay was imbecility—nay! more—
'Twas crime,—how yearned my panting heart to see,
When, by mere words delayed,
'Gainst the strong wish I staid,
Trifling with that which inly spoke to me,
And longed and hoped and feared, till all I feared was o'er.

Mild pitying George, when maple leaves were red
O'er Ladicanna,† in his much-loved north,
Breathed, here, his last farewell;—
And when the tears that fell
From April, called Mohecan's‡ violets forth,
Edgar, as following his, thy friendly spirit fled.

Now side by side, 'neath cross and tablets white
Is laid, sweet brothers, all of you that's left—
Yet, all the tropic dew
Can damp, would seem not you:—
Your fairer particles from earth are reft
Haply, (and so I'll hope,) for loveliest forms of light.

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* While walking at *sunset* through one of the alleys of this plantation, I met a little black creole with a superb flower in her hand, resembling, as I thought, that of the night-blooming cereus. It was full six inches in diameter; white and full as the magnolia; but appearing to rest upon two or three rows of narrow petals of a bright orange color, which might be likened to a tuft of gold.

The creole presented me with the blossom, and said she knew where there were many others like it. Being joined by friends who were, also, walking in the alleys, we went to a wilder part of the estate, and found a rock entirely covered with the prickly, leafless plant which had produced the flower. It was full of other blossoms, but most of them were smaller than the one I held.

The negroes, who happened to be near, gathered round us, and ascribed to the plant many precious and healing qualities. They said, also, that a small piece of it would grow if cut off and laid upon another rock.

The next morning every blossom was shut and withered; but now, (three or four weeks after,) they have all exhibited a fruit, which, from the quickness of its growth, will probably attain the size of a large winter pear of the north.

† Aboriginal name of the river St. Lawrence.

‡ Aboriginal name of the Hudson or North river.

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Myriads of beings (for the whole that's known
In all this world's combined philosophy,)
The eternal will obeyed
To finish what was made,
When, warm with new-breathed life, new earth and sea
Returned the smile of him who blest them from his throne.

Such beings, haply hovering round us now
When flesh or flowers, in beauty, fade or fall,
Gather each precious tint
Once seen to gleam and glint,
With fond economy to gladden all:—
Heaven's hands, howe'er profuse, no atom's loss allow.

Yet, brothers, spirits, loiter if ye may,
A little while, and look on all I do—
Ah! loiter, for my sake,
Ere other tasks ye take,
Towards all I should do, influence my view,
Then haste to hear the spheres chime with heaven's favorite lay.

Go, hand in hand, to regions new and fair,
In shapes and colors for the scene arrayed;
With looks as bland and dear
As charm, by glimpses, here;—
Receive divine commissions;—follow—aid
Those legions formed in Heaven for many a guardian care.

Be every sigh, and throb, and painful throe
Remembered but to heighten the delight
That crowns the advancing state
Of souls emancipate;—
Oh! as I think of you, at lonely night,
Say to my heart ye're blest, and I can bear my woe.

Original.

SONNET.—AUTUMN.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

The golden Summer has fulfilled its mission;
Changed to reality the hopes of spring:
And now is passing from our saddened vision,
To throw the sunshine of its radiant wing
Over another hemisphere; the dim
And misty skies, the uplands brown and bare;
The red leaves falling on the streamlet's brim;
The breathless hush that fills the balmy air;
The tired and sleepy look the earth doth wear,
Proclaim the annual rest is drawing nigh:
And, with the scene, my weary heart the care
O' life and toil and sorrow casteth by,
And muses o'er the cold and quiet tomb—
The Winter on whose breast eternal Spring will bloom!

Utica, N. Y.

Original.

AMERICAN SCENERY.

BY JEROME A. MAYBIE.

In no portion of earth are the charms of nature more prodigally lavished, than in our own. No American need fix his gaze beyond his own country, to behold greater or more striking exhibitions of sublime and beautiful natural scenery. Though other realms may unfold to the view many scenes rife with attractive interest, yet, when contrasted with those afforded around us, they dwindle into tameness and insignificance.—And, let any one estimate the feeling of delight he experiences, when his attention is rivetted upon European or Oriental scenery, and he will find it is chiefly inspired by the stirring and romantic associations connected therewith. And it is because of this influence, that travellers are frequently led into such superlative epithets of praise, in their descriptive details, seeming to attribute the charm that is felt to a high order of external appearance. To be convinced of the magical effect of that alluded to as lending a crowning interest to the scenery of other lands, we need but turn our eyes to those, which, while they abound in many enchanting visions, are the abodes of fallen or departed glory.

Though the sky of Italy be purple-hued, and her sunny vales smile with a most fruitful vintage; though groves of orange and citron wave round on every hill; yet is it because she is thus favored, that she is made the shrine of a pilgrim-world, offering delighted homage? No! it is the Past, the mighty Past, that gives to the scenes of Italy, this overpowering charm. Every spot where we stand; whatever scene engages our view, presents some memento of former "knighted times," and speaks a language that thrills to the soul. Ay! times that gave birth to the proudest achievements, the most splendid triumphs of humanity, in every circumstance or department, in which elevation of soul or greatness of genius, may be displayed. Every thing around assumes the aspect and is robed in the coloring which Fancy borrows from the associations summoned up from the Past.

Turn we to Spain; she presents no scenery that will vie with ours. Yet, wherefore is it, we so delight to revel amid her vine-clad hills and plains, and bend as if rapt over that lovely page of the volume of nature? It is because she was once the bright home of Romance, the flower-land of Chivalry, rich in her dowry of Story and

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Song. As we linger with velvet tread amid her castles in their desolate ruin, the times, the events of her former brightness are conjured up, like the beautiful creations of Magic. The hall where now "creepeth the ivy green," is decorated with the gorgeous paraphernalia of those days—is radiant with their pride and loveliness, and resounds with their high festivity. How we love to look upon the gay and dazzling scene! Banners of knighthood and the trophies of victory, and the ensigns of emblazoning heraldry, fling their proud drapery from the walls. The laugh and the jest oft sound. Minstrels strike the harp, and courtly knight and stately dame, float off in the voluptuous windings of the dance.—The revel is at its height, and the lofty arches ring with its blended din. Leaving this scene, we pass to the tournament. A thousand venturous achievements and legendary incidents throng upon the mind. We live in the Past. Do we wonder then, that all around is moulded and tinged with the impress and hue of the Imagination?

Turn we to England, our father-land. How spirit-like the call, to wander amid the landscapes and vales, lakes and lawns. And it is because there is a "magic and a marvel" in the very names of these, derived from the memory of their old glory. We loiter amid scenes that

> "Rose *rich* to the spirit's gaze, as the eye
> Hung like a tranced thing above the page
> That genius had made golden with its glow."

But the scenery of this country is comparatively devoid of any borrowed interest. For here, the imagination can but rarely call up from the Past, any images of Story and Romance, nor has Art strewn the land with her monuments, nor have the footsteps of the Muses wandered. True it is, we may see the traces of the existence of the Red Men; these however, are indistinct and fading; and the history that belongs to this vanishing race, is no less brief and vague, than strange and mournful. The mind fatigues itself with mere *conjecture*. Yet, who will deny that the scenery of our allotment, possesses a charm and interest more potent than any other?

Let an American sojourn abroad, and soon how eagerly he longs to tread again his own proud land; again, to behold her cloud-capped mountains frowning in wild sublimity; her solemn and trackless forests, in all their unrivalled glory of vegetation; her mighty lakes, spreading their broad expanses like sheets of molten silver; her deep and lordly rivers, rolling on in ocean grandeur; her awful cataracts, thundering in their solitudes, and shaking earth with an eternal anthem; her broad valleys, waving with a most varied and teeming luxuriance; and her transparent sky, dyed in the tints of a most glorious sunlight! It is for these enrapturing, heart-stirring visions, he sighs

> "Amid the isles of Greece, the hills of Spain,
> The purple heavens of Rome."

Philosophy has long descanted on the effects of scenery in the formation of national character. If any influence is to be attributed to this source, what a renowned existence may not be ours? And that it exists, who can doubt? Who is there so self-bound and legarthic, that has not felt his bosom throb with the noblest pulsations, the loftiest aspirations, when witnessing the glories spread so profusely on every side? Who is there that does not feel this sentiment impressed upon his heart, that this great and august Temple of Nature, was built by Heaven's Architect for lofty designs and purposes? This language is uttered and seen every where in our country. Niagara, from his "rocky throne" proclaims it in a voice of thunder. It is heard in the stormy music of the Atlantic and Pacific. It is echoed by the crags and caverns of our mountains. It is traced, as by the finger of Omnipotence, wherever we may turn our gaze—whether our brows are fanned by the breezes of the Ohio or Red Rivers—whether we repose under the huge sycamores of the Miami, or the towering elms of the Connecticut—whether we range our illimitable prairies or scale our mountain heights!

Original.

SONNET.—TO A POET.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

Oh, say not thou art "an up-rooted weed,
  Drifting along the billowy sea of time."
I tell thee 'tis not so! thy heart may bleed,
  Yet is it unto God and Truth a shrine.
Then let thy soul o'erflow in strains sublime,
  Wild, Orphic measures passionate and deep,
Then countless breasts in every earthly clime,
  Responding to thine own will throb and beat:
Ay, like the rush of angel-wings, their sweep,
  Shall guide in holy paths thy fellow men:
And seraph-choirs with golden harps repeat
  To each impassioned lay the loud "amen."
While clearer, brighter, through the eternal years
  Swells thy melodious song, and shines thy diadem!

Utica, N. Y.

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Original.

THE PRIVILEGE.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

"In their baronial feuds and single fields,
What deeds of prowess unrecorded died!
And love, which lent a blazon to their shields,
With emblems well devised by amorous pride,
Through all the mail of iron hearts would glide;
But still their flame was fierceness, and drew on
Keen contest and destruction near allied,
And many a tower for some fair mischief won,
Saw the discolor'd stream beneath its ruin run."

A few miles south-east of Cork, at the bottom of one of those beautiful bays with which nature has indented the whole coast of Ireland, may be seen to this day, the ruins of "the Southron's Castle," once the strong hold of that puissant and powerful family, the "De Courcys." It has completely gone to decay, and as one looks on the immense stones scattered here and there, and covered by the parasitical ivy, the place appears so desolate and lonely, it is with difficulty he can bring himself to believe that there, in that very spot, once resided one of the most renowned knights in Europe. Still there remains enough of the foundations to prove the assertion to be true, that it must have been a large and handsome edifice. It was built as early as in the year 14—, and as in those days a castle was prized more for its strength and fortifications, than for either its beauty or convenience, so this one had been provided with every description of defence that was known at the time. It was surrounded by watch towers, each having a separate communication with the donjon or keeps, which rose far above the rest of the pile, and which looked most formidable and gloomy with its long lancet windows, and strong, heavy mason work.

On the eastern side, the sea washed up to the very foot of a precipice, on the top of which hung the castle like an eagle in its eyry; and when, during the frequent tempests which prevail on the coast, the immense breakers all white with foam, were lashed with impotent fury against that massive rock, their bellowing sounded like the prolonged roar of thunder. On that side it was safe from the intrusion of an enemy; still, the proprietor not wishing to trust his safety to the thickness of his ramparts alone, had dug a wide and deep moat around the outer edge of the watch-towers, which could be crossed but by a single draw-bridge; so that he could, when he wished it, keep all unwelcome visitors at a distance. For about three hundred yards, an Inch or lawn sloped gently upward, and was then terminated by a mountain, covered with forests, rising perpendicularly from the plain. That man must have a stout heart who could look up that mountain and not tremble. The bleak and beetling crags which projected forward, whose barren solitude gave shelter to no animal less wild than the boar and wolf, seemed as if hung over head for the mere purpose of one day being let loose, and hurled down for the destruction of all beneath. In fine, the "Southron's Castle" or the "Lion's Den," which it was most generally called, was one of the strongest of those feudal fortalices, in which the native chieftains, when hard pressed by an enemy, would shut themselves up, and for months together bid defiance to either Sassanech or Gaël, as the case might be.

It was but a short time after Elizabeth had assumed the throne, when the ruinous and short sighted policy of the English government had spread discord and treachery throughout Ireland. The error of its ways was soon discoverered, however, for the very lords "within the Pale," began to get disaffected, and shortly after, some of the most powerful, broke out into open rebellion. This had been quite unexpected, for almost all who dwelt "within the Pale," as it was called, (i. e., within the bounds of civilization which were marked by law,) were descendants of the British, who had emigrated to Ireland since the invasion of Henry, the Second. These, regardless of the penal statutes, which forbid such a thing, became allied by marriage to the "*mere Irish*," and in a short while forgetting the allegiance due to the land of their ancestors, they were ready on the first favorable opportunity to turn about and fight for the independence of their new country. There was another reason, also, and which was a powerful one to tempt the English lords from their obedience to the Queen. They daily beheld the "sons of the Gaël," the native Thanes living in wild and lawless independence, owning no master and no law, but their own will; whereas, they the Saxon Lords had to own fealty to Elizabeth, and, in consequence, to bow submissive to the will of the Lieutenant Governor, her representative. The yoke galled their proud spirit, and they longed to throw it off. Elizabeth attempted to force the reformed religion on her Irish subjects, so they had to choose whether they would become the "chain-kissing slave" of a female tyrant, or else throw off the cloak of subjection and bid her defiance. The opportunity arrived, the nobles rebelled, and the proudest amongst them was Milo de Courcy, Earl of Kinsale. Gathering around him hundreds of galloglasses

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and gillies, as the men of the south were called, the lion in his den laughed at the girl Elizabeth, as he usually named her, and all the power of her armies. Lord Milo had married a daughter of the O'Connor, chief of the clan of that name. She was a proud and haughty dame, who would have walked unflinching through fire and blood to promote the honor of her clan. Her lofty mind was well known throughout the country, and any wandering minstrel or Sennachie who might obtain permission to give a specimen of his art in her presence, was well aware that if he but sung the praises of the clan O'Connor to some wild air on his harp, or related some deed of prowess achieved by one of the lords of that name, in the battle field, when Erin was in her palmiest days,

"When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from her proud invader,
And kings with banners of green unfurl'd
Led the Red Branch knights to danger,
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger."

He knew if he could but accomplish that, he would not be allowed to leave the castle. Complaining of her largesse, he had but to present his cap and immediately it weighed heavy with the golden gift. This lady was the mother of an only son, whose fortunes we intend to relate in the following pages. At the time in which this our "veritable and true historie" commences, Redmond de Courcy, the sole heir to his father's title and wide estates, was twenty; a noble and handsome youth; but, alas! a captive in the castle of his father's most powerful enemy, Lord Thomas Fitzgerald. The dark Geraldine, as Lord Thomas was familiarly called, had not as yet revolted from Elizabeth's sway, and was her best champion in Ireland. He waged an uncompromising war with all who had renounced her as their sovereign, and as a consequencec became the bitter enemy of De Courcy. Sundry times and oft had he come south, followed by thousands of retainers, to lay siege to De Courcy's strong-hold, but always fruitlessly. The castle was strong, and the owner undaunted; so that he always returned from the campaign crest-fallen, and his dispirited army thinned of hundreds of his best men. But what he could not achieve by force, he accomplished by treachery. Disguising some of his followers as Spanish sailors, he sent them to Kinsale, in a small craft laden with rich wine, ordering them to entrap and take prisoner the young Redmond De Courcy, by fair means or foul. They obeyed him to the letter. Arrived at Kinsale, they went on shore and sold some of their wine, which pleased Redmond so much, his father determined to buy more. The men said they were not going to land the remainder, but if the young gentleman would go on board they would regale him with some of their choicest liquors.

Suspecting no harm, he went, accompanied by some companions, and one or two servants. Strong wines and spirits were immediately placed before them; and having indulged in them rather freely, they soon became intoxicated. Their arms were then stolen from them, and they were ordered by half a dozen men armed to the teeth, to surrender as prisoners. They all attempted to resist, and particularly young Redmond, who still had a side-dagger, with which he maimed one of the crew. In return he was struck down by a cut of a sabre, which entered deep into his shoulder.—The wound was not mortal, but dangerous, from the quantity of blood which escaped. They were taken to Dublin, and from thence to the castle of the Geraldine, Earl of Kildare. For weeks the young De Courcy lay on a bed of sickness and pain, cursing the wayward fate which had made him a captive in the power of his father's bitterest enemy. He would rave the whole day long at the physician and attendants, who were doing all in their power to soothe his anguish, both of mind and body.—One day, having exhausted himself in reproaching them for not either liberating him, or else putting an end to him at once, he had fallen into a broken and feverish slumber. He was awoke suddenly, by feeling a light hand pass over his face, as if removing the curls of his hair off his burning forehead; as he turned painfully in the bed, the hand was immediately withdrawn, and he but caught a slight glimpse of a light figure dressed in a dark mantle, as it moved from the chamber. The form was that of a female, whom he had never seen before. Waiting impatiently for the arrival of his usual attendant, he demanded who the young female was who had just been with him. He was answered that "it was the Lady Eva Fitzgerald, daughter and only child of Lord Thomas, the Geraldine." He was also told that "she had daily visited him since his arrival, but always during his sleep, lest she might be recognized; and that, she wished to avoid, as she was forbidden to visit him by her father." It was enough; when Redmond found there was even one who took an interest, though ever so slight, in his fate, he bore with twice the manhood and patience he had done before.—He ceased complaining altogether; nor did he in future upbraid the menials around him for not putting an end to his existence; as he at present wished to live, were it to catch but one more glance at the

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gentle girl, who had come to him in his dreams, as the "Good Samaritan," to pour oil and balm on his wounds. Besides, he had often heard the praises of Eva Fitzgerald sung in his father's castle, by many a wandering bard, who had had the rare fortune to behold her bright countenance; and he wished to perceive with his own eyes, if their song had exaggerated her beauty. He determined not to sleep next day, in hopes she might come to him again; but no, she never appeared, and he had the mortification to see three successive days spin out their weary length without ever beholding her. At the end of that timê, he bethought him of a *ruse*, which succeeded to perfection. Towards mid-day, feigning a deep sleep, he breathed loud and hard, so as completely to deceive the menials. As he expected, it was immediately made known to the Lady Eva that the patient slept, and directly she appeared dressed as before in a dark mantle. With a wave of her hand she dismissed the attendants, signifying she would watch by the sick man's couch until he awoke. Throwing back the hood of her cloak, she approached De Courcy, and laid her hand on the pillow which supported his head. It would have been a fine subject to inspire a painter, had one beheld that girl, her dark attire contrasting strangely with the gorgeous decorations of the apartment, as she stood still as a statue, gazing with a look of pity and admiration on the noble but pale features of the wounded prisoner.

Redmond *felt* her presence, though he did not dare to open his eyes to look upon her, lest she might again escape. He ceased almost to breathe, that he might hear every movement she made. Eva finding his respiration so light, feared that he was weak; and stooping forward, she laid her cheek almost to his, to catch the slightest sound of his breath. It was impossible for Redmond longer to restrain his feelings, and ending the deceit, he whispered "Eva Fitzgerald, may the Virgin bless thee!" The astonished girl started back, revealing neck, cheek and brow, reddened with the deep suffusion of shame. She felt as much in that moment as if she had been caught committing some awful sacrilege, for unconsciously to herself, the person whose good opinion she valued most in the world, lay before her. Had any one dared to breathe such a thought to her at the time, she would have denied the calumny with vehemence, and would have supposed she was asserting the truth; but the fact is as stated. All she ever was worth would willingly have been given up that any other person had caught her in such a situation than Redmond De Courcy. And it was natural! she, but a gentle girl of eighteen, leading a quiet and retired life, having scarcely ever left her father's castle for a day, had three weeks before seen a young man brought in wounded, and a captive; had heard of the desperate resistance he had made, when treacherously seized within sight of his native shore; knew that if delivered up to Elizabeth, his doom most likely would be death, and she pitied him. Need it be here remarked, what has so often been said before, that pity in a female breast, is often the forerunner of love? She had pitied him and she loved him! At first, she determined to rebuke him, with anger, for his arrogance in addressing her, as if an equal; but then he was in her father's power, besides it would be a false pride indeed, which could tempt her to say aught unkind to the unfortunate; so she answered him gently,

"I thank thee, sir, for thy kind wish; but methinks thou must have been initiated in the lore of some of your southern wizzards, else how comes it that the first word I hear is the repetition of my own name, when it is impossible that thou couldst have seen me before?"

"Nay, Lady, but I have had that pleasure; though, I believe, contrary to thy wish. Four days ago, I beheld those eyes gleam brightly from under the hood of thy dark fallin, and my dreams day and night since have been illuminated by their brilliancy; and as for knowing thy name, there is but one Eva Fitzgerald in the world!"

The blush on the fair countenance of our first mother, when the young Adam for the first time took her by the hand, to lead her through the groves of Paradise, equalled not that which brightened the cheek of her lovely namesake. Eva half turned away, to hide her embarrassment, but then suddenly remembering she had not yet assigned a reason for her presence in Redmond's chamber,

"Thy physician," she said, "has ordered that thou shouldst not be allowed speech of any one, and methinks already thy delirium returns, for there is neither meaning nor sense in thy words; at least, they suit not a maiden's ears, and on coming to thy couch-side to see that the attendants had placed all things fittingly, the daughter of the lord who holds thee captive, expected not to hear vain compliments paid her by the enemy of her father."

"Lady, I recked not what I said; for of a verity my mind was bewildered by thy bright charms; but in future, if thou wilt but promise

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to return again, and bring comfort to the heart of the wretched, I will keep stricter watch over my words, and study to beware lest they offend thee."

With a sign of acquiesence, she drew her cloak around her and left the apartment.

—

Nine months had come and gone, and still men grew not the wiser. They continued to live as before, seemingly for the mere purpose of destroying one another, and the precept "Love thy neighbor as thyself," was as little followed as at the present day. In the meantime, like a ship's vane in a calm, the minds of men in the political world had been veering and shifting from one point to another. Among others, over the spirit of whose dream there had come a change, was Lord Thomas Fitzgerald; even he, the staunchest warrior of Elizabeth, had found her sway too tyrannical longer to bend to it; and accordingly, as a sign of his defection, the escutcheon of his family, interwoven with the harp of Erin, was seen unfurled from the battlements of his castle, where once had waved proud England's ensign. Terrific and deadly was the revenge the Queen afterwards took for his revolt; but as the relation of his fate belongs to history, we there leave it, and proceed to that of the De Courcy. At the end of a long spacious hall in the castle, half hidden in the deep niche, which formed the window, sat the fairest of mortals, Eva Fitzgerald. Had one wished for a human representation of the crest of the Desmonds, which is a "Sun-burst," a more fitting object to illustrate it could not have been found than the lovely Eva; for literally her beauty was dazzling. To please her father, who doated on his only child, she was dressed in the costliest fashion of the day. Her dark velvet robe, with sprigs of gold woven into the skirt and train, had been imported from France at an enormous price, being the first of the cloth ever made, and rarely did it become her. The long-waisted stomacher was bound with a deep band of pearls, somewhat the same as represented in the pictures of Mary Stuart; a long chain of the same chaste and beautiful ornaments was strung through her dark hair, which had never been defiled by powder; and the contrast had that effect which proved the inimitable skill of her tire-woman. The rather sombre hue of her dress, well became the state of her mind, which at present was of the saddest. From the window where she sat, many a green and sunny glen might be seen stretching out far and wide for miles, and yet that girl looked not on them. How true it is, that in order to admire, or, take interest in the beauties of nature, the mind must be calm and quiet as the object the eye looks upon! But Eva's mind felt not thus tranquil. She at present reclined her round, white arm on the cushion of her seat, and rested the other on the head of a large wolf-dog, which lay beside her. The animal, as if divining her sadness of spirit, looked up in her eyes with a sorrowful, pitying look; and as Eva perceived it, she could not prevent two large bright tear-drops from gathering in her eyes, though they did not actually fall. For the first time in her young life, she felt, what all are born heirs to,—sorrow and disappointment. She sat meditating on what must have been a melancholy subject, for some time, when a hasty step disturbed her, and caused the dog to erect its ears and curl its large hanging lips, as if he prepared to pounce upon the intruder should he prove an unwelcome one. She pacified the hound by a tone of her voice as the door opened, and a person appeared, who for his manly carriage and bearing, might have borne the palm even among King Arthur's redoubtable knights of the round table themselves. Dressed in the courtly fashion of the times, the young man's muscular but nobly proportioned figure appeared to great advantage. The long silken truisse or hose, which sat tight to the limb, and fulled above the waist, showed every play of his muscles as he stepped lightly across the apartment. His slashed doublet was of dark green velvet, and drawn together with golden fastenings. The cuffs turned back nearly to the elbows, and were trimmed with yellow silk and gold. His countenance eminently handsome, and peculiarly fresh, shone at present with joy. The laughing blue eyes and curling lips were fine, denoting no want of humor and courage, the particular attribute of his countrymen. The mouth was peculiarly set off by the dark crommeal or moustache, generally worn by all true Hibernians of the day. He doffed the light cap which sat jauntily on his head, as he reached the door, and saluted the lady who rose to receive him.

"Sweet Señora, I pray thee pardon my intrusion, but of a truth, I have to ask thee several questions which concern us both closely, and it depends on thine own kindness whether they be satisfactory or not. First, am I pardoned?"

"Redmond, for shame," (for De Courcy it was) "thou art always annoying me, asking pardon for thy intrusions, as if it gave thee pleasure to hear it repeated a thousand times, that thy presence is never such. But to thy questions, sir knight, and beware lest they be uncourteous for a lady answers none of that description."

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Presenting a printed paper from beneath his doublet, he requested her perusal of it. Her cheek blanched as she read the first words—"A challenge." Her color continued to vary, until she had perused it to the end, when a deep blush rose to her face, as she answered, "He is a brave man, Redmond, and as such, not beneath thee!

The paper contained a challenge from one of Ferdinand of Spain's noblest knights, sent over by his king, to do battle with the most renowned and bravest of the British nobles. He had landed in England but a short while before, and immediately spread his "challenge" through great Britain and Ireland. The present paper was one which had reached the castle of the Geraldine. Gonsalvez de Guadaxa was a man of mighty strength and courage, as the Moors had often felt to their cost in Spain, and he had been chosen as a fit representative, by the Hidalgos of Iberia, to go forth, and manfully do battle to the death, with some of those proud islanders, who had presumptuously set themselves up as first among the nations of the world. His challenge set forth, in pompous phraseology, that he was willing to fight any man, if of noble blood, in single combat, either with lance, broadsword, or dirk knife, and the man who asked his life, was to consider himself a prisoner of war; in fine, it might have ended with the words of brave Will Shakspeare himself—

"Lay on Macduff,
And damn'd be he who first cries hold, enough!"

Such was the challenge to which Eva replied with flashing eye and heightened color, "He is a brave man, Redmond, and as such, not beneath thee!"

"I knew, sweetheart, thy answer would be such, for I thought thy noble mind would not bear to hear thy countrymen bearded in their very homes; it were a damnable disgrace, were his challenge not accepted by some one!"

"Thou sayest truly," replied Eva, "but thy ardor outruns thy discretion, for, bethink thee, it were impossible for such an arch rebel as thou art, to enter the dominions of the English queen, and return unharmed, particularly at present, that she believes thou wert the principal cause, besides her own harsh measures, of my father falling off from his allegiance!"

"Ay, but the arch rebel, as thou so prettily callest him, shall be in disguise, and Elizabeth shall be none the wiser, until he has struck the daring Spaniard, and stands before her his conquering sword yet red with the stain of Iberia's best heart's blood; what sayest thou, ladie-bird, will it not read well in after story, 'The fight of the De Courcy with the Spaniard?'"

"Read? ay, glorious would be the tale, for foul minded must be the historian who could write aught dishonorable of thee, Redmond. But remember, thy kind mother, who, high minded as she is, would be loth to lose her son; and then, all thy other loving friends—'twould break their hearts, De Courcy, if aught happened thee. Ay, now I think of it, I counselled thee wrong, when I said the Spaniard was not beneath thee; he must be, and is, for who can compare to thee? and thou hadst better not go to meet him; the danger must be great and awful, and Heavens! if the news arrived that thou hadst been struck down by some unlucky thrust of the Spaniard, Redmond, the blow that struck thee, would set me mad. Meet him not—leave his fate to some less noble hand than thine."

"Now, by the beard of my father, Eva, thou discourseth most eloquently on the mishaps that are to befall thine humble servant, but as he is so rash as to brave the danger, perchance, ladie-love, thou wilt speed him on his path, with thy good blessing, and if ever man won aught, through the good wishes of a fair lady, Redmond de Courcy's sword shall strike home in honor of the loveliest maid that ever lived. It is now near a year, since first I was brought a prisoner to thy father's castle, and though he liberated me soon after, I have never quitted it, as I must have left thee behind; but to-day that challenge arrived, and to-morrow I depart; now, dearest ladie, since my eyes first opened to the light of heaven, they have never rested on a brighter object than thy own fair person; and though the maids of the south are warm and lovely, my heart never beat for them as it has done for thee; I have dreamed of thee, Eva, night and day; I have shouted in my sleep, for joy, when I thought thou wert beside me, and in the heat of the stag hunt I have paused and revelled in the thought of the merry days we might spend in the sunny south, if thou wouldst be content to be my bride. Eva, thou hast been the idol of my heart for many months, and I have loved thee long and well; and but say thou wilt be my wife, when I return from the fight, and I will throw my glove before the world, and bid defiance to all the Spaniards that strut between this and the farthermost end of Granada."

With moistened eyes, and a lovely smile, the promise was given, and next day Redmond started for England.

[*To be continued.*]

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Original.

MARY LOUISA LENOX;

OR, THE ERRAND WITH THE TWO JARS OF JELLY.

A TALE FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," "KYD," AND THE "QUADROONE."

[To W. W. Snowden, Esq.

Dear Sir:—As your numerous readers embrace a large number of intelligent misses, whose minds and years few writers take into consideration, (most communications to newspapers being written with an eye to adult readers,) I have in this, and one or two subsequent stories, devoted my pen expressly for their instruction and entertainment.]

There is on the banks of the Delaware a very handsome but small town, composed mostly of neat villas, the residences of gentlemen of wealth and business. In one of these tasteful country seats, which stood near the water, with a garden extending quite to the river, and bordered with elms, dwelt a Mr. Lenox; a man of fortune and a cultivated mind. He had once been a merchant; but having acquired an independence, he left Philadelphia, and with his wife and only daughter, sought retirement in this lovely village. The daughter's name was Mary Louisa, and at the period of this little story, she was about twelve years of age. She was very pretty in person; for her figure was graceful; her hair was a bright, golden brown, and curled in a cloud of ringlets about her neck; her eyes were a sweet hazel, soft and gentle, and yet mirthful in their expression; her smile was bright, and ever ready to express the happiness that filled her heart; her voice was rich and pleasing, and her laugh as merry as the glad morning carol of the soaring lark. But the beauty of Mary Louisa Lenox laid not so much in her person as in her heart. She was good as she was lovely. She had been early taught her duty to God, and gratitude to her Saviour; and she loved to do right because it was pleasing in the sight of her Father in Heaven. Her moral culture had been properly regarded, and sentiments of honor, truth and rectitude, were rooted in her heart. She had early learned to control her evil passions, (which we all have by nature,) and to act from a sense of duty rather than from the impulse and feeling of the moment. She was just in her intercourse with all her playmates and little friends, and with the wilful she was yielding; with the impetuous she was gentle; with the quarrelsome she was forbearing; with the unjust she was charitable, and with the evil disposed, good, and to all, doing good; for she delighted in the happiness of which she was the author. But we can best illustrate her character by describing a walk she took one sunny morning, to visit a poor sick woman at the end of the village street, and take to her some little delicacies which she and her mother, who in all her life and conduct had exhibited to her a perfect model of action, had together prepared for her.

As soon as breakfast was over, she left the handsome mansion of her father with the calve's-foot-jelly, and a little pot of sweet-meats, nicely wrapped in a snow-white napkin, to seek the humble abode of the subject of her solicitude. She tripped lightly along with her sun-hat half thrown back upon her shoulders, and a smile of inward happiness on her countenance. She was thinking how glad the poor old lady would be to get the nice things she was carrying to her! How the calve's-foot-jelly would nourish her, and how the currant jelly would take away the bad taste of the medicines she knew she had to take; and she thought of the kind words of thankfulness, and the smile of gratitude with which she would accept her little present. And so Mary Louisa went tripping along as good and happy as if she had been a little angel; which she resembled, for she was doing good, and this, we are taught, is the employment of the angels.

She had not got a great ways down the street, when she saw a poor little girl on the opposite side, lugging along, with great difficulty, a basket of chips and wood, assisted by a very little ragged boy, who was so small, that he could hardly lift up one side of the heavy basket. They had to stop every three or four steps, and set it down to rest, when the little boy, who was hardly five years old, seemed very tired.

Mary Louisa no sooner saw them, than she said in her heart, "poor little boy!" Most young misses would have been satified with feeling pity for him, and then gone on. But the sympathies of Mary Louisa were always active. She never pitied without trying to relieve. The street was very muddy, for a heavy rain had fallen the night before; but she did not mind this! She knew mudded shoes could be very easily cleaned again, but that opportunities for doing good are not met with every day; and she felt, from experience, that it is good to cultivate the desire to help others; and that the more obstacles that have to be encountered, only make the service more valuable both to the object of it, and to the heart of the doer. So she did not hesitate, on seeing that the poor little boy had too hard a task, but picking out the hardest places in the street, she ran across to them.

"Poor little boy!" she said in a sweet voice, "you can't carry that heavy load! It is almost

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too much for you, isn't it?" she said to the little girl.

"It's very heavy; but mother says she'll lick us both if we don't bring home the basket full! If Johnny was a little bigger, we could get it along."

"Where do you have to carry it?" asked Mary Louisa, with animation, and a feeling of sorrow for the mother that could be so cruel to her own children.

"Up to dat 'outh, by de tree," answered the little fellow. "Dat ith were my moder live."

"Well, my little fellow, you take this and hold it still here 'till I come back. I will help your sister. Now don't you lift up the napkin and taste what is under it."

"No, I wont," said the little boy, sitting down on a stone, with the jellies in his lap, while the noble Mary Louisa, taking hold of the side of the basket with his sister, helped her carry it towards the house.

"Poor little Johnny," she said compassionately; "I wonder he could stir it at all. It is as much as I can do to keep it off the ground. I will tell your mother how heavy it is, and she will not ask you to carry such a full basket again."

"I wish you would," said the little girl; "for I am afraid to ask her, she is so cross."

"Hush! you oughtn't to talk so of your own mother! Perhaps she has a great deal of work to do; or has the headache; or is troubled about things you don't know any thing of; and this makes her seem cross. You should only love her the more when she speaks sharp to you. She does it only when she feels bad, and kind words always make persons feel kinder. One ought not to return cross words for cross words; because this only makes more of them. Cross words always should be answered with kind ones!"

The little girl stared very hard at Louisa, on hearing such sentiments; but looked as if she was impressed with their correctness. They had now come close to the door of the house, within which Louisa saw a short, stout woman washing. It was a poor, black-looking abode, such as laboring men often live in. There was no neat yard; no green trees; nothing tidy or comfortable about it. Two large hogs were rooting about the door, and some ducks were wallowing in a shallow mud-puddle before the very entrance. The woman had an old red handkerchief tied about her head; her gown was tucked up to her girdle; her arms were bared, and her feet were without shoes and stockings. She heard them coming, and without looking up from her washtub, she cried out,

"So you've got along at last, you lazy trollop! I'll give it to you for loiterin' so! you and that brat, Johnny! Here I've been waiting and washin' in almost cold water, for want o' them chips to boil the kettle! Come, come,! hurry in, and start off again for another. Now give me the basket!"

Here the woman turned to take it from them, when she saw Mary Louisa hold of one of the handles. She stared at her a moment with surprize and confusion; and then said—

"Beg pardon, miss; I thought—"

"It makes no difference," said Mary, kindly; "I should rather have had the censure than your little boy, who was not able, for want of strength, to bring the basket. They were not loitering, but tugging along together with the heavy load as well as they could."

"And you have helped bring it, miss! I am really ashamed to have such a nice young lady—I'll give Johnny a whipping for making you do this!"

"If any one is to blame, I am! Indeed, ma'am, your little boy is too small to carry such a load; I would rather, every day, help carry it myself, than that he should."

"But, Suke, here, can't carry it by herself."

"Let her, please, bring but half a load, and go oftener. The little boy can then carry some in his arms."

Mrs. Rooke was impressed with the gentleness and earnestness of Louisa, and after again apologizing for scolding before her, and for her children letting her help with the basket, she promised her she would do as she said. Before Mary Louisa left, she so won upon the better nature of the mother, that she consented her children should go to school week days, and to Sabbath school; and in a few weeks our heroine had the gratification of finding the condition of the children very greatly improved; and that the mother treated them more kindly; for the interest taken in them by another, naturally made her think more of them herself, and to love them better.

After Mary Louisa had left the poor woman's house, where she had made three firm friends, for Mrs. Rooke bade "God bless the sweet child!" when she went away, she received her jellies from little Johnny, who had faithfully kept his promise not to touch them; though it cannot be denied that he took a good many peeps underneath the napkin, by lifting it up at one corner, and that his mouth watered wistfully at the tempt-

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ing discovery he made there. She rewarded him with a penny for his honesty and good care of her jars, and telling him to be a good boy and try to please his ma, she went trippingly on her way.

She had not proceeded quite a square, when she met a little girl who was holding a small plate in her hand, on which was one apple, and crying bitterly.

"What is the matter with you?" kindly inquired Mary, stopping and taking her hand.

"Aunt sent me with three cents to buy six apples, to make a pie for grand-ma, and some turn-overs for me and sister, and when I was coming by the school-house, some naughty boys snatched the apples off the plate, all but this one. I shall lose my turn-overs, grand-ma'll scold me, and aunt will whip me!" And here the child began to weep again more bitterly than before.

"This is not worth crying about, because it can be remedied," said Mary, soothingly. "The boys were very naughty indeed. But you can tell your aunt the truth, and she can't blame you!"

"But aunt won't believe me," answered the child, coloring; for she knew she was prone to tell falsehoods to screen herself from blame, and that her aunt had often detected her. Louisa looked very much surprized at what she said; for always telling the truth herself she could not think of doubting what others told her.

"I will go to your aunt with you, and tell her how it was," she said. "Does she live there? An't you little Ann Gates?"

"Yes, I wish you would go with me!"

"I would let you have three cents to buy some more apples, but I have only one. Your aunt won't punish you. Come with me!"

The little girl went with her to the house, looking like a culprit, and Mary saw her aunt and told her the story.

"You are a generous little girl, Miss Lenox," said the aunt, but I fear you have been deceived by Ann. I am sorry to say she is so addicted to falsehood, that I do not know what is the truth when she speaks it!"

Mary Louisa looked very sorrowfully at Ann when she heard this account of her; but always charitable and ready to look on the best side, she said,

"But I am confident, Miss Gates, Ann has told the truth now! She had but one apple on the plate, and was crying very loud."

"It may be so! For your sake I will believe her."

"Ann," said Mary softly to her, as the little girl glanced gratefully towards her, as she was going away, "you see the consequences of not telling the truth. From this moment, never speak another falsehood! You only lay up for yourself unhappiness, and lose the love and confidence of all around you. I love you, Ann, because you have this unhappy fault; for I love those who do wrong because God does! and I will be your friend and help you to correct it."

From that day Ann Gates began to grow better, and at the end of the year her word would have been taken by her aunt and every body who knew her, as quickly as that of Mary Louisa Lenox: and all this good fruit was owing to the example and silent influence of this gentle and good girl, whose sweet character we are pourtraying for the imitation of all who read this little sketch.

There was yet a good distance for Mary to walk before she reached the abode of the poor woman to whom she was carrying the jellies, and her delays in good-doing had detained her so much that she was anxious to hurry on. She had crossed a green lane, and was walking lightly beneath a row of elm trees, bordered by a gravelled walk, when she saw an old man trying to cross the street, and feeling carefully, as he was dim of sight, the ground with his staff. Directly before him was a mud-puddle, into which, as she was watching him, he was about to step, when she called to him to warn him.

"Thank'ee, thank'ee, little dear!" said he, "my old eyes are so bad I thought it was hard ground."

"Don't come over yet—it is very muddy there! Wait a minute, and I will make it better for you," she said eagerly; and setting down her jars on the grass at the foot of a post, she dragged from a pile of boards that was against the fence, a narrow strip, which, without minding the mud herself, she tugged along and laid across the street so nicely that it made a fine dry walk. She then took the old man by the hand and carefully conducted him across it till she landed him dry and safely on the side-walk.

"You are a good little lady," said the old man, gratefully. "God bless you! But I needn't ask it, for God always blesses those who reverence old age!"

Happy at the consciousness of having done a good action, and made another one have gladness at his heart, at being the recipient of a kind act, she went on her way, very soon to have her goodness of heart and active charity called into exercise. She had to cross a little green to reach the cottage to which she was going, when her attention was attracted by a cow which was

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lowing with most painful sound. Instead of screaming and running away, she went near her; and on looking at her, she saw that in trying to reach some cabbages through an opening in a fence, she had caught her head fast, and her spreading horns prevented her from drawing it back, while the upper board loosened by her vain struggles to extricate herself, had fallen heavily down upon her neck and gave her great pain. Many little girls would have run away with foolish fear.

But Mary Louisa had true benevolence, which dispensed itself freely to all God's animate creation. She would as soon have thought of treating with cruelty a lovely smiling infant, as a kitten, or a dog, or a bird, or even an insect! She felt that they, equally with herself, were God's creatures; and that if he created them and endowed them with such beauty of shape and colors, it was for some wise and good end, which it would be criminal in us to defeat, by needlessly tormenting, ill-treating, or destroying them. She had no fear of insects; never screamed at a worm, nor crushed a spider! She found much to admire in their brilliant hues, their joyous and rapid motions; their erratic and graceful movements; and if one got upon her, she suffered it to remain, or with a smile gently remove it to a place of safety.

"Poor cow!" she said, with a tone of compassion; when she saw the condition in which the animal had involved herself: "poor cow! Don't be frightened, good Mooly! I love you too well for the sweet milk, and rich cream, and golden butter, and good cheese you give me! I will help you to get your head out, good cow!"

And with these soothing words, as if the dumb animal could understand her, she approached her, when the cow instantly ceased her struggles and stood perfectly docile and patient, as if aware that a friend was nigh; but her eyes were rolled back, and she looked still very much terrified, and Mary Louisa saw that she was trembling all over like a leaf.

She looked round for some man to help her, but seeing nobody near, she resolutely set to work to release the poor cow, who seemed patiently to wait for her to do something for her. The upper board was very wide and heavy, and its weight almost cut into the cow's neck. This she saw must be removed. But how should she do it alone! She tried to raise it, but it was too weighty. She now paused to consider; for she knew that reason is given instead of strength; and that by wisdom men may remove vast rocks that would defy mere physical strength. She soon reflected that a lever would help her greatly, if applied to the board! She found a pole and applied it to the bottom of the board, resting it on a stone on the other side, and then exerting her utmost strength found the board yielded. She pressed upon the lever until she had raised the board so high in the air, that the cow could easily draw out her head, which she pulled back on finding it free, with such sudden violence as nearly to break one of her horns. As soon as the animal was relieved she went galloping with awkward joy across the green, frisking her tail and tossing her head about so grotesquely that Louisa could not help laughing merrily.

No other adventures befel her on her way, and on reaching the poor woman's house, she was glad to find her much better, and able to partake of the dainties she had brought her; for which she expressed herself very grateful.

Such was the character in childhood, of Mary Louisa Lenox; who, though beautiful in person, was still more lovely in heart. We have drawn it for the instruction of those young Misses of her own age, who may read it; and we trust will be inspired by her example to let love to all be the spring of all their conduct. Love is the sum of Christianity; "for love is the fulfilling of the law!" Its daily habit and practice will also assimilate us to our Heavenly Father; for "God is love!"

Original.

GOOD NIGHT, GOOD NIGHT!

WEARY with all the bustle and the din
That drive the spirit home and keep her in—
That fright the sparkle from her dewy eye,
And melt the glorious dreams which round her lie—
Sick to the soul, exhausted and unstrung—
I turn to rest, Love's gentle coils among.
Come, blue-eyed prattler! youngest of the three
Bright angels pitying Heaven hath sent to me,
In darkest hours of trial and dismay
To tell me I shall not *for ever* stray,
Doubting and fearful, from that Heaven away.
Thou art a stranger here. Two little years,
Enfolded in a wreath of smiles and tears,
Sit on thy tender brow—and this is all
Thou knowest of life, or that which we must call
Life, till we know a better. The pure stain
Of that bright world, thy birth-place, doth remain,
Still clinging round thee: and thy presence brings
To my tired soul as 'twere a sense of wings
Long lost, but now regained; and thou hast smiled
Into my heart fresh life, thou darling child!
Kiss me the last, ere nestling to thy sleep—
So shall I in my dreams my spirit keep
Knit close to thine—and so once more regain
The Heaven I sigh for through a life of pain?

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Original.

SCENE FROM A TRAGEDY.

BY ISAAC CLARKE PRAY.

CORNELIA.

Ah, what are buds and blossoms at this hour,
That thus I muse amid these verdant walks,
Where unchecked desolation soon will spread!
Ye emblems of the passions, offices,
And destinies encompassing our lives,
Your gay luxuriance recalls the past;
While you, ye withered shrubs, make sad the heart,
Which reads within your transient history,
The fate of virtue, struggling to survive
Amid the rank and loathsome growth of vice,
That like this bed of earth is garmented
With fascinating charms which win the world.
Oh, could the heart of man, through these sweet gifts,
In purity inhale the incense sweet
Which should, upon the altar of the breast,
Arise to bless and meliorate mankind,
The lofty power that fashioned all these forms
Would fill the soul with wisdom and with peace.

THRASEUS *enters.*

THRASEUS.

At length, my fond Cornelia, have I come
To find an hour of rest while rules the storm
Which gathers round us. In the dark event
Of banishment, to which we soon may pass,
Amid the solitude of some distant isle,
Or region far remote from cheerless Rome,
Where unperplexed with the vexatious cares
Which congregate about us here, our lives
Progressing to a happy end, by paths
Whose kindly smoothness will delight our steps,
How will our love endure!

CORNELIA.

It is a fate
The mind would fain escape! To me it seems
That the emotions of our hearts exist
Only to be enthralled with difficulties—
And this occurrence which removes us hence,
Perhaps, ere long, may sever us for ever!

THRASEUS.

No, let us think with Syracusan Dion,
Upon whose infant lips Hymettus bees
Sipped more delicious food than grows in flowers,
That these emotions are but memories
Of an existence prior to the births,
Which mantling thus with dark mortality
Our heaven-born souls, doomed us to walk this life,
Care-thronged, together.

CORNELIA.

Would it were no dream!

THRASEUS.

Think it is not—then as we feel our love
Is but a continuity that leads
Still to the high original and true
Affinity which joined us there, we'll gather
Strength, hope and blessings from the lovely faith
Thus cherished, and defy the world that mocks us.

CORNELIA.

Too lovely faith—consoling, yet too pure!
But I will nourish it as one that Hope
Builds up, though Doubt suggest 'tis baseless all.

THRASEUS.

Oh, be assured. Believe the Gods will guide.
Think how their care has shielded us,
Since first beneath your father's roof, an orphan,
Ten years ago I came, my age then only ten,
And you but two years younger. Oh, within
That space how time has passed! How brief it seems!
Thou dost remember when the serpent stole
Across thy path, and twining round the trunk
Of the little tree, 'neath which thou read'st thy book,
Had darted at thy throat, but I crept through
Behind the shrubbery, and smote his head,
Ere he had time to poison with his fangs,
Or thou to know the peril ere 'twas o'er.
Dost thou remember?

CORNELIA.

Ah, can I forget?
No never, nor the time when from the rock
Into the yellow Tiber I slipped down,
And by the giddy current whirled away
Was wrapped within the flood, 'till you plunged in,
The scaly armor of the waves opposed—
Broke through—released me from the watery robe
That dragged me down, and bore me to the land.
Then first I felt, as thou must then have known,
That first I loved thee, as I love thee now.

THRASEUS.

Bless thee, Cornelia! Thoughts of those loved days
Come o'er the soul, like rain-drops on the flower,
Invigorating every bud of hope
Which blossoms in the breast, and turning all
The present prospects of our life from shades
Dismal and dark, to broad and constant sunshine.

CORNELIA.

Then let us cherish them; and though the world
Be filled with gross impurities and wrongs,
We'll seek these blest resources in ourselves,
And from the mind take all the coloring
Which marks and forms the human character.

THRASEUS.

Again, thou art thyself. But now I feared
That hope was vanishing, for every word
Was uttered with the melancholy tone
That is the precedent of stern despair.
Come! We must arm ourselves to bear
The fate that may await us!

CORNELIA.

Ah, in these dark hours
I need support—but whence may it be gained?

THRASEUS.

Here, for as clasping thus thy girdle round,
Thou find'st an impulse to thy languid steps
Imparted by this circling arm of mine,
Perceive in it an emblem of the will
Exerted to sustain thee through all cares:
And as we pass along these winding paths,
Think they are shadows of the scenes to come.

CORNELIA.

Had I not known this day, then could I think
Thy words are not the pleasing fictions raised
By love and truthless hope.

THRASEUS.

What dost thou mean?

CORNELIA.

Hast thou forgot? The noon convenes the Senate—

THRASEUS.

I would I could forget. 'Tis vain! for see
There towers the capitol! Come, we will go!
Nay, do not droop—the lily does not droop. *Exeunt.*

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Original.

MONODY.

ON THE DEATH OF HENRY WARE, JR.

BY MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

I.

We mourn the wisely good and great of earth
When called to share in Nature's general doom,
When from the circles where well proved their worth
Life's gifted ones are wedded to the tomb.
The unsparing angel's wing casts shadows deep
Along the fields where wisdom's feet have trod,
And vain regrets o'er buried goodness weep,
Pearling with heart-wrung tears the sacred sod.

II.

Thus when from life—a life how well bestowed!—
Channing—the ordeal o'er—his trusts resigned,
What tributes to his stainless virtues flowed
From those who knew his pure and lofty mind—
Sectaries renounced the clash of zealot strife,
To weave a well-earned chaplet to his fame,
While others, closer linked to him in life,
Wept, when remembrance nestled to his name.

III.

And when, some brief months after—yet again,
Death's summons yielded Greenwood to his God,
How mournful pealed the sad funereal strain
To friends who grieved—even while they kissed the rod;
Yet in the bright meridian of his years,
His course was marked by apostolic toil;
Like to the Twelve he dried the mourners' tears,
And poured in hearts of gloom, truth's kindly oil.

IV.

And now another! All insatiate one!
Thrice has thy sickle blighted the same field,
Thrice since thy harvest-labors were begun,
Thy notes of triumph on the ear have pealed.
And *three*,—the reverenced of the high—the low,—
Friends of the humble, teachers of the wise,
Have sunk beneath thy worth-unsparing blow,
To fill in glory homes beyond the skies.

V.

The gifted Ware,—the pure and true of heart,
Whose giant mind led Youth up learning's height,
To wrest from Science and from glorious art,
All that could aid it in the cause of Right:
God's meekest follower: In his sight the flower
That bloomed unnoticed on the wastes of care,
Was precious as the nursling of the bower—
Wealth's guarded trophy—towering afar.

VI.

Guide of my infant years! my parent's friend—
Soothing her sorrows when life's sky grew drear;
If, as I fondly deem, Heaven's chosen, bend
To note the actions of this erring sphere—
Learn that my tears have fallen free and fast
In sad yet grateful memory of thee,
And that, when Recollection brings the past,
A household band to praise thee bend the knee.

VII.

Thou wert to all a friend—whoe'er applied
Found thee with heart as liberal as thy hand,
Both, as the gates of mercy, free and wide,
That form the portals of the Promised Land.
True minister of Him who bids the weak
Trust in His strength when danger blocks the way,
Who bids the widow and the orphan speak
When cold misfortune marks them for its prey.

VIII.

Thy memory will be treasured through all time,
By those who reverence worth, and bow to truth,
Who feel that virtue is a trait sublime,
Defying Ages to despoil its Youth.
And when with Channing's greatness, History's pen
Adds Greenwood's name his brilliant rank to share,
Will not the scribe link with these wond'rous men,
The fame, the virtues, and the name of Ware?

Original.

STANZAS.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT IN SUMMER.

BY WILLIAM RUSSELL, JR.

"Am I in heaven? Whence come these notes of enchantment, that breathe upon the silence of the night? * * * * * * * Oh, what freshness pervades my senses! I could drink it in for ever."—*From the German.*

"Thoughts warm and wild are through my bosom flying,
Like founts when first into the sunshine oozing."
Hoffman.

'Tis midnight—through the lattice steals
The night-wind, richest odors bearing;
My spirit at this moment feels,
The while such heavenly sweetness sharing,
To break its earthly tenement, and soar away,
And view the regions of eternal day.

This is the season when the heart
Doth from its inmost recess banish
The cares of life—the crowded mart,
And Sorrow's phantoms quickly vanish;
When from the soul such streams of gladness gush,
As Passion's stirring breathings ever hush.

The star-beams in soft silence steal,
Along Ontario's slumbering billow,
O'er which hath boomed the cannon's peal;
Beneath where lies the drowned man's pillow;
Which Europe's steel-clad hosts in triumph bore
To show their prowess, on our lonely shore.

Fit place for naiads 'neath thy waves,
Where gardens of rich coral growing,
Illume thy deep enchanted caves
With softest light for ever glowing.
Yes, soft as that which 'neath the storied Rhine,
In fair Lureli's lady's home did shine.

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The soul of Melody doth roam;
Her voice is on the night-wind swelling!
Some seraph must have quit her home,
For spirit-tones breathe round thy dwelling!
'Tis the loved voice of Nature that I hear,
She breathes her song, the blighted heart to cheer.

The winds that woo my fever'd brow,
Are sweet as those that lightly straying,
Steal rich perfumes from spicy bough;
Or such as with light coyness playing,
Once wafted o'er the Nile's broad flood *a charge*,
Fair Cleopatra in her golden barge.

Or such as sigh on the sultry eves
While cradled on the Ganges rocking,
Or dally with the banyan's leaves;
The prayer of some lone heathen mocking,
As he beneath its hundred branches bows,
And makes unto some fancied God his vows.

Yon gentle "Pyre of the sky"
In the far west is fast declining;
My wasted taper soon will die,
For even now 'tis faintly shining;
Farewell! I sure have felt a deeper bliss,
Than lives in Love's young hour—or Beauty's kiss.

Oswego, N. Y.

Original.

THE CHILD'S INQUIRY.

BY MRS. M. ST. LEON LOUD.

Oh! is not this, my mother dear,
The land of blooming flowers?
Where nightingales sing all the year
Among green orange bowers?
And is not this the sunny land,
Where we are dwelling now?
The sky is cloudless, tell me why
A cloud is on your brow?

Oh! yes, my child, the land is bright
With flowers of every hue;
The sky sheds down a golden light—
'Tis beautiful to you.
There's music in the wild-wood bower,
There's fragrance on the air,
But, oh! for me, far, far away,
There is a land more fair.

Dear mother, here are streams as bright,
As those you loved before;
And many a noble forest tree,
Grows close beside the door;
And when the evening shadows fall,
How pleasant 'tis to hear
The soft wind sighing through their tops—
Oh, mother! why that tear.

My child, my child, I would not damp
Thy young life's joyous flow;
But yet no other home on earth
My heart can ever know,
So purely, deeply loved as that
Beside the mountain stream;
Its memory haunts me evermore,
A long-remembered dream.

But, mother, see! your children dear
Are nestling by your side;
And I have often heard you say
They were your joy and pride:
Then smile once more as you were wont,
And speak kind words to me,
For where your dearest treasures are,
Your heart should surely be.

Yes, precious child, I would not give
One curling lock of thine,
For all the gold Golconda yields,
Nor gems of India's mine.
But still my heart is sorrowful,
For, oh! I long to see
The spot where *my* own mother pines
In loneliness for me.

Now do I know, my mother dear,
Why thus you sigh and weep;
And why of scenes, far, far away,
You murmur in your sleep.
But dry your tears, for God will keep
The friends you love so well,
And bring us all with Him, at last,
In Heaven above to dwell.

And thus that child and mother hold
Communion, day by day;
And thus God strengthens her to tread
Life's onward, weary way.
From the deep anguish of a heart
That mourns for riven ties,
She turns to that blest home above.
A dwelling in the skies.

Original.

SONNET.

BY MRS. H. M. PARSONS.

"Oh, sister thou art dwelling"
In distant climes away,
No more thy light song swelling
The fleeting homes make gay:—
Bright smiles are on thee beaming
From friendship's holy urn;
The flying moments teeming
With pleasures to thee turn,
I know thy heart is yearning
For those that sigh for thee,
I know thy thoughts are turning
In fondness unto me:—
Adieu, sweet sister!—I would fain
Call back the joys of youth again.

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Original.

THE POET-CAPTIVE.

"There went a swift bird! singing past my cell,
Oh, *Love* and *Freedom!* ye are lovely things."

Kings may not bind, nor tyrant wills control
The high aspirings of a deathless soul,
Vainly would frowns, and stripes, and dungeon-chains
Force firm allegiance to earth's fickle claims.—
Man's heaven-born spirit was created free,—
And God hath formed it, for eternity.
Yet would presumptuous man with check, and chain,
From its bold flight the plumed wing restrain;
His heart would crush the soul that e'er must live,
His hand would bind the powers it ne'er can give;
Oh! that it prove a sin to be forgiven
Thus to contemn the noblest gift of heaven.
But to our purpose:—
And the scene we view
If it be sad, alas,—is sadly true;
No fiction of the fevered fancy bred,
No wild romance, of fair and fine wrought thread;
But one whose guilt still blots th' historic page,
And stamps with shame the mem'ry of an age.

There is a land of groves, and vine-clad hills,
And nature's ever flowing music thrills
Those sunny skies.—The fragrant olives bloom,
Where clustering groves dispense their rich perfume,
And nature's countless beauties feast the eye
As gayly glide the swift winged hours by;
The home of arts, and arms in by gone time,
Thine fairest Italy, the favored clime;
Birth-place of heroes, land of stirring song;
Thine still the land of outrage and of wrong.

Hear in that cell at midnight's gloomy hour,
Those clanking chains, that speak a tyrant's power;
Where 'mid the horrors of a living tomb
The poet-prisoner meets a madman's doom.
Haggard his look, and pale.—That noble brow
Seems bowed with care, and gloom enshrouded now;
That heart for freedom throbbing, beats in vain,
And vainly fires the dark eye's kindling flame.
Alas!—within those gloomy prison-walls,
But senseless echoes heed his plaintive calls:
And each sweet memory of other years,
Now wrings that heart with grief, and burning tears.
Anon his fancy, freed from earth-bound chains,
On wide-spread wing her native heaven regains,
Where wildly rev'ling in each sun-lit tower,
Steals many a sweet, and plucks each fairest flower—
For now soul-soothing sleep, with blissful dreams
Steals gently o'er the gloom of earth's drear scenes,
And sweetly soothe, oh, Heaven-blest magic art,
The fearful torture of an aching heart.—
But whence these chains, and why this cheerless gloom,
These lingering tortures, and this dismal tomb,
That dark eye dimmed, that changed and withered form,
And furrowed brow, and features all forlorn?
Shall gifted *Genius* pine in prison-walls!—
Whilst tyrant princes reel through gilded halls?
Shall noble spirits, minds of priceless worth,
Bow to injustice and be crushed to earth!—
Ah! shameful picture on the scroll of time,
The blasting record of so black a crime.

Tasso had loved.—and with a *poet's* soul
That pleasing passion brooks no stern control;
But it was his to love, and *love in vain*—
This, *this* the scorpion sting, the hungry flame—
That scathed his bosom: and consumed a heart
Whose best hopes fate and fortune leagued to thwart.
And now the wild gloom of a madman's cell,
Threw o'er his spirit its soul-withering spell;
His friends that were, are turned to bitter foes;
His former joys, but mock his present woes;
His hopes all blasted, and his bosom torn,
His passion thwarted, and his freedom gone.
At times the thoughts, the burning thoughts of wrong
'Rose darkly on his mind:—then swift along
Their mad'ning current gleamed an angry eye,
And dark revenge came with the stifled cry,
And each half utter'd word spoke volumes then,
To brand with shame the deeds of heartless men.
Anon his spirit glowed with wonted fire,
And sweetly swelled the music of his lyre,
To woo the pensive muse with melting strain,
Or loose his breast of sorrow's fest'ring chain.
But when night's sable pinion veiled the sky;
As viewless winds with sullen sound swept by
The hapless bard, with wild and vacant stare,
Would pierce the dark-depths of the mournful air,
And for long, anxious hours, there seek to trace
His much loved spirit in its wonted place;
Then as its dim form rose athwart the sky,
Joy filled his heart, and sparkled in his eye,
His inmost soul flowed forth, and every word
Burned with the passion which within it stirred;
Alas! that sweet illusion mocks the sight,
That form has faded; all again is night.

Long, long, the years of wasting grief and pain,
The injured captive wore his weary chain,
And dreampt of all things free, and bright, and fair,
Only to swell the wildness of despair;
Nor knew fond friendship's smile, nor once loved scenes,
Nor happy home, but in his midnight dreams—
Which vanished with the light, and left him lone
In the sad silence of a dungeon home.
But freedom came at last!
For him once more
The green earth bloomed, and soft winds bore
Their freshness and their fragrance. Once again
The voice of Nature filled with gladness, came
To cheer his heart. The joyous gush of streams,
That danced in lightness with the sun's gay beams,
The melody of birds,—the forest shade—
The loved retreats of dell, and mountain glade
Were his once more, and life's uncertain sea
Shone bright and fair before him—*he was free.*

Oh! gifted Genius! oft have men misprized
Thy noblest powers. Thy kindling fires have died

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Upon deserted altars, and thy light—
Struggling awhile in gloom, hath fled our sight,
For grief and want, and every envious art,
And cold neglect, have chilled thy generous heart,
And chains have bound thee in the prison cell,
With solitude and sad'ning gloom to dwell.
Thy home hath been within the dungeon wall,—
In lonely gurrets, tottering to their fall—
In hovels cheerless; where the exile goes
With bleeding heart to meditate his woes—
These all have known thy presence. Yea! the world
Hath frowned upon thee, and its lip hath curled—
With scorn at thy approach, and thou art styled,
So well thou wear'st the name, "Misfortune's Child."

Original.

ASPIRATIONS.

BY HENRY M. PARSONS.

I.

Not for the country, when the hues
Of spring or autumn deck the field;
Not for the city, when it woos
With draughts, Olympus' stream might yield,
Doth the tired spirit in its longings ask,
And in their presence, pine, awhile to bask.

II.

Not for the wreath which poets sue
In vigils when the midnight star
Burns brightly in its home of blue,
To kindle views of worlds afar,
Nay, not for this, is all this struggling thought,
With which my inmost being is full fraught.

III.

Not for the smile that Beauty throws
To faithful kneelers at her shrine,
Nor the tumultuous joy, he knows,
Who quaffs the richest, purest wine;
Not for such pleasures would the heart grow faint,
And utter to itself its constant plaint.

IV.

Not for earth's pomp—wealth's gay parade,
Which covetous or envious thought
With clouds of darkness will invade,
Clouds with the embryo tempest fraught,
Not for these trifles would the bosom heave
A single sigh—much less unceasing grieve.

V.

To grow in wisdom not of earth,
To gain fresh victories within,
To rear a character of worth,
And Heaven's eternal favor win,
Father of all! thou did'st light up this fire,
And thou wilt fill the soul's intense desire.

Original.

MEMORIES.

BY MRS. E. M. SHELDON.

'Tis yellow Autumn; and the last wild note
Of plenteous harvest-home, on the still air
Is ringing joyously; the Summer flowers
Have perished, one by one, till Flora hath
The violet, and fadeless amaranth,
Alone surviving—emblems of that love,
That friendship pure, which, though the sun-shine bright
Of prosperous days be clouded, and the blasts
Of this world's cruel scorn blow blightingly—
Assuming nought, yet live and bloom unchanged.
No more the sun pours down his scorching heat,
But, like a chastened spirit, sheddeth beams
Benignant on the glories fading fast,
Of this lower world; and descending slow
Into his "ocean bed," he bathes the trees,
Whose summer robes of universal green
Are changed for hues of rainbow coloring,
In floods of golden light.

The soft south wind
Fanneth my burning brow, and playeth 'mong
The foliage of the Eglantine, which climbeth
Round the casement—there cometh on its wings
The gentle voices of far distant friends,
And Memory brings again each kindly look,
And every act of love, till the full heart
Findeth a sweet relief in blissful tears.
Methinks I see through the dim twilight shade
Beloved ones, within whose veins courseth
The kindred life-blood; from whose throbbing hearts
Affection's rivulets gush, commingle,
And onward flow through all the vale of time,
In one broad stream of love.

And the young groups,
Upon whose every brow is deep enstamped
Intelligence—and whose aspiring thoughts
Soar to the dizzy height of Science's hill.
I hear again the Holy Word pronounced
In clear and solemn tones by him, who traced
With us the labyrinths of mighty minds,
And taught us to observe the magic power
Of language, and quiet grace of thought.
I join once more in the glad song of praise,
And listen to the humble, fervent prayer
Of Dewey, how revered! that on our heads
Heaven's blessings might in rich abundance rest.
And her of raven locks, whose melting eye
Bespoke the soul of tenderness within;
Upon the harp-like music of whose voice
I've hung entranced, as she profusely flung
The aramanthine blossoms, gathered up
By years of patient toil, upon the minds
Of her young charge—how doth her image come
In smiling loveliness on the sweet hour
Of waking dreams!

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Original.

TO THE WHIDAH BIRD.*

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

I.

Bird of the ebon-tinted wing,
Whose home is Afric's burning strand,
With solemn accents sorrowing,
Why mourn'st thou for thy native land?
And why with cadence sad and low
And look, (the heraldry of woe!)
Where others sit in merry mood,
Dost thou alone with drooping plume,
And down-dropt wing, in sorrow brood,
Wailing so deep thy settled doom?
Poor widowed thing! I pity thee
Thus easily mate to misery.

II.

But now thy sylvan song rings out
Above the voice of every mate,
And float its mellow tones about
In mockery of their meaner state;
As if within thy downy breast,
The fount of grief had sunk to rest.
But lower, sadder now it grows,
As though thy grief no smiles could cheer,
And mournfully thy music flows
With wailing tone upon my ear;
And thou dost mourn as one would mourn,
Whom wo had made the most forlorn.

III.

Yet 'tis but seeming, lovely one!
Thy mate is seated by thy side,
And what we seem is grief alone,
Is but the strain of hope and pride.
Like to the dove's, thy song of bliss—
Of love and joy and happiness,
Are ever sad and ever low
When thou art merriest of heart,
And farthest from the pangs of wo,
That ne'er to life within thee start.
Still strike thy song! The spell is o'er;
What once seemed grief is grief no more.

* The Whidah, or *Widow* Bird, as he is commonly called, from his sombre plumage and mournful song, is a native of the kingdom of Whidah, in Africa. The popular idea is, that the male of the species does not exist, and, that the female while singing is ever mourning her absent companion. This is, of course, a vulgar error.

Men who never heard of philosophy, but to sneer at it after dinner, will attribute to it all those evils which their own venality and corruption have engendered, and not from any spirit of falsehood, but from incompetency of judgment and reflection.—*Landor.*

Original.

THE GATHERED FLOWER.

BY MERCUTIO.

I.

In the lone churchyard bright the flowerets grow,
Gladdened with early sun and vernal rain;
But fairer still the flower that sleeps below,
And ne'er shall feel Spring's balmy breath again.

II.

Ah! sadly dear to me that grassy mound,
With the white rose-tree ever blossoming,
Where the first violets of the Spring are found,
And where the plaintive night-bird loves to sing.

III.

For there with pensive ray, the whole night through,
The pale moon watches o'er thy silent bed,
And sheds her pitying tears of pearly dew,
In silent sorrow for the early dead.

IV.

What if the cold world hath forgot thee quite,
And changing friends have lost thy memory,
Yet the moon comes to visit thee each night,
And one fond spirit never parts from thee.

V.

When to the earth I turn my troubled gaze,
'Tis but to think where thy sweet body lies,
And when on high my thoughtful glance I raise,
I dream thy finger beckons from the skies.

VI.

Yes, thou art gone for ever from my side,
Thou of the mild dark eye, and earnest tone;
In the fresh bloom of youth, in beauty's pride,
In all thy idolized perfection—gone!

VII.

The rose is faded from my path of life,
The bird is flown I cherished in my breast,
The one sweet solace 'mid the world's dark strife,
The one bright sunbeam that my spirit blessed.

VIII.

Oh! if my bosom owned one gentler thought,
One nobler, purer impulse to it given,
From thee it came, by thy example taught,
By thy sweet influence drawn to thee and Heaven.

IX.

What though my heart to others seemed of stone,
A fortress barred to every stranger guest—
Yet all its marble chambers were thine own,
There still thou sleepest in thy final rest.

X.

And ne'er again that heart shall ope its door,
Nor with the world its hallowed mystery share,
But guard in darkened stillness evermore,
The one dark image that lies slumbering there.

If men, as Paine says, were to consider their own dignity as *men*, they would spurn at titles, and look on them as nick-names. Titles and orders, it is true, are harmless things, but they produce a kind of foppery in the human character that degrades it; talking about its *blue riband*, like a girl, and showing its new *garter*, like a child.—*Trusler's Memoirs.*

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CONTENT.

ARRANGED FOR TWO VOICES.

Larghetto.

Say, smiling nymph, where is thy blest a - bode? In what kind cli - mate

is thy happy reign, Or where thy pleasing in-flu-ence is pour'd? For

long I've sought it, but have sought in vain.

2 Where'er thou art, 'tis thine to soften woes;
On thee alone may happiness depend;
Without thee, earthly riches are but foes;
'Tis thou, and only thou, canst be our friend.

3 If thou art present, every thing is good:
The meanest cottage or the coarsest fare
May vie with palaces or dainty food,
Or all the honors that e'er wealth can bear.

4 Then, gracious Heaven, vouchsafe to hear my prayer,
That whatsoever good to me thou 'st lent,
Or whatsoever be the ills I bear,
I learn in every state to be content.

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EDITORS' TABLE.

Our March Number.—We hope the kind reader has critically observed the style and beauty of our embellishments in the present number. The first one—"The Portrait,"—is spoken of elsewhere; but there is so much of grace, beauty, loveliness—the poetry of engraving—in that sweet picture, "The Emerald," that we have felt it a privilege to speak of it in our own especial department. Never have we seen a more perfect combination of all that can lend charms to a picture than in the design and execution of this little gem. One sees, at a glance, the meaning and scope of it. There is, as it were, an atmosphere of the "Emerald Isle" diffused over the scene; and the round, dimpled and joyous faces of the principal figures sparkle with that indescribable brilliance and *naiveté*, which the French can so well ascribe, but do not possess. At a single glance, the story is told: Two beautiful and happy Irish maidens are talking with the harp—the national instrument, whose fairy and magic spells are woven, from the earliest records of time, in the variegated web of Irish history. The harp forms an integral portion of the Irish national character. At the birth of her kings—the marriage of her high-born maidens—the funeral of her warriors—at the festive board, in the hall of mourning—on the eve of battle, and amid the sublime rites of her old religion—the old and sacred harp-strain resounds like the voice of a spirit, through all, and awakens an echo in the breast of every son and daughter of Ireland, that may never cease to vibrate while life exists. To the Irish, the harp speaks with "most miraculous organ," of all they feel or fear or hope.

The emerald was always regarded in the olden time, as possessing the strange power of imparting to its possessor the gift of prophecy. It is very appropriately, then, taken as the symbol of the brave, gallant, romantic, chivalrous but unhappy nation, now so many years groaning beneath oppression and calamity, and whose only joy is in the future—in the contemplation of those prophecies which noble spirits ever utter to themselves from the depths of darkness and misery which to all but them would be despair.

The engraver of the picture which we this month present, seems to have admirably caught the spirit of his subject, and to have imbued the scene with that deep and earnest poetry which is the root and the fountain-source of all patriotism, national virtue and chivalric ambition. The Irish are a hoping, trusting people, who can never be all depressed by misfortune; and, possessing as they do a whole island of emerald, which imparts the power of prophecy, who can wonder that they so bravely and patiently hope and hope on for ever, amid the gloom and disaster which surround them?

Our plate of fashions for this month is perhaps the most elegant we have ever issued. The month of March is not, strictly speaking, a *dressing* month; but the abandonment of the strict rules of fashion gives a delightful play to the invention of woman's creative spirit, which revels unrestrained in every form and color of the beautiful, and is sure to produce results little less charming and fascinating than their sweet sister, Spring, whose *magazine des modes* is opened a month or two later in the season.

Of the literary character of our "Companion," for the present month, we feel that it is entirely unnecessary to speak in detail. It is its own best recommendation; yet we cannot avoid alluding to the beginning of two unusually brilliant and powerful articles—"Earth Papers," and "The Privilege." Let those habitual censors who affect so much condescending patronage when speaking of "magazine literature," read these articles, and then ask themselves *where* they can find better.

One month more will bring us to the close of our twentieth volume; and we cannot refrain from congratulating ourselves and our readers, in advance, for the kind and generous manner in which we have been cheered and sustained in our unremitting efforts to constitute the Ladies' Companion a worthy representative of the literary and artistical taste and genius of the great metropolis of the Union.—Other projects are already on the *tapis*, for the purpose of still further increasing our attractions and sphere of usefulness. But they will be formally announced, in good time; and meanwhile, with many thanks, we take our leave of you, for another moon.

New Sketches of Every Day Life: *A Diary.—Together with Strife and Peace, by Frederica Bremer.—Translated by Mary Howitt; Harper & Brothers.*—We can never be enough grateful to that graceful scholar and elegant translator, Mary Howitt, not only for the pleasure she has imparted to the present generation, but for the great additions she has made to our literature, in her translations of the works of Frederica Bremer—the child of genius—the De Staël of the North. We know not, at this moment, what work or series of works, accessible in any language, presents so much of the refined, exalted inner life of that heart-shrine, woman, as the unostentatious stories of Miss Bremer. Within a little "charmed circle," bounded on all sides by the flame of the hearth-fire and the light of home affections, this extraordinary woman has conjured up and placed in active opposition all the weird spirits,—the beautiful, the true, the false, the impure, the terrible, the subduing—which inhabit in the human heart.—Sometimes, even with a startling energy that reminds us of Shakspeare, her pen flashes a beam of light afar into the deep abysses of the soul, which wakes the slumbering and horrible shapes that inhabit there—and again, her musical sentences, full of joy and love, steal upon the ear, like the low breathing of a wind-harp. Profound, brilliant, independent, pathetic, truthful and calm, her narratives can find scarcely a rival, for strength of conception or power of effect. They are, in short, to be regarded as a great intellectual treasure, which it is good often to examine and feast upon, and which would have been entirely lost to us but for the congenial and welcome labors of Mary Howitt, or some kindred spirit—if any worthy thus to be named, exist on earth.

The new work, which we have lost no time in reading, is perhaps the most beautiful and touching of all the works of this delightful author. Nothing can be conceived more inexpressibly tender and touching than the characters, scenes and incidents in this book; and nothing, certainly, can be better calculated to restore a healthy tone to the mind than the emotions produced by its perusal. The more of *such* works of fiction one imbibes the better and purer will be his mind, for ever thereafter.

Life of Andrew Jackson: *by Amos Kendall.*—There is probably no man in the world so entirely competent to write a truthful, vigorous, interesting biography of the old Hero of New-Orleans, as Mr. Kendall. For many years he was in habits of constant and close intimacy with General Jackson—was, not only his political organ and mouth-piece, but his confidential and valued personal friend. In the cabinet and in the closet no man probably enjoyed, to a greater degree, the esteem or shared the confidence of General Jackson, than Mr. Kendall; and we naturally look for such a life of his distinguished friend, under such circumstances, as will do full justice to his subject. So far as the first number, (just issued by the Harpers,) is concerned, this expectation is completely fulfilled. The number is beautifully written and beautifully printed, and is embellished with a very spirited engraving of "Young Jackson rescuing himself and friends from the Cataract."

Invitation to True Happiness.—A pleasant, subdued, cheerful spirit of religion and benevolence runs through this little work—the production of the Rev. Joel Parker, D. D., of Philadelphia—which is extremely edifying. The subject which the pious author has chosen, is handled in an able and modest manner, bespeaking rather a desire of doing good than of ostentatiously displaying himself. The book is beautifully printed and bound, and published by the Harpers.

Sweethearts and Wives.—A great favorite with the story-reading world—and sooth to say, we think this means almost all—T. S. Arthur, Esq., has chosen this quaint and well known title for a series of very instructive and interesting sketches, which ought to be read by every body. They are published by the Harpers, and are worthy of all praise.

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Gibbon's Rome.—This is just about the last book we should have supposed to be amenable to the now universal sway of "shilling literature." We shall next expect to have presented us, by some indefatigable caterer to the insatiate appetite of the public, Petrarch's Lives, in semi-monthly parts, embellished with spirited engravings, or Davidson's Virgil in shilling paper covers, to be followed by Eusebuis' Church History, or Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. Thus shall we sweep away the accumulated cobwebs of a life-time, from the musty corners of the brain, and see the intellectual friends and companions of our youth start into renewed life, in pink and yellow covers, upon our table for a shilling. We are not joking about this; and we seriously expect to see, before the end of another year, all antiquity turned topsy-turvy upon the counters of our publishers, and the sacred pages of the old classics as familiar upon the lips of ragged peripatetics, redolent of news, as if it were "the latest horrible murder," the "arrival of the Great Western, with foreign news from England," or the "latest horrible accident on the Mississippi,"—"*only one* cent—yere they aw!" How very convenient it will be, as one paddles listlessly over his cooled coffee in the morning, to hear going by under the window, "Cesar's Commentaries, for a shilling," or "Harpers' edition of the Metamorphoses of Ovid, all complete!" This would be charming.

The enterprize of publishing such standard works as the celebrated Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, by Gibbon, is very well worthy, for any thing we can see, to succeed, and we presume it will pay liberally. We are aware that there are objections, on the score of orthodoxy, to this work; but, as it still keeps its place in our schools, and is permitted to imprint its indelible traces on the tender mind of youth, we see no objection why we should not have it re-presented to us. The truth is, however, that the Decline and Fall, with all its infidelity, is not likely to be very dangerous. Like the alleged heterodoxy of Dr. Pusey, it is so hidden under a mass of tedious and irredeemable verbosity that very few are ever likely to find it out, except upon compulsion. We are very certain that the greatest punishment, short of the goad, that we ever underwent, was the plodding, painfully, as if struggling in some knee-deep sand-plain, through the interminable, dreary and monstrous dullness of this celebrated work. So completely did its ponderosity disenchant and overwhelm our spirit with weariness, that we have never since been able to think of it without a premonitory yawn.

There, Mr. Gibbon! you are welcome to this notice; all that we have further to say is that the Harpers are presenting an elegantly printed edition of the work, which we advise every body to buy.

Whisper to a Newly Married Pair.—A "widowed wife," whispers some very important and too much neglected truths to her young friends, in this little volume. Carey & Hart have done a service by publishing it. The work is sweetly written, and can and should be read by every body—as it costs only a shilling.

Domestic French Cookery.—This invaluable housewife's companion, by Eliza Leslie, comprises over two hundred French receipts for making every species of soup, sauce, vegetable, *mets* and *entremets*. We here see the dissection of a great many dishes which we have often desired, but could never find, any where but in the French *cuisine*. As we have despoiled the French of the best parts of their beautiful language, and as one good turn deserves another, it is no more than reasonable that we should also learn the delicious art of French cookery. The book now before us, which contains every thing necessary to be known on this subject, is published by Carey & Hart.

M'Culloch's Gazetteer.—This is one of those standard and substantial serials which the Harpers alone seem to have undertaken to publish. It is a book for all time, and perhaps is entirely the most valuable and complete Gazetteer extant. The eighth part is now ready. Price twenty-five cents.

Letters of Horace Walpole.—Something quite refreshing—something in the way of the olden time, when books were made to outlast the day in which they were born, and sold for something more than a shilling—has been attempted by Lea & Blanchard, in the presentation of a large octavo, beautifully printed and handsomely bound edition of the celebrated letters of Horace Walpole. The concluding series of these letters, in two volumes, has been sent us within the past week, and comprises the letters of the great wit, written, Sir Horace Mann, from 1760 to 1785.

We do not know that a new recommendation of these world-renowned letters will be amiss at the present time; for certain we are that much that is valuable—nay, invaluable—in the literature of the past century is rapidly passing into forgetfulness amongst our excitable, mercurial, ungrateful countrymen. In all the books of letters we have ever read, there are none that compare, in purity of style, force and elegance of diction, keenness of wit and justness of thought, with these. But besides the extraordinary literary merit of these letters, they possess an intrinsic value, as being a truthful and pungent chronicle, more certain to impart the delight of knowledge to the mind than a hundred histories, of every occurrence or opinion which attracts a deserved public opinion during one of the busiest half centuries of European history. We fearlessly recommend these enchanting letters to the perusal of all classes of readers—there is abundance in them to gratify every taste. They inform like a philosopher, they talk politics like a prime minister, they sparkle all over with every hue and aspect of wit, scholarship and genius. We regard them as amongst the most valuable books in our life-collection.

A Christmas Carol in Prose.—If Dickens had never written anything but this little pamphlet of thirty-two pages, he would still be immortal. It is, without doubt, one of the choicest and most sparkling gems in the language; and if Mr. Dickens will forget to abuse the Americans—who are beginning to care nothing about it; and, in good sooth, for him either—and give us a good, long, substantial *something*, as good or any where near as good as this, he will speedily get out of bankruptcy and and on his legs again.

Dickens has a long and pleasant road before him, notwithstanding his pecuniary disasters, if he only learns how to profit by the past and to provide against the future. If he and his "lady" would only remember that he was once a poor, penniless newspaper-reporter, without reputation, standing or friends in the world, they could content themselves and be happy for a whole year upon what he might now easily earn in a month. But this "vaulting ambition" of the low-born and obscure continually overleaps itself, and "falls o' the other side." From humble lodgings at a crown a week, his expenditures have swelled, far in advance even of the mushroom growth of his reputation, until his extravagance has swallowed up all, and more than all. How much like the poor, ridiculous and contemptible ostentation of the brainless and the coarse-minded, after all, is this! No sooner does one rise from an obscure position, and finds friends and wealth at his command, than he seems suddenly seized with an irresistible determination to show the world that he is utterly unworthy of his good fortune.

But all this has nothing to do with the "Christmas Carol," which is as joyous and resounding as if the heart whence it proceeded never had known or dreamed of care and sorrow. It is published by the Harpers, and sold, we believe, for nothing—or within sixpence of it.

The Opera.—All the world of fashion, taste and refinement have been in a delicious stage of music-fever during the last month, brought out by the exquisite contagion of the Opera at Palmo's. The Italian Opera may now be fairly considered engrafted upon us, like a rose-bush springing from the branches of a sturdy oak. Borghese is a brilliant of the finest lustre. Majocchi, too, is a magnificent singer and a splendid woman. The house is decidedly the most beautiful and *rococo*, in the United States.

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THE FIRST LOSS.

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ALBANIA.

Engraved for the Ladies Companion

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THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, APRIL, 1844.

ALBANIA.—THE LOVE-LETTER.

THE first plate in the present number, is one of great poetical beauty. Its perfection of art reflects no little credit upon "our graver," whose attention it has occupied for many months. Our subjects are invariably of that nature, which require but little laudation from us. They speak for themselves. "Albania" is copied from the "*Gems of Beauty*," edited by Lady Blessington. We cannot better illustrate the subject than by quoting the lines of *Leigh Hunt*.

—

"The wild Albanian kirtled to his knee,
Withs hawl-girt head, and ornamented gun.
And gold-embroidered garments, fair to see."
CHILDE HAROLD.

—

I.

AN exquisite invention this,
Worthy of Love's most honied kiss,
This art of writing billets-doux
In buds, and odors, and bright hues,—
Of saying all one feels and thinks
In clever daffodils and pinks,
Uttering (as well as silence may)
The sweetest words the sweetest way.
How fit, too, for the lady's bosom,
The place where billets-doux repose 'em!
How charming, in some rural spot,
Combining *love* with *garden* plot,
At once to cultivate one's flowers,
And one's epistolary powers,
Growing one's own choice words and fancies
In orange-tubs and beds of pansies;
One's sighs and passionate declarations
In odorous rhet'ric of carnations;
Seeing how far one's stocks will reach!
Taking due care one's flowers of speech
To guard from blight as well as bathos,
And watering, every day, one's pathos!

II.

A letter comes, just gathered. We
Doat on its tender brilliancy;
Inhale its delicate expressions
Of balm and pea; and its confessions,
Made with as sweet a maiden blush,
As ever morn bedew'd in bush;
And then, when we have kiss'd its wit
And heart, in water putting it
To keep its remarks fresh, go round
Our little eloquent plot of ground;
And with delighted hands compose
Our answer, all of lily and rose,
Of tuberose, and of violet,
And little darling (mignonette;)
And gratitude, and polyanthus,
And flow'rs that say, "Felt ever man thus?"

III.

Our friend, the Albanian in the print,
Is clearly thinking, that by dint
Of his explanatory roses
(Spite of some doubts his look discloses;)
And of his true heart and his musket,
He and his bonny bride will busk it.
His doubt is but a doubt of pleasure,
To see his mistress take her leisure;
Or, if of graver modesty,
'Tis but a gallant heart's; for see!
His hand's already at her side,
Ready to clasp with joy and pride.
He reads her smile, he reads his bliss,
With those love-swimming eyes of his;
And thinks of those *most* rosy hours,
When lips will supersede the flowers.

Original.

THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

BY WILLIAM RUSSELL, JR.

"'Tis vain to struggle—let me perish young—
Live as I have lived—love as I loved,
To dust if I return, from dust I sprung,
And then at least my heart shall ne'er be moved."

—

I.

I HAD twined a bright wreath for your beautiful hair;
In happier hours would have twined it there:
The chaplet has faded—it reached not thy brow;
The heart that entwined it is desolate now.
Amid the tiara in freshness were seen,
The Mignonette's leaf, and the violet's sheen;
The young hyacinth, and the proud waving yew
Unheeded were passed, they are false as the dew,
But emblems of constancy, brightly there shown;
They have drooped—they've died—they are withered and lone!

II.

Hope is a treasure—I had cherished it long,
It dwelt on my brow—it has echoed in song,
It has drop'd to the earth—it has faded away,
Like dew on the leaf at the first blush of day.
The brightest of hopes that I treasured on earth,
While gazing on thee, first sprang into birth;
The cup ye have dashed from my lip at the hour
I'd raised it to quaff a deep health to thy power:—
For refuge in sorrow how vainly I fly;
I'll shrink from the cold world to wither and die!

Oswego, N. Y., 1844.

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Original.

THE PRIVILEGE.*

"It was the cooling hour, just when the rounded
Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill,
Which then seemed as if the whole earth it bounded,
Circling all nature, hush'd, and dim, and still,
With the far mountain-crescent half surrounded
On one side, and the deep sea calm and chill
Upon the other, and the rosy sky,
With one star sparkling through it like an eye."

Our scene lays in England. Queen Bess' jealous and capricious temper ruled the land, and kept her royal subjects in terror. She had not quite, at this time, lost all right to the honorable title of "Good" before her name, which it is still the fashion to prefix to it. She certainly was good in the beginning of her reign to a certain extent, but beyond that the diabolical temper she had inherited from her father broke forth, and justice, law, equity, and right disappeared before her wild ungovernable will. There is one circumstance, though, attending her reign, which saved the days in which she lived from being execrated by all good men, namely, the chivalry and bravery of her subjects. When their own, or their country's honor, called them to the battle field, what men stood up longer or fought more bravely than the British.

Between a large town in the south, and the sea, from which it is distant but a few miles, lies one of the wildest and most beautiful spots in Great Britain. Had all the witches and wandering spirits which inhabit the adjoining Islands, assembled together to choose a suitable place, in which they might meet, and work out their deadly spells, none would have seemed more eligible than this. It was secret, wild, and dreary —the three requisites necessary to the locality wherein the witches hold their Sabbath. About a hundred acres of level land lay completely surrounded by dark stupendous rocks, which rose aloft in air, far higher than the wall of the tallest earth. They were black and begrimmed by age, and threw a frightful shadow on the plane below, which never was brightened by the rays of the sun but when he had reached his midday course, the highest point in the zenith; but when he dipped towards the horizon, then the place became frightful to the solitary wanderer, who, on hearing the ominous whoop of the owl, would scarce dare to look aloft lest he might see some horrid demons, the genii of the place, perched on the point of every dark crag above him. The most remarkable part of the scenery was the entrances to this lonesome place. The rocks being too high and perpendicular to scale, it seemed nature had taken man's weakness into account, and left him a passage. Three caves were cut through the bottom of the mountain, and winding for near half a mile through the earth, they terminated in three gaping mouths, thus giving a finishing stroke to the wildness of the place within. The only thing inside the enclosure that seemed to have vegetable life besides the moss and grass, was a huge and mighty oak, which, according to tradition, had grown and flourished there for near three hundred years; it seemed like a powerful giant standing by the gate of his subterranean castle, to defy and destroy all intruders. A short way south of this place, as we have said, lay the sea. The sun had but just sent his rays across its wide expanse, and tinged the tops of the waves with his own peculiar golden hue, when a small craft, rigged as a schooner, appeared beating up the channel, all sail set, and was followed, some distance in her wake, by a much larger vessel which showed a goodly row of bristling guns on either side, from which, whenever she went in stays, she sent a speedy and weighty argument to persuade the smaller craft ahead to heave-to, and await her bidding. It was in vain; she kept on her way boldly, closing on the land fast, and not allowing her adversary to gain an inch. At length she ran up in the wind, and as her sails shook, her boat was lowered, and two men jumping in, pushed off. They pulled stoutly for the shore, whilst the schooner sheared off before the wind, and, crossing the bows of the Queen's Cutter, which the large vessel proved to be, flew past her, unharmed, down the channel, before the other was aware of her intention. The Cutter then rounded to, and remained head to wind for some time, her Commander seemingly being in doubt whether to send a boat ashore after the two men, or to continue the chase of the schooner. His mind was made up, her sails filled, and directly she increased her distance from the shore. A wild shout was sent after her from the boat, of which those on board heard but the last sounds "Abua," proving it to be the "battle cry" of some Irish Chieftain. Had the Commander of the Cutter known the prize that boat contained, his heart had leaped with joy to think it was so nearly within his grasp. But the Fates had ordained otherwise; he pursued the small craft until she ran out of sight, and thus lost the prize he coveted, and which would have proved so acceptable to his royal mistress. The small boat continued her course to the shore, and as she touched the sand, again the air was rent by that

* Continued from page 257.

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wild shout which had astonished the seamen in the royal Cutter. One man, the older of the two, stood up, and waiving his right arm wildly above his head, yelled the "De Courcy abua" till his lungs would have burst, had he not had more breath than most men can boast of. At length he was silenced by his younger companion laying his hand on his arm, and telling him, "Beware, O'Connor, lest the 'Pride of Kinsale,' as my friends are pleased to call me, should be humbled for his very daring, like the young eagle that has overstrained his wing in his first flight from the nest. Shout not my name so loud, lest some unmannerly dog hear it, and its blessed sound be prolonged till it reach the quick ears of Elizabeth, and we be made acquainted with some of those persuasive friends of her's—the executioners. By my wisdom it often puzzles me, he added more gayly, to discover why the Virgin Queen, who, report says, has a quick and scrutinizing eye when admiring the handsome limbs of her subjects, should have such a predilection for stretching them beyond all due and just proportion on that tender instrument yclept the Rack. But, seize thy harp, O'Connor, the character of minstrels will be a passport to us through the land of the Sasanach; and should any man question or doubt our calling, sing thou but one of the wild and wailing songs of Inisfail, and if his doubts still continue, by my right arm I will poniard him on the spot." The man addressed as O'Connor was middle sized, naturally of a light complexion, but it had become of a dark sun-burnt hue from continual exposure to the elements. His frame was broad and sinewy, and seemed well able to perform the daring deeds which his wild grey eye gave earnest that he would not flinch from attempting. He was foster father to the young man who addressed him, (whom thy wisdom, sweet reader, hath of course already discovered to be the chivalric Redmond De Courcy,) and bore for his foster child that devoted, faithful, and untiring love which is the peculiarity of that relationship. He it was who had first taught the young heir to the Earldom of Kinsale, to handle the paddle in the light Skilloch, made of wicker work and horse hide, and to ride unharmed over the roughest waves that ever roared beneath his father's castle. He also had trained his young limbs to spring up the mountain-side in search of the noble red deer for hours on a stretch, and never to make a false step when cresting the most precipitous crags, or fail in the exciting sport for want of breath. He, too, had thrown him, when a mere boy, across his father's war-horse, and left him to guide it as he might amongst the gathering vassals, assembling for an attack on some neighboring Chief. And last of all, he had sung to him many a song and tradition of his country, until the heart of the young man learned to respond to the sentiments expressed in them, and beat high with patriotism and the wish to redress the wrongs of his native land, and lower the pride of its oppressors. "Ay, master, answered O'Connor, "I was but shouting to drown the grief I felt in landing on the strange and inhospitable shore of the Sasanach. Oh! Erin, Erin, one leap upon thy wild hills would bring more courage to my heart, than if I were master of ten thousand acres in this strange place!" Redmond's feelings were the same, yet not quite so disinterested as those of the old man, for he thought that, let Erin's hills be ever so bright, and her fields ever so green, they would be as a barrenness to him, unless Eva Fitzgerald were present to give the last bright finishing touch to the picture.

They left the boat, and began to make their way inland towards the nearest town.

—

In one of the highest prison cells in the tower of London, might one morning have been heard the wailing tones of a harp, as they accompanied a full manly voice in a desponding melancholy song:

"Oh! Erin, thou fair one, let thy hills become grey,
Let thy brightness be darkened, thy verdure decay;
Let the sun shine no more o'er the rock or the sand,
For De Courcy is pris'ner in the Sas'nach's land!

Let the dark flag of grief be unfurled to the breeze,
Let the land be deserted, and wither'd the trees,
Let the sons of the Gaël weep salt bitter tears
For De Courcy is subject to the Sas'nach's jeers.

Let the laurel trees fade, until now evergreen
Let the trefoil Shamrock again never be seen,
Tho' 'twas bless'd by St. Patrick, what avails it all
If De Courcy is pris'ner in the Sas'nach's Hall?

Oh! Irishmen weep, wail, and mourn for him as lost,
But curse deeply the slave who betray'd him as host,
Yet may the day soon come, though Fate seems to lower,
When De Courcy will laugh at the Sas'nach's tower."

"By the black wizard of despair, thou hast hit upon a fair song, O'Connor, to tempt a man to shorten existence by probing his heart with a few inches of his dagger. But to the last two lines I say a hearty amen. Yet courage, man, try and enliven the dull time we have to spend here, by carrolling one of those bacchanalian songs thou dost well know how to sing with such hearty glee."

O'Connor swept the strings of his harp, and the bright change that came o'er his countenance was not more wonderful than the gay and joyous tones which resounded from the instrument that

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but a few moment's before had, by its melancholy wailings, sent sorrow and gloom to the heart of De Courcy.

THE DE COURCY'S HEALTH.

"The banquet is laid, each noble Lord,
Whose squire has laid his shield to the wall,
Has taken his place close by the board,
De Courcy has drunk "Health to them all."

CHORUS.

Then hey! for De Courcy, the Irish Chief,
Hey! for the noblest Lord of Inisfail,
Hey for the man whose deeds pass men's belief,
Here's "The Health of De Courcy, Earl of Kinsale."

Here's the Lord of the gayest heart
That ever caused a maiden to smile,
And to him that ne'er yet play'd foul part
By wronging maid of our own green Isle.
Then hey! &c.

Here's to the Earl of the manly form,
The noble eye and generous mind,
And here's to him who in calm or storm,
In battle or chase leaves all behind:
Then hey! &c.

Let each gay lord fill his goblet high,
Squires be quick, fill them up to the brim,
Here's "Death to him" who gives me the lie
When I shout "There's none nobler than him."

CHORUS.

Then hey! for De Courcy, the Irish Chief,
Hey! for the noblest lord of Inisfail,
Hey! for the man whose deeds pass men's belief,
Here's "The health of De Courcy, Earl of Kinsale."

As the loud brilliant tones which come from the harp, mingled with the pure clear voice of O'Connor, which rose and fell as his mind was affected by the words of the song, De Courcy became so excited as to start from his seat and stand erect, seemingly with the intention of bidding defiance to any who might deny the good qualities of his father. As the last verse was finished, the door of the cell opened, and the Governor of the tower stood before them.

When De Courcy and his companion had left the sea shore, they travelled landward for three or four days without interruption, always repaying the landlord at whose Inn they slept through the nights, by singing him half a dozen verses of some old song; at the same time telling him proudly that he was handsomely repaid, since he had heard a chanson breathed from the very lips of the head minstrels of her most Gracious Majesty Queen Elizabeth. This always satisfied "mine host," who generally was thunderstruck at the announcement, but it did not last long; they were finally caught. One evening, being overtaken by a thunderstorm, they sought shelter at the only house near which chanced to be the dwelling place of a nobleman. The owner, being made aware that two minstrels had arrived at his house, sent them word, that "if they were not in haste on their journey, their presence would give him pleasure, and they could rest them there for the night." They accepted the offer, and entered the room where the nobleman sat. As they did so, he sprang from his seat, seemingly through utter astonishment, but regaining his self-possession instantly, he saluted them formally, and welcomed them to his dwelling. Yet he was the man who betrayed them. We had once before seen De Courcy in the Geraldine's Castle in Kildare, and Redmond's countenance was not one soon to be forgotten. The avaricious wretch knew the premium offered for his head, as an outlaw, and the first thought that struck him, was to spring upon De Courcy and make him prisoner; but his determination changed in a second, for, though a very powerful man, a slight glance at the broad muscular figure of De Courcy, quieted him instantly. He received them with seeming courtesy, and that night, when nearly overpowered by deep and oft repeated potations of wine, which were drugged purposely to affect their senses, twelve armed men rushed in, and, intoxicated as the two Freshmen were, it was with difficulty they made them prisoners. De Courcy, in making a mighty blow of his dagger at one of the men whom he missed, sent the weapon to the hilt through the oaken board on which stood their drinking goblets. The room rung again with the blow, and the owner of the house thanked his stars he had not attempted his capture by himself, when in his sober mood. But De Courcy gave not up the fight even then; he seized a man by the throat with such a deadly grip, as would have choked him, had he not reeled and fallen, and the man being held by his companions, De Courcy lost his grip in his descent to the ground. The next place we find them is in the tower of London, prisoners to Queen Elizabeth. "Treason, by my royal Mistress' eyebrow, here is treason in her very tower," cried the Governor. "Nay, look not so surly, but I tell thee it is a bad plan, if thou dost wish to have thy punishment lessened, to sing the praises of an outlaw Chief in the State prison of Queen Elizabeth. But I am not here as a spy upon thy actions; purpose is friendly; I would serve a nobleman of thy appearance at the risk of my life, for never before have I seen such a brave, open countenance. Merely mention any service I can render thee, and, if possible, it shall be done."

"Now will I shake thee by the hand, as a true man, "said De Courcy, "for thou art the first and only friend we have found since our arrival in this English land, but the service I ask of thee

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will not put thy life in the slightest jeopardy. Wilt thou go to Queen Elizabeth and tell her that Redmond De Courcy, accompanied by his friend, O'Connor, landed not in this country to harm either herself or government, but that he came to do battle with the proud, boastful Spaniard, who hath sent his challenge through England and Ireland, defying all noblemen to single combat. And tell her, moreover, that if she will open the gates of her prison, and let him forth to fight this braggart, as soon as he has stopped his brawling, he will back to this prison again, and here await her pleasure! Wilt thou do this?"

"Willingly, but think first, for Heaven's sake, what sort of a man he is, that thou would'st meet, already hath he slain twelve of the best swordsmen in England!"

"Ah! thinkest thou to frighten *me* from meeting any man upon earth, faith had'st thou not but now proved thyself a friend, I had struck thee to the ground for thy advice. But thou did'st promise to deliver the message to Elizabeth."

"Now by my royal mistress' best tooth, thou art over courteous in the extreme, asking a favor of me, and hinting at the same moment that thou wilt knock me down, ha, ha, ha, but I have heard before now of what odd contradictions an Irishman is built of. But I go, and leave thee in God's keeping the while, and when I return, I hope, for thy sake, to have permission to let thee loose at this Spanish tiger."

The next day De Courcy was travelling south, over the very path which he had traversed but a few days before, to meet the Spaniard, who preferred fighting his battle near the sea shore, where a vessel waited to take him down, either in case of his being victorious, or of wrong, or foul play being offered him. For his tilting ground he had chosen the spot we described as being so curiously surrounded by rocks, through which the only passages were three caves. On the morning that De Courcy and the Spaniard were to meet, some of the peculiarities of the place were totally destroyed. The dead silence was gone, the owl whooped no more; and the loneliness of the place seemed lost for ever. People came crouching by hundreds and thousands to witness the fight, and by means of ladders and ropes, they lined the inside of the rocks so thickly, that their grey, rusty coats could scarcely be discerned. When every hole and crevice in them were filled, and the people made somewhat orderly, in rode some hundreds of noblemen and ladies, who lined the green spot round close by the rocks, and there awaited the coming of the combatants. Oh! but it was a noble sight to behold. The stout, bold yeomen filling the rocks in all directions, with their strong quarter staves in hand, ready to beat a road for daylight if not for better manners, into the head of any impudent fellow who might require chastisement, and here and there a farmer's wife, dressed in curious, gaudy habiliments, who had courage enough to climb the ladders and had been handed into a seat by the powerful arms of her "goodde maune." The spectators were comparatively quiet until the sound of a bugle announced the arrival of the principal personages, the combatants.

They rode in at different entrances, and the curvetting and prancing of the Andalusian steed which the Spaniard managed with grace and ease, attracted their notice first as he entered the arena. A loud cheer showed the Englishmen's admiration of a brave and noble personage, though he was an enemy. The next instant De Courcy appeared, and the welkin rang again with the wild shouts of approbation as his horse bounded into the open space. With martial grace he bowed low to the ladies and noblemen around. Many a soft heart beat quick and many a cheek changed color, as the spectators beheld his noble bearing for the first time, and remembered that even in case of his overcoming the Spaniard, his life was forfeited to the laws of the country. Broadswords were the weapons decided upon to fight with, as they were just preparing to charge, all things ready, De Courcy signed a herald to approach him. He received his message, and directly going to the Spanish noble, signified to him with all due ceremony, and in the formal language required by etiquette, that the noble Redmond De Courcy, considering that this battle between brave men must be "war to the death," he suggested that before they fought, they should dismount, and perform some deed of strength or "bravourie" which might be the cause of their names being handed down to posterity as something worthy of record. The Spaniard agreed directly, and dismounting, the two warriors approached each other. When close together, the cheers of the spectators were tremendous. Two such handsome or powerful looking men could scarce be found elsewhere. The Spaniard was a tall, well formed man, with a noble head placed upon two broad shoulders; his eyes were black and glittering, and the lower part of his face ornamented from the upper lip to the throat, with a large, black mass of hair, now and then revealing a mouth, the form of which seemed to promise firmness and determination of mind in the possessor. De Courcy's

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eyes, at present, flashed fire, and his whole frame seemed to swell with excitement. There was one great advantage that he had over the Spaniard. Since he was a boy, he had always been accustomed to hardships, and as it is to be supposed, his strength grew amazingly in supporting them. The Spaniard, on the contrary, had lived in a luxurious court, and his strength remaining unexercised, diminished instead of increasing. De Courcy approached the giant oak which we before mentioned as the only tree growing within the place, and with a slight leap, he buried his sword deep in the tree. The astonishment of the spectators was great at the wondrous depth he had sunk the weapon, but long and loud were their animated cheers as the Spaniard, according to De Courcy's wish, attempted in vain to withdraw the sword. He pulled and jerked at it for a considerable time, but finally, with a death-pale cheek, desisted as beyond his power to move it. De Courcy then, with another short leap, wrenched the sword from the tree, and directly was heard swelling high above the roaring of the multitude, the wild and peculiar cry "De Courcy Abua, the pride of Glengariff for ever!" Until that moment, De Courcy had felt alone amongst the crowd, but that cry heard plain and distinct above all others, went to his very soul, and told him that the companion and teacher of his youth was there, watching every movement he made, and that he was ready to die before he should see his favorite wronged. He directly caught a view of O'Connor, who held two thick iron helmets in his arms, which he threw to De Courcy, who handed one of them to the Spaniard, and bid him split it with his sword. He took it, and placing it upon a projection of the rock, with a blow he split the massive helm half way through. It was thought impossible to beat such a tremendous blow, and yet De Courcy having placed his helm, with the same sort of half leap that he had taken before, sent half of the helm rolling off on either side; it was split through and through. The Spaniard seemed horror-struck, and changing color from red to pale, he was seen to tremble as if the spirit of fear had just entered him; he sprang towards his horse, with one bound was on his back, and off he set towards his ship as if all the friends of Pandimonium were after him. All men were astonished at his proving recreant, but fear enters man's breast when he least expects it; the strong man trembled at the feeling he had never known before, and yet he was not strong enough to overcome it.

Queen Elizabeth is on her throne; she is surrounded by ministers and courtiers. Reader, had'st thou been so republican in thy notions as to wish aristocracy at an end for ever, or even hadst thou had a private pique against royalty itself, and thou hadst beheld those men in their glory, thou hadst envied their seeming prosperity.

Noble and dazzling was their appearance. Young men stood around, covered from head to foot, with silk and gold, which evidently had vexed the minds of tailors amazingly, so cunningly did they fit the owner's persons. If any gallant who dared to enter that place with ruffled clothes, or dressed in any mode but the strict fashion of the court, Elizabeth's quick, stern eye would alight upon the offender. Instantly he was ordered from the presence in disgrace. Seats were filled around also by but passable looking ladies, who, in trying to imitate the outward stiffness and formality of their royal mistress, went ten times farther than she, and sat stiff and formal enough with the vengence. We said they were but passable looking, and they were no otherwise, for it was Elizabeth's policy to have no women admitted to her court, unless those that the Lord Chamberlain swore were as ugly as sin. But the gorgeous dresses made up for want of beauty. It was a gay sight to behold, yet their faces seemed not half demure enough for etiquette, there was the mark of expectation on each countenance, as if they awaited the entrance of some great personage. They were not long kept in suspense; in a short while the governor of the castle appeared, followed by two personages, who looked proud enough, in all conscience, to be equals of Queen Elizabeth, instead of prisoners as they were. Again our hero and O'Connor appear to act out their parts upon the stage of life where many men's passions are at strife. De Courcy, at present, was dressed in plain clothes, compared to those by which he was surrounded. A dark grey silk truisse or nether garment, and plain black velvet doublet, but both fitting admirably well, were seemingly not much calculated to attract the attention of Elizabeth, and yet her first exclamation was, "By God's death, he is a well formed youth, and fittingly dressed, too, for the occasion, humble and meek as he should be, before us, as our prisoner." She either did not see, or seeing, did not care to notice the flash of De Courcy's eye, and a wild one it was when he thought of Elizabeth, his father's enemy, making *him* look meek or humble. The Queen addressed him, saying, "Sir De Courcy, thou hast brought trouble on thyself and companion, by landing in

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this country without passport or aught to keep thee out of danger. But as thou art held in some consideration in thine own country, we in our royal clemency determined to hear and judge thy case, and judge thee mildly we will, for thy brave conduct and appearance have prepossessed us in thy favor. As for trial, we give thee none; sinking thy sword into that giant tree so that the Spaniard could not move it, which was a noble feet, by all accounts, would cover a hundred sins as well as our poor brain can calculate, and splitting the iron helm, a thousand more. So we forgive thee heartily the attempt which likely thou hadst determined on in thy brain, namely, taking our good city of London with the help of thy companion, and taking and keeping ourselves prisoners, to be subservient to thy will and pleasure. Now to prove to thee our good will, we grant thee a boon which we should be vastly afraid to offer to some of our best friends around, for we might not long be in possession of our throne. We give ye both your liberty, and to thee, De Courcy, we grant permission to ask any boon which it is within our power to grant, and thou shalt have it!" De Courcy had, till this moment, imagined her speech was in irony, and that finally their doom would be death. But he perceived his error, in an instant, forgot all her cruelty and severity to his countrymen, thought but of her mercy just intended to himself and O'Connor (for O'Connor's safety was dearer to him than his own) and springing forward, he bent one knee before her, and kissed the hand presented to him, with the deepest respect and devotion. O'Connor bowed low; it was all the return he could make, for he was not noble born enough to kiss that hand. De Courcy rose at the bidding of Elizabeth, and thanking her eloquently for her clemency, he requested as the boon offered him "That he and his heirs for ever might have the honor of remaining covered in the presence of royalty, that there never should be any occasion for a De Courcy to doff his bonnet in saluting either Queen or King," and he continued, seeing Elizabeth's eye flash fire—"hundreds of years hence, when a De Courcy enters the presence chamber of his Sovereign, and people ask how he dares to remain with his bonnet on, or who granted him the privilege, the answer will be, 'it was the wisdom and clemency of Queen Elizabeth!'" The flattery took, letters patent, granting the privilege, were written out and signed, and De Courcy was at liberty to "high him home." Gentle reader, from that day to this, the Earls of Kinsale have had and exercised the right of entering their Sovereign's presence on all state questions, without uncovering their heads, and it is to be supposed that the present Earl claimed the privilege on occasion of the Queen's late coronation, and entered the presence of gentle Victoria I, without its ever entering his head to doff his bonnet!"

"O'Connor," said De Courcy as they left the precincts of the Palace, "we shall say our prayers to-night with more thankfulness than we did when shut up in the Royal Tower. Oh! Flattery, how swiftly thou dost enter the inmost core of a woman's heart. But had it been a man sitting on that throne, I would have defied and scorned him e'er I had said one word such as I found no scruple in saying to a woman."

De Courcy had been informed in a letter, that Eva Fitzgerald was at his father's castle at Kinsale, and Bristol being the nearest port thereto, thitherwards he directed his way. Arrived at the castle, he rushed across the drawbridge, flew up the narrow steps which led to his mother's apartment, and was immediately pressed close and tight to her fond heart. "Welcome, welcome, my son, thou art just come when most wanted."

"What, is Eva in danger—where is she—no harm surely has befallen her? Speak, mother, speak, has any one dared"—

"Hush! child, listen. Eva Fitzgerald was here, but a report arrived that O'Neil was coming down from the north to attack her father castle of Kildare. Immediately thy father gathered together all the gillies and vassals he could at short notice, and was preparing to depart, when Eva stated her determination to accompany him to her home. As her father was in danger, she would share it with him. Thy father was fortunate enough to throw himself and retainers into the castle just before the arrival of the O'Neil who at present surrounds the place. Now for that reason I welcomed thee as just in time. Thy father was off in such haste, the men from the west had not time to arrive ere he was gone, and here they have been staying ever since, waiting for a leader, that they might follow the others. Wilt thou go to the war at the head of these wild men? Ah, the flash of that eye says yes," and again the son was embraced in the mother's arms. He descended immediately to review the men he was to lead to battle, and a wilder looking set nobody ever since beheld. Not one of them had ever touched his face with a razor, some of them wore breeches cut off some way above the knee; below they had leggings of wolf skin, which did not come high up,

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thus leaving long spaces between, which were painted in most fantastic colors. Their upper personage was covered with the skin of red deer, or else a coarse, homespun cloth. In fact, they were emphatically called the "Wild Irish," as untamed and savage a set as ever breathed. These, it must be known, were not the vassals of De Courcy; they came there through the zeal and planning of his mother, who immediately the report of war arrived, sent men into the western country to stir up the different clans, and try and coax them to come and fight for the De Courcy. They were armed in curious fashions, but the pike seemed the favorite weapon. Next day Redmond started at the head of the clans, his mother blessing him, and praying that he might achieve wonders in the battle. When arrived within about seven miles of Kildare Castle, he halted, not wishing O'Neil to know that an enemy was so close to *him*, or succor so close to the castle. It grew dark, and when all was still, Redmond called O'Connor to him, who still accompanied him, and giving him instructions and several letters, he was about to depart, when Redmond seemed struck with second thoughts, and he called to O'Connor,—"Give me back the letters, for if caught with them, it will be hanging work with thee, but if overtaken without, thou canst counterfeit all trades from a Solomon to a fool; I know thy tricks of old; here, hand me the letters."

"Never!" replied O'Connor, as he left the tent. In about an hour afterwards, close by the outskirts of O'Neil's army, O'Connor was creeping stealthily through the long grass, up to a sentinel who was parading near; every time he turned his back, O'Connor advanced, but he lay low as he returned. Finally, he got close enough to spring up as the soldier turned, and with one arm seize his musket, and with the other his throat, so that utter aword he could not. O'Connor hurled the musket far behind him, and then went to work coolly to gag the soldier. Leaving him, he crept forward among the tents, in as straight a line as he could towards the draw-bridge of the Castle. Arrived at the wide and deep ditch, he stood still, as if the appearance of it had made him lose all hope; but suddenly his eye flashed fire; he bethought himself of a mode of passing over which would never have entered the head of any other man. On each side of the draw-bridge were built long horizontal projections, for what purpose was not known—likely 'twas only a whim of the architect. One was on a level with the draw-bridge, but only about two feet deep; another was about seven feet above. The thought that struck O'Connor was to leap that broad ditch, having no place to land on but that miserable projection of two feet. But his heart was bold, and his eye was sure, and presently, with a run and a bound, he was clinging to the wall on the other side of the moat. He lost no time, but directly began to demand entrance of the sentinel within, who, hearing him, opened a sort of port-hole in the bridge, and allowed his entrance. O'Connor made known his wish to see either the Earl of Kinsale or Kildare without a moment's tarry; "life and death depended on the speed made," he roared aloud. Instantly he was led through a long narrow hall, the end of which opened into a small square room, in which were seated the two Earls. The door being opened, there was no occasion for any ceremony. O'Connor advanced to the table in silence, and throwing a packet of letters on it, he threw himself into a seat in a corner, and was soon fast asleep. The letters gave them the glorious news of the succor that was arriving, and great joy it gave them, for at the time they were in a sad strait. O'Neil had beaten a breach with his cannon in part of the fortifications, and it was expected he would attempt to enter it on the morrow with his troops. The two Earls knew they had not men enough to resist them, and, at the moment O'Connor entered the room, they were consulting how they could best place the few they had, so as to do much mischief to the enemy, with as little damage to themselves as possible. When they had read the letters, and settled what to do, De Courcy drew paper towards him, and writing an answer to his son, he awoke O'Connor, and, giving him great praise for the danger he had so willingly braved, he handed him the answer, and bid him God speed. O'Connor departed, and a plank being run across the moat from the port-hole in the bridge, he found his exit from the Castle much more comfortable than his entrance. Again had he the risk of all the sentinels to run. He steered his course the same way he had come, but he did not fall in with the man he had gagged. When he had passed the place, however, he threw himself upright, and sprang forward in that untiring trot which is peculiar to the southern Irish. He soon reached his own encampment, and made for the tent of De Courcy, who almost snatched the letter from him, he was so eager to read its contents. It told him of their melancholy situation, and advised him to bring on his men next day, as it was likely O'Neil would storm the breach, and his attacking him in the rear might be much to his discomfort. O'Neil

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was determined to be early enough in the attack, for O'Connor had scarcely reached the outer bounds of the encampment, when the soldiers began in silence to prepare for the fight. They brought huge beams of timber, which, throwing across the moat, the soldiers began to mount the breach. They found little resistance at first. The two Earls, though they knew that O'Neil was advancing, could not settle upon a plan to place the men to defend the breach. But when they heard he had entered the breach, they let their men run to the defence any way they could. They fought desperately hard, and slaughtered hundreds, but it was of no use, they had to give way. O'Neil's men were too strong for them. The men on the battlements did what they could to prevent them entering the breach, by throwing down immense rocks and missiles of every description on their heads. But the enemy soon stopped entering by the breach, for their friends within had got possession of one of the gates, and they all rushed to gain entrance by a way they found much easier. O'Neil's men had seemingly won possession of the Castle, when a most infernal bellowing and roaring was heard approaching in the rear; the sounds came closer each second, until finally the "wild Treshmen," as they were always called, rushed over the bridge and through the gate, to the horror and dismay of O'Neil's Northerners, who had never seen such wild looking beings, still yelling De Courcy's name, with voices which can be likened to nothing but the roar of the bull when in the agony of being bated. The panic into which this unexpected attack threw O'Neil's men, was sudden and desperate. Ignorant of the number of De Courcy's followers, their frightened imaginations considerably magnified them. In vain O'Neil tried to rally his discomfitted troops. Nothing could restore their scattered senses, and rushing in headlong confusion, some onward, some back, between two foes, they met with certain destruction. The conflict was now speedily terminated. Many that were able, took to flight and escaped, among whom was O'Neil, who reluctantly abandoned the Castle, leaving De Courcy and his followers in possession. Now again was the air rent with that loud wild cry, as De Courcy's green flag waved upon the battlements, together with the standard of Lord Kildare. As the shout of victory resounded through the many turrets of the Castle, it thrilled upon the heart of one, who, between the agony of hope and fear, had till now remained by the side of her venerable parent. "Father," she exclaimed, "didst thou hear that cry? we are free, we are free!" and then, falling on her knees in an attitude of prayer, her senses left her, and she fainted dead away. Whose arm now opportunely arrived to support her drooping form? That one dearer to her than all the world beside. De Courcy's voice, now murmuring low and gentle tones of love, again brought color to that cheek, and life to the languid eye, and Eva was soon conscious of being encircled in the embrace of her lover. A sweet blush now mantled on that innocent face, while she smiled her thanks for his timely rescue. The old lord, with tears in his eyes, joined their hands, saying, "My son, I owe thee indeed much, but thus do I repay thy benefits. Eva, my loved child, the greatest treasure I possess, is now thine." Sweet were the moments that followed; and not until the impatient cries of the multitude which called forth the old lord and his beautiful daughter, was a termination put to that scene which repaid De Courcy a thousand-fold for all the hardships he had undergone.

The Castle, which had now been the seat of war and strife, was quickly exchanged for one of feasting and merriment. De Courcy's mother soon joined the party now assembled, and immediately after her arrival were celebrated the nuptials of the happy pair. The morning rose in bright sunshine. Not a cloud shadowed the sky as De Courcy led his bride to the carriage which was to convey them to his Castle at Kinsale. The hardy peasantry would not allow horses to be attached to it, but insisted on being themselves allowed to convey them to their home. Long ropes were substituted, and thus did De Courcy and the beautiful Eva make their entrance into their own country, followed by thousands who joined the cavalcade. For many a long year did the recollection of that day dwell in the minds of those that witnessed the scene; and even to this time does many a heart glow with enthusiastic rapture while recounting the deeds of the brave De Courcy, the champion of his country.

PURE and genuine Christianity never was, nor ever can be, the national religion of any country upon earth. It is a gold too refined to be worked up in any human institution, without a large portion of alloy; for no sooner is this small grain of mustard seed watered with the fertile showers of civil emoluments, than it grows up into a large and spreading tree, under the shelter of whose branches the *birds of prey and plunder* will not fail to make for themselves comfortable habitations, and thence deface its beauty and destroy its fruits.

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Original.

MADELAINE.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

The following tale is from the French; but great liberties have been taken with it; the original being unfit for a faithful translation.

—

One morning, towards the middle of December, 1815, Colonel D'Arcey and I were walking on the boulevard de Gand. I noticed, a few paces in front, and advancing towards us, a man and a young girl, whose appearance irresistibly engaged my interest at the first glance.—Tall, slender, and delicate, the young girl reminded me of plants nursed in hothouses into a precocious growth, and destined to perish prematurely. Her face was of the chaste oval of the madonnas of Cimabuá; her hair, a rich brown in color, was parted on her forehead, and fell in ringlets on either cheek, setting off the clear paleness of her complexion; the elegance of her figure, and her timid, modest air, corresponded with the innocent beauty of her countenance. The man who accompanied her was of middle size, and evidently in feeble health; his features were regular, and of agreeable contour, but he was extremely pale, and wore an expression of calm melancholy. Large and deep pimples traversed his forehead; but his eye was clear and bright as an eagle's; and I noticed a quick and sudden flash, as he glanced on one side or the other. At first sight, I should have taken him to be about sixty years of age; but a second look convinced me he could not be more than forty, notwithstanding his snow-white hair.

The two presented to my eyes so vivid a contrast, that I fell involuntarily into conjectures respecting their relations to each other, till my attention was drawn to a middle-aged man, walking behind, and evidently watching them. Then I supposed them to be father and daughter; but I saw her smile, and there appeared nothing of filial affection in the expression of her face.

They passed us; the young girl looked at me; D'Arcey saluted them both; and I saw the middle-aged man cross to the other side of the street. When they were out of hearing, I asked the Colonel who they were.

"They were husband and wife," said he; "as for the man who followed them——"

"It is impossible!" I interrupted.

"It is true," he replied. And I could not help weaving a romantic story of a forced marriage between persons so unlike each other. The same evening, at the Opera, I saw the man and his young wife whom we had met on the Boulevard: and I could not help expressing my thoughts to the lady whom I accompanied.

"It is indeed quite a drama," said she.

"And can this young creature love her husband?"

"She adores him."

At this moment I perceived, in an adjoining box, the man whom I had seen following them. The curtain rose, but I listened not; for my mind was absorbed with the idea of that young, child-like woman marrying for love the white-haired man; and their mysterious guardian.

When there was an interval in the music, the lady at my side resumed—"Yes, you see there a man who knows how to love."

I entreated Madame de N—— to tell me what she knew of this interesting history.

"It is a very sad one," said she," but you shall hear it."

—

"In a house in the Rue de la Bucherie, nineteen years ago, lived two young girls; the eldest was called Madelaine, the youngest Marie. Madelaine was a mother to her sister; it was she who had taught her to read and write, and every thing else she knew; it was she who hoped to bring her up as an honorable maiden should be educated; and yet she was only four years the eldest. Their father, the Marquis de Simiane, had perished by the guillotine; their mother, deprived of all her property, died three months after, recommending her two orphans to Him who is a father to the fatherless. Madelaine was then fifteen. Sorrow would have killed her, but that Marie remained to live for; and from that time Marie was like her child more than her sister. The people in the neighborhood knew the girls, and when they saw them passing, hand in hand, would point them out, and say—

"Poor little creatures! how they love one another!"

"Madelaine at this time was very beautiful; a little too pale, perhaps; but with an elegance of figure that was not to be concealed by her mean apparel; in fact, the young girl you see is the image of her. Marie was a bright child, but so delicate that the most constant care and attention were necessary to prolong her life. Her arms and feet were so slender, they looked as if a breeze would break them; all her natural vigor seemed concentrated in her large dark eyes—that sometimes absolutely flashed with light.

"In the same street, and not far from the dwelling of the two sisters, lived a printer named Philip Ménard, about eighteen years of age, and like them, an orphan. On the first floor of the

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house inhabited by Madelaine and Marie, lived the laudlord, M. Dumont, a rich old bachelor.

"On both these, Madelaine had unconsciously made a deep impression. Philip, for many months, contented himself with bowing when he saw her; then he ventured so far as to smile, then to speak to her. One day, as he did so, Madelaine answered with a blush, and Philip felt his heart throb with a feeling of hope.

"The same afternoon, M. Dumont knocked at the door of his fair lodger, entered, and seated himself according to custom. Marie was absent, and he declared his love. Madelaine felt troubled, and grew pale; but she declined the offer with dignity, and seemed relieved when he left her. Philip came in soon after, and asked what was the matter, that she looked so sad.

"Nothing," replied the young girl, but her voice trembled as she thought of M. Dumont's angry looks.

Philip sat down, and Madelaine, with her work, beside him. Gradually her face resumed its expression of serenity, and she smiled with her usual angelic sweetness. After a long conversation, Philip knelt before her, took her hand, and said timidly—

"Madelaine, I love you."

The young girl raised her dark eyes, and Philip thought he read reproach in their expression. The instant after they sank to the ground, covered by the long drooping lashes, and a tear fell on his hand. The two were betrothed ere they parted.

"The next morning the vindictive M. Dumont gave them warning that they must leave his house.

"The day was already fixed for the marriage, when unexpectedly Philip, pale and breathless, entered the little room occupied by the sisters. He had been ordered on military service, and would be forced to leave Paris on the morrow. Madelaine shuddered, for she knew that this blow also had fallen on them through the agency of M. Dumont. But she endeavored to comfort her lover, and promised eternal constancy. Then he was revived also by the hope of winning fortune by his sword.

"I will return," cried he, "yes, I will return, Madelaine; not with a woolen epaulette like that I shall wear to-morrow, but with an epaulette of gold. You and Marie shall live in luxury, as you used to do."

"So that you return, Philip, I care not for the rest," said Madelaine, averting her face.

"The next day Philip was on his way to the frontier.

"Soon after, Marie fell seriously ill, and Madelaine, to supply all her wants, worked harder than ever, sometimes depriving herself of a whole night's sleep. Her cheeks became sunken and pale, her eyes could hardly bear the light; but she forgot her fatigue by her sister's bedside, and while she looked at a medallion Philip had given her before his departure, she would murmur to herself, 'When he knows all I have suffered, he will love me more than ever.'

"Marie grew worse; her sister redoubled her exertions; but toil, watching, privations, cares, were alike in vain. The physician pronounced her malady to be the lungs; and added, that nothing could save her life but a journey into Italy.

"Poor Madelaine! she sat with her face buried in her hands, reproaching herself that her sister must die for the want of a little gold! She would have given her soul to save her sweet Marie. Suddenly she dried her tears, rose up hastily, ran to her drawer, and took out a letter from Philip—a cherished letter—which she kissed, while her face was bathed in tears. Then she rapidly descended the staircase, rang the bell of M. Dumont's apartments, and desired to speak with him.

—

"All was ready for the departure of the sisters, for Madelaine had given her hand to the old man, to save Marie. Alas! it was too late; the evening before they were to set out, the poor girl was obliged to take to the bed she was no more to leave, except for a bier. Madelaine still cherished hope; but it was cruelly crushed when the physician informed her that it was necessary to give up all thoughts of going to Italy.

"'Oh, Monsieur!' she cried, reproachfully; 'what have you done!'

"Marie died; the grief of her sister was deep but resigned. As she closed the eyes of the dead, she murmured, 'Sister thou art gone first to heaven; but I shall follow thee soon.'

"Madelaine became a mother. Before the birth of her child, she received a letter from Philip, which she read many times, and watered with bitter tears. It contained these words—'Madelaine, I have obtained an epaulette of gold.'

"When her child was a few days old, she took from her neck the medallion of Philip, which she thought herself unworthy to wear, and fastened it round the neck of the infant.

"'Thou shalt be called Madelaine too,' she said, 'and may'st thou be happier than thy mother.'

"One day, while her husband was in the room, she heard a knock at the door; it opened, and

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Philip entered. He started back when he saw Madelaine with the child in her arms, and Dumont beside her. The unhappy woman uttered a piercing shriek of anguish, and fell on the bed in a swoon. She never recovered her senses, but expired in a few hours after. The shock was greater than Philip could bear; reason forsook him, and he was sent to the hospital for the insane."

Just then I saw the two persons I had been observing, rise and leave the box. They were followed by the middle-aged man. Madame de N. resumed her narration:

"Sixteen years after the events I have related, some ladies, among whom was a young orphan-girl, who had been to visit the insane hospital at Charenton, were crossing the court to retire, when they were met by one of the patients, a man of noble figure and countenance, but the prey of deep melancholy. At sight of the young girl, he stopped, and seemed agitated by extraordinary emotion. Slowly then, he came up to them, and kneeling down before the young girl, said to her in a gentle and plaintive voice—

"'Then thou art not dead, Madelaine!'

"The physician, who accompanied them, led the party away in silence, and in reply to their questions afterwards, informed them that the unfortunate man had lost his reason by an unhappy attachment. The young girl was much affected, remembering her own mother's history, and entreated to be permitted to see the poor maniac again. She was conducted to the apartment he occupied; when he saw her, he rose, passed his hand slowly across his eyes, as if seeking to collect his thoughts; then approached hesitatingly, regarded her attentively, and murmured, in a voice broken by sobs—

"'Then thou art not dead, Madelaine?'

"'Monsieur,' said the girl to the physician, 'cannot your art restore reason to this unhappy man?'

"The eyes of the maniac, fixed all the while on her, suddenly lost their wild expression; there seemed a strange and terrible reaction within him; it was as if intellect struggled to overcome his mental disorder. At length he looked down upon his torn and soiled apparel, his wasted hands, and again into the visitor's face, saying—

"'It is only I who have changed; thou, thou art the same, Madelaine!'

"'Oh, yes! there must be some way to restore him!' cried she to the doctor; 'and this way, if your art cannot find it, I may discover!'

"The physician did not reply, but watched his patient attentively while she was speaking, and noticed the changes of his countenance. 'Yes,' he said at last; 'there may be a way to save him; but you alone can do it, mademoiselle.'

"'Thank Heaven!' she exclaimed, seizing the doctor's arm; 'I will save him!'

"For six months, the young girl devoted herself to this holy and benevolent work, visiting the patient every day; and every night praying to God for his restoration. At ten in the morning, no matter what might be the weather, she brightened his solitary cell with her presence; and was rewarded, ere long, by perceiving a decided though slight change for the better in his condition. What sweet tears of joy and hope bedewed her eyes, as she saw the light of reason gradually dawning on the darkness of his soul! She had never loved—the dear child! and thus her first love was bestowed on one of God's most suffering creatures! How dear to her heart the hope of dispelling the gloom that fifteen years had never broken!

"At length the hour so long wished and prayed for—the happiest hour of her lonely life, arrived; the maniac recovered his reason.

"'I was happy sometimes in my madness,' said he to her, mournfully; 'for I believed you to be the Madelaine I had loved!'

"'And what hinders you from believing me still your loved Madelaine?' asked she.

"Philip Ménard, for it was he, is now the husband of Madelaine, the daughter of her to whom he was once affianced. As for the man you see following them, it is the physician who attended Ménard at Charenton. He lives in Paris, and sometimes appears to keep an eye on his late charge."

—

More than a year had passed, and I had almost forgotten both Philip Ménard and his wife, when Colonel D'Arcey chanced to speak of them. Poor Madelaine inherited the delicate constitution of her mother; she languished some months, and then fell a victim to consumption. Philip Ménard went abroad; but his reason did not long continue unclouded after his cruel bereavement. He lives yet, I believe, in one of the hospitals in New York.

SURELY every medicine is an innovation, and he that will not apply new remedies must expect new evils; for time is the greatest innovator; and if time, of course, alter things to the worse, and wisdom and counsel shall not alter them to the better, what shall be the end?—*Bacon.*

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Original.

THE FRENZY OF LOVE.*

THE CONTRAST.

It was some months before Brazier experienced the first attacks of the disease of which he died, that seated with a friend, upon the terrace of the Turk's Garden, he was relating one of those anecdotical stories,—which he so well knew how to make interesting,—when he suddenly broke off, for his companion was listening to him with a pre-occupied air, and with his eyes fixed upon the house, which rose above them on the other side of the boulevard.

"At what are you looking so attentively?" said Brazier.

The young man pointed to a window covered with flowers. Through the muslin curtains, which were carefully drawn, and along the borders of which was an elegant embroidery, could be seen the charming profile of a young girl, who held in her hand a book, in the contents of which she seemed to be powerfully absorbed.

"The contrast strikes your imagination, is it not so? a young girl in a revery, and surrounded by flowers in the same room where a coarse bully from Italy, meditated and put into execution a frightful scheme of assassination! There are other strange remembrances attached to that window," he continued, sighing, "long before this girl, before Fieschi" (It was at this wretch's window that they were looking) "long before these occupied that apartment, a genius, one of those illustrious composers of whom France should be proud, passed there four of the best years of his youth, and became the hero of one of those *romans* that cut short the dreams of the heart, and throw the muser into real life.

"It was in 1770. This young man had received from his father, inspector of the fortification of Charlemont, a careful education. Scarcely had he quitted his teens, ere a passionate taste for music revealed itself in a manner the most unappeasable. The wish to cultivate his talents drew him, in 1779 to Paris. He took lessons on the piano, from D'Edellman, and became, in a short time, the most remarkable pupil of that skilful master. Chance procured him the acquaintance of a man ever to be celebrated, the Chevalier Gluck, who had just come to Paris, with the last of his great works, *Iphigenie*, etc.

"Burning with a desire to hear this admirable opera, but despairing of being able to procure an admission to the first performance—the sum required would have exhausted his meagre stock—the young man resolved to have recourse to stratagem. He hid himself in one of the boxes of the theatre, during the day, was discovered, and was about being turned out, when, fortunately for the moneyless *dillettante*, he encountered Gluck, who asked the cause of his dismissal, and on hearing it, took so much interest in this passionate lover of his art, that not content with giving him on the spot, a ticket of admission for the opera, he made him promise to visit him. Picture to yourself the joy and gratitude of the young man. From the first visit, Gluck appreciated his happy disposition, and took pleasure in cultivating his taste.

"By and bye, Gluck set out for Vienna, from whence he never more returned to France.

"His pupil, left to his own resources, resolved to essay them upon the illustrious scene of his master—he presented to the royal academy of music his opera of Cora. Disheartened—dispirited by the long delays they made him experience, he turned his steps towards the *Opera Comique*, where he brought out *Euphrosine et Coradin*, in 1790, precisely that year in which happened the events I am about to relate.

"It is unnecessary for me to state who my hero was; the title of the opera of *Euphrosine*, etc, has brought before you, Henri Etienne Mehul.

"The music of Euphrosine et Coradin, full of originality, produced the most lively sensation in Paris, and to the composer, one of these brilliant successes which all at once make of an obscure man a cultivated artist.

"You may judge of the transports of joy so great a triumph would give rise to in the breast of Mehul. And yet, the next morning, seated at the same window that you see there—at the window of Fieschi—it was not of his success, of the enthusiastic applause of the pit that he was thinking—he had a more *vive* pre-occupation which was seering his heart, and sending the blood ever and anon into his face. Seated upon the sill of that window, he looked out afar with anxiety—entered his chamber, and essayed to read—dashed his fingers along the Virginals, and again returned to the window.

"'She will *not* come,' he murmured between his lips, which he bit till they bled. And again he threw himself into his chamber—again returned to his piano—looked at the clock, and again had recourse to the window.

"No one was coming.

"'Alas! alas!' said he, 'what a frenzy of

* Translated from the French of S. Henri Berthond.

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passion is this, that now burns within me? Madman that I am, to love a woman that loves not me; who makes a sport of breaking my heart. It were better that I saw her no more. No! I will *not* see her again. I will go to Rome; I will forget her. I shall love another—one who will love me!'

"The door opened, and Mehul fell at the feet of a beautiful creature, who stood upon the threshold of the apartment, like the rainbow in the sky. How beautiful she looked!

"'Wicked one!' sighed Mehul, who had forgotten his anger, and who had fixed his eyes, brimful of tears of joy, upon the beauty, 'I have been expecting you there long, long hours!'

"She made no answer, but threw herself into a large arm-chair, placed her fingers carelessly upon the keys of the piano-forte—allowed Mehul to seat himself at her feet, and finished by abandoning one of her hands to him.

"'You love me not, Louise!' said he.

"'You are always so unjust,' she replied. 'Because I am a little late, you meet me with reproaches. I was obliged to go to the theatre, to rehearsal—and then I have been *ennuied* to death all the morning, by villanous creditors.'

"Mehul suddenly jumped up, ran to his secretary, and returning, placed upon the knees of the young beauty a purse full of gold.

"'There is what I obtained yesterday for my opera; let us share it, Louise,' said he, with timidity.

"She cast upon the purse one of those looks that light up the eye of the Panther when it sees a gazelle within the reach of its talons—then she threw herself towards Mehul, and suffered him to cover her forehead with kisses.

"'Keep your gold, *mon amie*,' said she, 'for the whole of that sum would scarcely suffice to satisfy the *ennuyeux* that torment me.'

"He smiled, and threw the purse upon her lap.

"'There,' said he, with that ineffable joy that a noble heart, warmly smitten, experiences in sacrificing *all* to the woman of his love; 'keep the whole, Louise; this evening the director of the *Opera Comique* will pay me a sum nearly equal to that trifle.'

"He lied in saying so. The two thousand francs contained in that purse, was the entire price of his labor. He gave up all that he had! and he knew not how he should live on the morrow. But *n'importe*, *she* would have no more uneasiness! *She* would be happy.

"This time it was, Louise that took between her two little hands the head of Mehul, and who covered his forehead with kisses. Then the two seated themselves at the window, laughing, prattling, frolicksome—radiant with joy. The passers by raised their heads to look upon that charming couple, and said: 'truly they are made for one another.' For if Louise was pretty, Mehul's melancholy physiognomy was not wanting in manly beauty. You beheld in him, in the highest degree, that distinction which was wanting in his companion, and it was easy to read upon his lofty and well developed forehead those mysterious characters, impressed by nature, which say aloud, GENIUS!

"At the expiration of a quarter of an hour, Louise, whose looks began to exhibit signs of *ennui*, notwithstanding the *scintillant*, *spirituelle* and tender conversation of Mehul, looked at her watch, and exclaimed that she must now depart.

"The visage of the *artiste* darkened at her words; all its previous radiancy of happiness vanished, and this word came mournfully—sadly from his lips:—

"'Already!'

"'Oh, yes,' she replied, 'I have a thousand things to do—my costumes for the *Belle au bois dormant*, to try on—my part to re-study; then I have got to see Monsieur Audinot, about two scenes that he is obstinate in not having changed; and in which I can produce no effect. So you see I must go. Adieu!'

"She held out her hand to him; took the purse, which she carefully put into her pocket, and hurried out of the apartment. Mehul went to the window to watch her progress. She followed the line of the Boulevard for some moments, and then quitted it for one of the lateral streets. A little farther on, and she returned upon her steps, jumped into a hack carriage, and expended in fantasies every fraction of the gold that Mehul had given her.

"A quarter of an hour after the departure of Louise, and a comedian of the Ambigu entered the apartment of Mehul at the same moment that I did. This actor, whose name was Vicherat, had come to ask Mehul to compose the music for a song he had to sing in *Madame Angot au Serail*, a piece that Audinot was at that time getting up. Mehul at once set about complying with his request, and when the actor had expressed his gratitude, and offered a thousand thanks, the conversation naturally turned upon the new piece that the Ambigu was about giving on the following evening.

"'They say that Mademoiselle Louise Masson will look charming in *La belle au bois dormant*,' said Mehul, blushing up to the ears, and for

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nothing but that he had pronounced the name of his mistress.

"'Yes,' replied the comedian carelessly, 'the little coquette does not want tact or talents; but she is too *farceuse!* Besides, she takes too much trouble in telling me that she adores me, but curse me if I believe a word she says.'

"Mehul turned as pale as a criminal on a scaffold.

"'You lie!' he cried, 'say at once that you have lied—that you have calumniated her.'

"'Monsieur,' replied Vicherat, 'if any other than you had used such language he would have paid for it dearly. When you become better acquainted with the ladies of our Parisian theatres you will not be quite so earnest touching their *soi-disant* passions. Louise has been my mistress six months. As for the rest, I care little, and am quite ready to abandon her to you.'

"He bowed and departed.

"'Oh, what an ignoble humiliation!' cried Mehul, when Vicherat had left, 'I will see her no more.'

"He in fact saw her no more, for he shortly afterwards fell dangerously ill, and was obliged to make a long journey, during which he wrote *Strabonice*, the most perfect of his compositions. Then came the revolution of 1793; then he married, then he was named a member of the Institute; then he wrote *Melidore et Phrosine Ariodant, l'Irato, Uthal, Joseph, la journee aux Aventures*, and thought but little of Louise Masson, of whom he had long ceased to speak.

"Time and absence, those two grand cures of the disease called love, had radically operated his convalescence. Louise had disappeared from the Parisian theatres, after an unexampled success in the *Belle au bois dormant*, which was played four hundred nights. When she had ruined five or six empty heads; when she had astonished and scandalized all Paris by her luxury—a thing not easily done—she quitted France without any one knowing anything of her projects, nor of the country to which she had gone.

"Twenty years after the first representation of *Euphrosine*, in the evening, I was promenading the boulevard with Mehul, when we arrived opposite his old lodgings. He raised his head and smiled sadly.

"'It was there,' said he, 'that I wrote my first work, and it was there that I fell in love with Louise Masson.' He sighed and enveloped himself more carefully in his cloak, for the breeze of the month of November visited us rudely.

"At some few steps from where we had been standing, we found two *virtuoses* standing on an old carpet, surrounded by lamps, singing *duos* from the *tableau parlant*, etc. The man wore a velvet coat, which had lost all its original color, and the woman was shivering beneath a robe of faded gauze. They were both as prodigal of *gestes* and *agaceries* as if they were still upon the stage of a theatre. When the scene was over, the old man made an obsequious bow, and came round with his tambour, saying:

"'Messieurs, have pity upon Mademoiselle Louise Masson, who made all Paris run after her in the *Belle au bois dormant*.'

"At these words I felt Mehul tremble in every limb; for until now he had not recognized in the decrepid old man his preferred rival, Vicherat the actor; and in that bespattered and toothless creature, her whom he had so much loved, and who, by her treacherous and wicked conduct, had well nigh killed him with grief. He emptied his pockets into the tambour, and then, without uttering a word, dragged me from the spot.

"We did not however, hurry away so fast but that I could see Vicherat and Louise enter a carbaret, and seat themselves before a mug of wine, reinforced by some glasses of *eau de vie*."

There are many Louise Massons. Let the virtuous reader draw an useful lesson from this story. S. N.

Original.

SONNET.—COEUR-LAND.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

A SLUMBROUS valley lies in every breast,
A fragrant spot o'ergrown with fairy flowers,
Where, ever flowing through the purple hours,
Are ruby rivers thrilled with strange unrest;
And where all round a forest waves, whose crest
Is green and gold, about which, singing, sail
The loveliest birds, whose music fills the gale;
And there are emerald meadows lightly prest
By nymphs and naiads bright and altars grand,
Where, shadow-like, the Feelings kneel and pray,
Chaunting melodious hymns the undying day
To Him, the Ruler of that radiant land!
Sweet land and sinless souls, how blest of Jove
To know no sterner rule than that of LOVE!

Philadelphia, March, 1844.

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Original.

SUMMER EXCURSIONS FROM LONDON.—Number vii.

BY MRS. E. R. STEELE.

Cheltenham, Kenilworth, Warwick, Leamington and Stratford upon Avon.

We reached Cheltenham by railroad, after a circuitous route from Oxford, through Bristol. This celebrated watering-place was associated with the novel-reading days of my youth, and I looked around me on my arrival, with some interest. It is situated in the delightful vale of Gloucestershire, and is visited for the sublime springs which abound there. Its most fashionable season is towards the end of the summer, when the visitors to the seashore move into the interior. We were driven up a broad and beautiful street, after leaving the railroad. The houses were high and elegant, built of light yellow stone, having balconies of green or gilded iron. In front of each are small court-yards leading to the broad pavement covered with persons promenading, and shaded by rows of large trees. The whole had a very pleasing effect. This avenue continued half a mile, at the end of which was the Queen's Hotel, which was to be our destination. This is a large, handsome building, of white stone. The entrance is in the basement, which is ornamented in the rustic style. Above this, a row of corinthian columns reach to the roof, having in front a handsome pediment with the Queen's arms. We alighted, and entered a large hall, adorned with a full length statue of the Queen, before which stood the landlady, chambermaids and waiters, who, with the greatest civility, received our orders, and showed us to our rooms. This was the only hotel in England where there was a Table d'Hote; as, in every other instance, the travellers meals are served in their own sitting-room. In the afternoon we strolled over this beautiful town. Here we found walks to suit every kind of person. Gay streets lined with hotels and elegant shops, where there was to be found every description of goods; and secluded promenades in the grounds and gardens of the different Spa's, which cover great extent, and resemble pleasure-grounds of gentlemen's seats. The Pitville Spa is a large and elegant building of stone, surrounded with colonades. Pleasant grounds, prettily laid out, extend down to a lake, where ladies and children may be seen seated on the soft grass, or feeding the swan which came to the extended hand.

At the King's wells, there are long walks shaded with elms. One walk here is very beautiful; the large old trees meeting over head, form a long green vista, at the end of which is seen the elegant spire of one of the churches. In the evening we went to the Montpelier pump-room, where musical promenades take place. Here we found a large room, surrounded by piazzas, brilliantly lighted, and filled with company. A band of musicians stationed on the piazza, played all the most fashionable airs, while the company in the house, or in the lighted avenues of the grounds, promenaded, or seated themselves among the trees. It was a very pretty and lively scene. It is fashionable to take the water early in the morning, accordingly, at seven, we repaired to a pump-room. This apartment was handsomely decorated and painted, having around it large, marble urns, from which we were handed warm salt water. It can be had cold, but I think it is more fashionable hot, and of course we drank it so. The parties then promenaded the grounds, and returned to breakfast. This, with balls, concerts, rides and drives and flirtations, are the fashionable amusements of the celebrated Cheltenham. From this town, the railroad brought us, in five hours, to Birmingham. It was with anticipations of much enjoyment, that after seeing all we wished, of the wonderful workshops of Birmingham, that we sat out to visit Kenilworth, and the haunts of Shakspeare. Our first halt was at the ancient town of Coventry. The streets are narrow, and buildings mostly old, and some of them very beautiful. The church of St. Michael and its tower, are very imposing. The tower is highly wrought, and ornamented with delicate carving, enriched with statues of saints, and is one hundred and thirty-six feet high. Sir C. Wren calls this tower a masterpiece of architecture. St. Mary's hall is a beautiful antique, used in the palmy days of Coventry, as a city hall. It is said to be a curious building within, and contains a large room twenty-one yards long, in which is the grand mullioned window which we see in front. This, and other windows, are painted with armorial bearings, and figures of kings, Ethelred, Arthur, Alfred, Edward's, Henry's, and other great men, among whom is the Emperor Constantine. There is also some antique tapestry, on which is depicted Henry VI. and his court, with Queen Margaret, and many lords and bishops, and ladies in the costume of the day.

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Coventry was once famous for its cathedral, abbey and priorys, all of which are destroyed by Henry VIII. The inhabitants are now peaceful ribbon-makers, and amuse themselves with the procession of Lady Godiva and peeping Tom, every year. The drive from Coventry to Kenilworth, was one of the most beautiful I ever took. It was in a lovely part of Warwickshire, and the road lay through an avenue of large elms, continuing for several miles. This was a princely approach to the once great castle. Now its glory is dimmed, and after driving through a straggling village, we beheld it a mass of grey ruins. Our post-chaise drew up before the grand gateway of the castle, now used as a house by those who show the ruins. While passing through this, we observed the letters R. D., once a doorway; initials of the celebrated Robert Dudley, Earl of Liecester, who built this gateway. A group of little girls stood around the gate, who, with a curtsey and 'please ma'am buy a guide-book," presented me with a little shilling book. As it would serve to designate the different parts of the palace, I took one, and dispensing with a guide, found ourselves beyond his garden, upon a gently sloping green eminence, around which stood solemn masses of dark stone, covered with ivy. And this is all of the grand castle of Kenilworth, which in the days of its glory, covered seven acres. Some parts, as Henry VIII. buildings, are entirely gone,—a line of stone on the green grass only showing its foundations. Of Cæsar's tower, the most ancient part of the castle, which was built in 1120, there are some remains. Part of Mervin's Bower, where Amy Robsart concealed herself, is also to be seen. On one side, there is a nook and part of a noble window remaining, which is called Queen Elizabeth's Bower. I clambered up to it, and seating myself, gazed somewhat sadly around. The view from the window was quiet and rural. Below, the ground was hollowed out in a large basin, covered with light green sward. This was once the grand lake which surrounded the castle, and then contained "one hundred and eleven acres well stored with fish and wild fowl,"—as saith the guide-book. Beyond it, the rising ground is covered with trees,—once the chase, which extended over twenty miles of country, and was stocked with deer. Turning my eyes within, they fell upon the ruins of the great hall, which was once eighty-six feet long. It is tapestried now with ivy, and carpeted with turf. In this hall, and around the castle, what feasting has taken place, —what princely and historic personages have here played their rôle ere they went hence and were seen no more. The first person of importance who appears upon the stage, is the great Simon de Montford, to whom this castle was presented by Henry III., and with it, his sister, the Princess Eleanor, in marriage. As Earl of Liecester, he is well known in history as leader of that bold band of barons, who checked the kingly authority. For a long time they ruled the country, until the king and his party took arms against them. After various successes, the great earl set out to join his son at the River Avon, near his castle of Kenilworth. He saw his son's banners advancing, and rejoiced that he now could hope to conquer the King. But, ah, when too late, he discovered the banners were in the hands of the victorious Prince Edward, who had routed the young Simon de Montford, and forced him to retreat to Kenilworth. Other bands appearing around him, the earl saw he was in toils which he could not escape. "Now the Lord have mercy upon our souls," he said, "for I see our bodies are Prince Edward's."

After arranging his band, he spent a short time in prayer, and then took the sacrament. A well fought battle took place, during which, King Henry who was the Earl's prisoner, was released and put on horseback. He was afterwards dismounted, when, in great fear, the feeble old monarch cried out, "Hold your hand; I am Harry of Winchester, your King!" The earl's horse was killed under him, but undauntedly he fought, until his son and his friends were all slain, and he at last fell with his sword in his hand. This earl, for his great qualities as a statesman, his literary abilities and piety won the hearts of the common people, who ever after, called him *Sir Simon, the righteous.* His castle was sometime defended by his family, but at last fell into the bands of the King. During the siege of this castle, while King Henry lay encamped before it, a gay marriage took place between the King's niece and the Duke of Brunswick. Queen Eleanor and her ladies came up from Windsor to assist at the festivities. At that time, also, the King made that celebrated decree, the Dictum of Kenilworth. We next find this castle in the power of Edward of Lancaster, youngest son of Henry III. But if we wish to see courtly revelry by noble dames and valiant knights, we must look to the days of Edward I., when the celebrated Roger Mortimer was lord of the castle. One hundred knights, among them nobles of foreign lands, and as many ladies, here formed a round table in imitation of that of King Arthur. Tilting, and other feats of

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chivalry, and dancing, hawking and hunting, occupied their days and knights. A change comes over the scene—knights and dames are gone, revelry has ceased, and silence and gloom reign over the castle.

To the noise of music and mirth has succeeded the sentinel's tramp, for the castle is a prison, and holds in durance the king of the land, Edward, the Second. Alone and silent he now sits in the large deserted hall, once so merry with its gallant courtiers. Deprived of kingly robes and crown, he wears a common dress of dark stuff. There is a flourish of trumpets at the gate, and Edward is told a deputation from London awaits him. The king eagerly arises,—they have come to release him,—he shall ascend his throne again! The deputation enters, but ah, at its head comes Adam Orleton, Bishop of Hereford, Edward's bitterest enemy, and partisan of his beautiful but cruel Queen! The king sinks fainting in his chair, where he hears them, as they exultingly proclaim he is king no longer. The parliament has declared he has ceased to reign, and his son is placed upon his throne. Friendless, deserted, with no one to raise a voice for Edward of Cærnarvon, his people pronounced him no longer worthy to reign over them. Sir Thomas Blount, steward of his household, then stepped forward and broke his white wand of office, discharging all men from all fealty and allegiance to him. Edward was carried to Berkeley Castle, where the piercing shrieks which woke the country around, and made men start from their sleep and cross themselves, alone tell of the dismal fate of this hapless and fallen king.

Hark,—again the sound of music and joy! The stately Queen Elizabeth hath graciously deigned to visit her noble knight, Robert Dudley, Earl of Liecester, on whom she hath bestowed this stately castle, and all its fair domain. No pencil of mine shall dare to sketch those scenes, so well pourtrayed by the great Sir Walter. The tourist who with delight recalls the historic past, yet with sad interest traces the spots connected with the fate of the lovely and unhappy Countess Amoy.

"Come, will you muse until night fall?" exclaims my companion. "The evening shades will soon be around us, and we have still some miles ere we rest for the night."

Kings, lords, and ladies, have vanished, and seated in our post chaise, we soon are before the Imperial hotel of Leamington. This town was anciently called Leamington Priors, as it belonged to the Priory of black canons which once stood in Kenilworth. It is a beautiful town, having large elegant houses, built of light yellow and grey stone, with gay balconies, and is much resorted to on account of its saline springs. Here are to be found large and handsome Pump rooms, such as I have described at Cheltenham. One of these stands on the banks of the river Leam, and is an elegant stone building, the central part of which is one hundred and six feet, with wings each end, extending each thirty feet, while a broad colonnade surmounts the whole. The royal Leamington Spa is still larger and more elegant,—is on the canal, over which is a handsome bridge of three arches. Some of these spas and baths are fitted up very extensively, costing the proprietors nearly one hundred thousand dollars. These establishments put to the blush our wooden erections at Saratoga and elsewhere. We, however, have not that class of persons who here spend their summers, hiring elegant mansions for the month or season. The nobility and gentry of England support these towns, while we are a working people, and few of us have the time or the money necessary to contribute to the erection of such luxurious towns as the watering places of England. There was one part of this town which we admired very much. This was Landsdowne Circus, composed of pretty cottage houses, each a bower of flowers and trees, arranged in a circle around a small park, enclosed in an iron railing in the centre. Our evening was spent delightfully in one of these with the intelligent and agreeable family of a clergyman, whose charming lady was a country woman, and to whom we brought letters. Leamington has the usual amount of amusements, such as assembly rooms, picture-gallery and museum, shops, and public gardens. It was a fine August morning, when we bade adieu to our friends and set out for Warwick Castle, four miles distant. The town of Warwick is pretty,—its streets broad. It has fine churches; one of them, St. Mary's, is very beautiful, having a richly-worked stone roof, and contains tombs of the Earls of Warwick, Robert Dudley, and the Earl of Essex. We had not time, however, to visit it, but pressed on to the castle. If one would have a fine view of this bold and imposing castle of the great king-maker, Warwick, he should gaze upon it from the bridge built by the late Earl over the Avon. There it is seen standing upon a cliff above the Avon, with its ancient windows, its tall towers and battlemented roof, a beautiful specimen of the fortress homes of the bold barons of "young England."

We dismounted at a large gateway, which was immediately thrown open, and we were shown by

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a guide into a room in a turret of the gateway, where we were at once in the midst of the armor of the celebrated Guy of Warwick. He must have been a large and strong man to have wielded this armor. The sword weighs twenty pounds,—breastplate sixty, besides heavy helmet and shield, and a spear, the handle of which is eight feet long. His horse armor is equally weighty. Here is also Guy's punch bowl, of copper, holding one hundred and two gallons. This is always drank out twice at the birth-day of the heirs of Warwick. Sir Guy was a Saxon ancestor of the Warwick race, who performed many gallant feats, which in that age of chivalry and romance have been exaggerated into something supernatural. The bones of the great dragon, or Dun-Cow, which he killed, were shown us, which, however, looked "very like a whale." Those who wish to bring everything down to their common-place standard, tell us Sir Guy speared a wild boar which ravaged the neighboring fields, but I have come to the land of old song and romance, and am determined to give all these wonderful legends full credit. Sir Guy was a young knight, saith the old chronicler, who fell in love with the fair daughter of the Earl of Warwick, one of the nobles of King Athelstane's Court. In hopes of obtaining her, he set out in search of those perilous adventures, and feats of derring-do, which, successfully achieved, might gain him favor in the eyes of his lady-love and her proud sire. In Germany, at a tournament, he performed such feats of valor that the Emperor offered this great conqueror the hand of his daughter in marriage,—which, however, was refused. The Emperor then presented him with a valuable falcon and hound, and with these and the trophies of the tournament, he set out again. While in a forest he heard a dreadful yelling. It proceeded from a lion and dragon in furious combat. Sir Guy took the lion's side and slew the dragon, whereat, in gratitude, the lion followed him ever after like a dog. When he had returned to England, this valiant knight repaired to York, where Athelstane held his court in great splendor. Here he placed his trophies and lion at the feet of the fair heiress of Warwick, who received him with smiles. The king, however, had one more task for him to perform, ere he gave his consent. There was a furious dragon, in the form of an enormous Dun Cow, who was destroying women and children, and the fruits of the earth in all the country round. This monster, Sir Guy must slay. The brave knight undertook to rid the country of this beast. We have then a wonderful account of the dreadful battle, which took place in the dragon's cave, lighted up by the fire and sparks which issued from his mouth. Sir Guy was triumphant, and rode into York bearing the dragon's head upon the point of his spear. He was rewarded by the fair hand of the lady of his love, in the midst of great courtly splendor, and after her father's death created Earl of Warwick. The pathway up to the castle was a winding one, cut deeply into the sandstone rock, which was festooned with ivy and crowned with trees, making a difficult pass for the enemy, should he force the gate. Another fine gateway gave us entrance into the court-yard of the castle, which was completely enclosed. On one side stood the fine old mansion; the other three are surrounded with towers and turrets, and embattled walls. One of these towers was the donjon keep, built by Ethelfleda, daughter of Alfred. The butler received us at the door-way of the castle, and showed us into that grand hall, the finest specimen of an old baronial hall in England. It is large and lofty, paved with red and white marble checker-work; the roof supported with rafters of carved oak. There is a deep chimney on one side, over which are stag and elk horns, while armor and weapons of men hang around the walls, and

> "—— pikes, and guns and bows,
> And swords, and good old bucklers, which had stood some
> Tough old blows."

From the deep-set windows came the murmuring of waters, and looking out we saw far below Shakspeare's Avon, rushing over its barrier of stones and around the ruined arches of an old bridge. From thence the eye roamed over lawn and meadows, and winding Avon, spanned by a handsome bridge, to the forest-crowned hills beyond. However the castle may have been altered by succeeding owners, yet that river and those hills are the same which Cymbeline, the British king, looked upon when he here held his court; and which beheld Caractacus and his army when here they were fortified. Oh! a pleasant thing it is to find these tales of our youth's romance thus turned to truth!

We were next shown through the State apartments, which were bravely set out with rich furniture, cabinets of buhl and inlaid work, and chairs covered with old tapestry. A very fine collection of paintings adorn the walls;—among them a Circe, by Guido; Lions, from nature, by Rubens; a Nun, by Corregio; a Murillo, and some of Vandyke's. Among the latter is one of his celebrated paintings of Charles, the martyr—as the English call Charles I.—the size of life. This picture is judiciously placed at the end of a

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long dark gallery, the light at the end falling upon the painting; so that, seen from the hall, it has a very startling life-like effect, as if he were about to gallop towards you. Vandyke painted three of these pictures, two of which we had seen before at Windsor and Hampton Court. There are also some very interesting portraits, all said to be original. One, of the stern republican Cromwell, —Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester,—the dark-browed Duke of Alva,—Shakspeare,—and several family portraits by Sir Peter Lely. Among the prettiest ornaments of the room, is a bust of the present Countess, (who has a fine head and features,) carved in Italy, by Canova, from white marble, and standing on a marble pedestal. We were shown, in one of the ancient cabinets, a set of beautiful china, enamelled on copper, from designs by Raphael. After seeing everything which is shown to strangers in this beautiful and lordly castle, we once more crossed the court, and were shown through a gate into the smooth shaded lawns and gardens. In a green house which stands near the gardens, we saw one of the greatest curiosities of the place. This was the celebrated vase called the Warwick Vase. In design and shape it is said to be unequalled in the world; it can never be improved upon, and is of course perfect. This magnificent vase is large, being twenty-one feet in circumference, and seven in diameter; is of white marble, carved from a single block. From the sides spring the trunks of a grape vine, which, twisting gracefully from the handles, and then encircle the brim, with grape leaves, bunches of fruit and tendrils exquisitely sculptured. Around the body of the vase is entwined a lion's skin and paws, with grotesque bacchanalian heads. Large leaves spring from the bottom, spread out, and seem to support the vase, and are most delicately carved. This beautiful specimen of ancient sculpture was found in Adrian's Villa, near Rome, while the stand was found in the Tiber, three miles distant. It was presented by the Queen of Naples to Sir William Hamilton, British Ambassador at that Court, who sent it to the late Earl of Warwick. To one who knew so little of Rome and its sculpture, it was a most interesting object. Passing through the gardens, I stopped suddenly before a patch of small white flowers, supported by glossy coral stems. It was buckwheat! Alas for romance, alas for historic dignity!—lords and castles, and Roman relics, vanished from before me, and I was once more in my own land, where stood a pleasant homestead, and around it, among the green Indian-corn, stretched fields of snowy white buckwheat, sending out rich perfume on every summer breeze! I had seen many of our trees and flowers adorning the palace-grounds of England, —had admired the stately Rhododendrons, the laurels, yellow azalea, and others, but none brought with it such a home feeling as this humble snowy buckwheat. We learned from the gardener it was planted for the use of the pheasants we had seen glittering among the trees, as they were very fond of it.

Bidding adieu to stately Warwick, we drove through its principal street, where, in a shop window, we espied a sign on which was written, "American hams, sixpence a pound." What a fall was there, from Guy of Warwick and the Saxon kings, to American pigs! Could stout Sir Guy come riding on his charger down the street, how puzzled would he be at that same sign. What American could mean, he could not tell, for our country was not heard of in his day, ay, and for centuries after him. If our land, however, has no early history, we should console ourselves by the reflection, we have no bold barons and no fortress-castles.

A drive of eight miles brought us to Stratford-upon-Avon,—but how shall I dare say aught of this celebrated spot, so often described by abler pens, and of late by Irving, Howitt, and Sigourney! I will, however, venture upon a few words, merely describing what we saw, and what were our impressions. The country around the town is very lovely, covered with farms and woodland, ending in hills, and from which one may see the origin of many of Shakspeare's rural descriptions. Over the country once spread the forest of Arden, which some commentators think is the forest in which is laid the scene of "As you like it," and not that of Ardennes in France. It was from this forest also, which stretched around the Castle of Warwick, that Piers Gaveston gave the Earl of Warwick the soubriquet of "Black Dog of Ardenne." This, however, cost the unworthy favorite of the weak King Edward his life; for, "when the stern Earl heard it, he vowed a terrible vow that he would make the minion feel the black dog's teeth." The Earl of Warwick, with a party of friends, seized Gaveston while in Kenilworth Castle, and carried him out in the country a few miles. Here, on Black-low hill, "a gentle knoll a mile or two from Warwick, in view of the windings of the placid river Avon, they struck off his head." A cross, erected by some pious and compassionate soul, once stood upon the hill, called Gaveston's cross. Upon a rock is the following inscription:

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"1311. P. Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall, beheaded here."

The remains of the forest of Arden, whose dark masses crowned the hills around us, now acquired a new beauty, while o'ershadowed by the towers of Warwick and Kenilworth, and fraught with reminiscences of history and recollections of Shakspeare's genius. This forest could not have been the scene of the before-mentioned play, as the personages are French; but here are to be seen the models whence he drew the shades and vistas where pretty Rosalind wandered, and where the faithful old Adam followed his master. Here is also the old oak around whose spreading roots murmured the brook, by the side of which was stretched the "melancholy Jaques." I smiled as I recollected a conversation between Rosalind and Touchstone, which in some things we might apply to ourselves.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now I am in Arden: the more fool I: when I was at home I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

While in Stratford it is very touching to find the poet so honored as he is in the place of his birth. Every where are to be seen memorials of him. It is a small town, but neat and cheerful. The town hall is a good building, having upon the north end a likeness of Shakspeare, by Gainsborough, and beneath it, one verse from Midsummer Night's Dream. A portrait of him is in the chief room. There is here a Shakspeare Hotel, but we drove to the Wellington. Here, all the rooms are named from the poet's plays. We were shown into a sitting room bearing the pleasant name of "All's well that ends well," and into the bed-room of "Richard III.," which we entered with a little trepidation, as we remembered the fate of the pretty princess.

The cottage in which Shakspeare was born,—April 1564,—resembles many that we had seen in England. It is small and low, the front of plaster crossed by beams of oak. We were shown through a small shop in front, which had been used by a butcher, and into a small dark back room with a stone floor; thence up a winding stair into a small front room, where the great genius first saw the light. "Ah," thought I, as I seated myself in one of the antique chairs, "would that a little of his inspiration might enter my dull head!—that is, if it could come without his naughtiness!" As we read the names of the great, the good, the noble, the powerful, which darken the white-washed walls and ceiling, and who have bent their lofty heads with reverence as they entered this lowly apartment; how insignificant, in comparison, seemed all earth's garnishing, of rank and state! Were it not for its beautiful castle, who would go to Warwick because it was the home of the lordly Warwicks and Beauchamps? Who goes to visit the spot where Queen Elizabeth was born,—or puissant Harry, her father,—or the mighty Henrys and Edwards who preceded him? Who would not rather claim descent from William Shakspeare, than see his ancestor's name in the Peerage Book? Pardon me, ye Norman descended,—I am but a simple American republican, and know no better.

From the place of his birth, let us go to his tomb. Oh, who would not wish to repose in so lovely a resting place! Beside the pure and gentle Avon, stands the church of the Holy Trinity, one of the beautiful erections of the thirteenth century. Around it are lofty elm trees, beneath whose shadow lie the "rude forefathers of the hamlet." We pass across the church-yard, beneath a lime-tree-walk; one of those verdant avenues, formed by interlacing the green branches above and at the sides, thus making a long arbor. The church is very pretty, and contains many monuments besides that of the immortal bard. The Clopton family, of whom we have so interesting an account by William Howitt, lie in the chapel of the Holy Virgin at the east end. The Baron of Clopton, with his Countess, repose upon a monument beneath a Gothic-arched canopy. The whole is of alabaster, highly carved enamelled, painted and gilded. The figures lie at full length in the robes of state, and are excellent likenesses. The knight is in armor, over which is a scarlet mantle of estate. A coronet is on his head, a gold chain around his neck, and a lion couchant at his feet. His lady wears a scarlet mantle, lined with fur, a large gold cord and tassel around her waist, a gold chain, and enormous ruff about her neck. And now, lest indignation should be excited by thus lingering near the tomb of genius, we will at once to the chancel. Let us, as we enter, admire this part of the church. Look at its row of beautifully mullioned windows;—its carved rafters crossing the roof, supported by busts of kings and abbots, and angels bearing the arms of those who were benefactors to the church.

At the end, a large window, adorned by statues, lets the summer sun in upon the tombs. John A. Combe lies recumbent beneath a lofty canopy, while he who has rendered him immortal, and to whom this church owes its constant bands of admiring pilgrims from every land, is represented merely by a bust upon the wall above. Around

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the bust is a canopy, supported by black marble pillars, bearing on the top, Shakspeare's arms, with two figures, sculls, spades, and inverted torches, indicating mourning. The bust of Shakspeare was raised soon after his death, and is allowed to be a correct likeness. The forehead is high, the head nearly bald, and the eyebrows strongly marked. The face has the gravity and composure we should expect from the author of such tragic scenes; but no where is to be seen the humor which effervesces over his works. In his hand he holds a pen. When these effigies were first erected, they were colored to resemble life. "The eyes were light hazel, and the hair and head auburn. The dress consisted of a scarlet doublet, over which was a loose black gown without sleeves. The lower part of the cushion before him, was crimson, the upper, green, with gilt tassels." Upon a tablet beneath are the oft quoted lines,—"Stay Passenger, Why Goest Thou By So fast," etc., and under it is,—"Obiit Ano Doi, 1616 Ætatus 53, Die 23 Ap." Below this, and beneath a slab of the stone floor, before the communion rails, reposes the dust of the bard of Avon. Upon the stone are the following lines written by himself—

GOOD FREND FOR JESUS SAKE forbeare
TO DIGG T-E DUST ENCLOASED HERE
BLESE BE T-E MAN T/Y SPARES T-ES STONES
AND CURST BE HE T/Y MOVES MY BONES.

George IV. visited this place, and intended to carry the remains of Shakspeare to Westminster Abbey, but when he stood by the grave, and read these lines, he spared them. It would be a shameful disregard of Shakspeare's wishes to remove his dust, as he chose his burial spot to be here, beside his loved Avon, and among the haunts of his childhood. He was much attached to the place of his birth, and retired here to end his days from the attractions of a court where he was a leading star. He lies, also, beside his wife, Ann Hathaway, to whom he was tenderly attached. May those who would alter any thing around the grave of Shakspeare, inherit the *infamous immortality* of Malone, who caused the effigies to be whitewashed, and thus destroyed for ever the original colors of the face and dress. The following lines were written upon the occasion:—

"Stranger, to whom this monument is shown,
Invoke the poet's curses on Malone;
Whose meddling zeal his barb'rous taste displays,
And *smears* his tomb-stone, as he marr'd his plays."

Original.

THE CLOUDS.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM G. HOWARD.

I.

THE morning clouds, how beautiful
In the blue depths on high!
How silently they glide along
The azure of the sky!
More lovely is their radiance now,
Than at night's solemn noon,
When flinging their dark shadows o'er
The pale and silvery moon.

II.

The clouds! God's hand inscribed them there,
A precious token given
To man, that he may here conceive
The purity of Heaven:
For ever changing in their forms,
Like pencillings of light,
Whose every varied aspect beams
New beauties on the sight.

III.

Oh! how enchanting is the thought,
That peoples clouds and air,
With beings brighter than have been,
And more divinely fair:
This world would be a cheerless void,
Were fancy chained at home,
A stranger to the aerial field,
Where sister-spirits roam:

IV.

I love to wander from myself,
And earthly scenes away;
And mingle with the airy forms,
Unclogged by human clay:
A soothing spell enthralls my heart,
And makes me rather be
A pilgrim through the realms of light,
Than o'er life's troubled sea.

V.

The clouds! the clouds! how much they seem
The shadows of that bliss,
Which fills the glorious world above,
But never dwells in this:
They meet us in the morning light,
At evening's sombre hour;
Reflecting visions of delight,
With calm and holy power.

*The foregoing stanzas were suggested in perusing a beautiful essay, which contained an episode upon the same subject.

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Original.

WASHINGTON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE YEMASSEE," "THE KINSMAN," ETC.

"Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes—one,—the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make man blush there was but ONE!"—*Byron.*

[THE paper which follows, was written so far back as 1832. The present talk of a grand monument to the memory of Washington, induces me to publish it now, the more particularly, as much of the burden of what follows, relates to the moral considerations which grow out of such a suggestion. I trust, though written so many years ago, it will not prove unseasonable now. The subject, and the grave of Washington, should always prove fresh in the affections and memories of the American people; and the most humble tribute to either,—the spontaneous acknowledgment of the gratitude of one man, may touch, and awaken a responsive chord in the bosoms of many more.]

Happening, a short time ago, to be at Alexandria, in the District of Columbia, I could not resist the temptation, though in the face of rough road and crazy vehicle—no steamboats at that period, navigating in the required direction—to pay a visit to Mount Vernon,—the ancient estate, peaceful dwelling, and final resting-place of our national hero. I had a companion—an enthusiast after my own breast;—a simple, earnest creature, who could find memorials of sentiment in objects the most insignificant; and to whom a sprig from the shrubs, or a pebble from the mound, which covered the tomb of Washington, were precious treasures, carefully to be put away, and secretly examined, for long months afterward. The character is not a frequent one in our country—would it were—and it was not easy to find any companion for my proposed expedition. It does not yet partake of the nature of a pilgrimage to visit Mount Vernon, and perform the homage that we designed;—not, I suspect, because we are incapable, as yet, of appreciating the services of the great man whose relics it enshrines—but, rather, because the object of admiration is in our way, and easily approached. It is the fault of a sanguine people, such as the Americans, never to behold the thing which is immediately before their eyes. The burial-place of Washington is not sufficiently remote to make it a desirable place of pilgrim search. Were it placed in Italy, or Switzerland, or even England, the shrine would be sought—would be hallowed by homage—and the patriots of our country, (a prolific growth,) and patriotism from all countries, would trudge thither, at all seasons, with impatient reverence. At the present time, we are too little heedful of the true sources of national character, and the true objects of national homage, to undertake any such pilgrimage. Republicans are not ungrateful, perhaps;—they are only individual. Each man, if he thinks of a patriot at all, thinks of a *living* patriot. If he would turn to the statesman capable of saving the country, he addresses himself to his looking-glass. I do not know that, in this respect, we are nationally different from the Englishman. He has pretty much the same sort of individuality; but it is very certain that the Englishman makes a more frequent pilgrimage to the tomb of Washington, than do his own countrymen; and, we are equally sure that, in no other country under the sun, glorying in the possession of such a memory, is there so little pride or triumph displayed—so little homage shown—so cold and calculating a veneration—when they do approach the sacred eminence. When there, too, one of the very first objects seems to be to let their neighbors know that they have been there; and the summer-house is accordingly bescribbled over with names of the innumerable John Smiths, who, doubtless, have a fancy that George Washington lived, labored and died, for no other object than that the John Smiths should be heard of, as being pleased to spend an hour, and sharpen a pencil, at his tomb.

But, though such seems evidently the feeling of most persons who go, yet the number is really very small, speaking comparatively, of those by whom the pilgrimage is made. Few people know, or care, where Mount Vernon exactly is, or what treasure it contains. Thousands, and tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands, visit annually the seat of Government, and of these we may confidently state, that scarce one in the hundred, though loitering, in the most unproductive sort of life, for months together, in the immediate neighborhood,—within a three hours ride or sail of the spot—have ever felt a desire, or enjoyed the singular satisfaction of plucking a pebble from the turf, or a branch from the boughs, or yielding themselves up to the solemn musings of an hour, beside the little modest eminence where repose, in unbroken slumber, the remains of his country's father. How very strange does this seem in a Christian

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country—a country where virtue is a professed object of admiration and example,—where we believe in the venerable and the true—where we have ambition,—where we prate of poetry and the arts,—where we declare a faith in the immortality of genius, and profess to cherish the memory of patriotism. Where, too, every now and then, we lay out our Mount Auburn's, and other mounts, with other pretty names,—each petty city striving to rear up its petty Pere-la chaise,—with its white, broken columns, and its Egyptian obelisks, and its Theban San Cophagi, to the great gratification of those Smiths and Thompsons, who,—God help them! would be very apt, the first thing after reaching Heaven itself, to pull out their pencils, in order to inscribe in fair text, upon its walls, the aforesaid venerable names.

Well may the foreigner, looking down upon our incessant strifes and clamors,—clamors and strifes almost wholly given to money and money's worth,—and how to get money, and how to keep money,—and how to use a government for the sole purpose of transferring your neighbor's money to your pocket—well, we say, may the stranger pause, with an equal feeling of scorn and wonder, to remark our woful indifference to the true objects of veneration. This is an organ in which Dr. Spurzheim will, we suspect, find the American head wofully deficient.* How soon we forget the services of the great and good. How anxious we seem to forget them. How we loathe to hear the language of eulogium upon merit. With what industry we hunt up the disparaging circumstance which shall enable us to qualify our eulogy. But the subject is a sad and ungrateful one. It is well remembered that a felonious attempt was made to violate the tomb of Washington, and carry the bones to Europe for exhibition. Shocking as was the attempt, yet what a proof it was of the conviction, on the part of the felon, that the veneration of the European vulgar would have been such, as would make the proceeding a successful speculation. Yet, this attempt, which, one who believed in our professions of attachment to the memory of Washington, would suppose would have produced a thrill of horror through the country, scarcely occasioned a comment. Had the robber succeeded—had he got the bones to Europe and raised an outcry of wonder,—what think you would have been said here by the press? Can you conjecture? Why, what else, but that "these are *our* bones! The great Washington was our highly distinguished fellow citizen;"—we should have reclaimed the bones—and the individual John Smiths, every where, would have lifted up their voices to ask John Bull, if he thought so much of the dead man, what should be said of the living? "We were born in the same parish, we are of the same clay and kidney—we are all Washingtons!" Enough of this!

The distance from Alexandria to Mount Vernon, is, if I recollect rightly, some thirteen or fifteen miles. But the road is a very wretched one—exceedingly rough and uneven, of a stone and clay formation, which, in bad weather, is scarcely *travellable*. It is quite as crooked as customary in our southern country,—partakes of a continual variety of hill and dale; and the traveller who, like myself, goes thither in a miserable hack, will wish himself at his journey's end long before he is apprized of that gratifying event. Besides, there is nothing on the route to relieve the tedium of one's progress. The road is weary and monotonous—unenlivened by cottage or cultivation—the forest growth is stunted and inferior in the eyes of one accustomed to the mighty pines, oaks, and cypresses, of a region further south. The foliage does not combine much variety, and I do not know that we heard the notes of a single song-bird—though it was June—beguiling us in our progress, and cheering the dullness, and softening the sterility of the scene. It was quite a relief, as well as a wish gratified, to come in contact with the grounds—to be told, we shall soon be in sight of the venerable mansion. It is the genius of the place alone which commends the pilgrimage.

The avenue, by which you are conducted to the dwelling, is long, wide, and circuitous. At the first entrance which you reach, stands the lodge of the porter. Here you find an old negro who unbars the gates and receives your shilling. The road winds about and upon the hill on which the building stands, and the rise of the acclivity, in some places, is very considerable. The avenue, as at present travelled, skirts, and partially surrounds, the park and garden, on the rear of the edifice. The immediate approach to the latter, on the land side and from the rear, is between a number of small old buildings—the various domestic offices—now (1832) most generally in a state of decay and dilapidation.

The Mansion House at Mount Vernon is well known, through innumerable prints and pictures, to the reader. As a mere outline of the dwelling itself, I should say that these were

* Such, we believe was the case. Spurzheim had, just before the writing of this article, arrived in this country.

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sufficiently correct. I am not satisfied, however, that they convey a very accurate impression of relative objects. The design of the artist, in most cases, seems to have been rather to give a picture of the dwelling than of the scene—of the mere fabric which should certainly be the centre point of the picture, than of the noble and beautiful grouping, which the eye, in a rapid circuit of vision, immediately takes in. I do not remember one of these pictures which gave me any just idea of the superior elevation of Mount Vernon above the river, down upon which it immediately looks. Yet this elevation is very considerable. The eye, from the hill, has a fine range of several miles, and the scenery which it commands, if neither very bold or novel, is still attractive, various, and interesting. At this point, the river is beautifully broad; and its level sweep of surface, finds a constantly pleasing relief in the numerous and constantly changing undulations of the shores on either hand—here, rising suddenly, there slowly sinking;—now retreating with an easy upward slope, and now stretching outwards, overflowing the stream, and looking suddenly down into its placid depths. At the distance of a few miles, on the opposite side of the river, well placed, we should think, as a fortress, is Fort ——; a speck upon the hills, looking very harmless and somewhat venerable, but capable, at short warning, of putting on gay streamers, and speaking out in a voice of thunder. The quiet of its present aspect is, however, more decidedly in unison with the scene, Silence seems to have made a visible dwelling of the spot. No manufactory smokes or din,—no clash and clatter of water wheels,—break in upon the sweet repose of her sanctuary; and the poet and the patriot, with an equal sense of security, may muse beside the tomb of the hero, and fancy the immediate presence of his awful shade.

The grounds of the Mount Vernon estate are extensive, and seem to have been laid out with considerable taste. Not that I am much of an amateur in flower or fruit culture, or consider myself anything of a judge in the disposition of shrubberies and green beds. I derive very little satisfaction from any arrangement of this sort, in which the hand of the artist is visible, in shrewdly turned corners, in beds of crescent form, and families, whether of pinks or cabbages, that grow up in hearts, and stars, and diamonds. I would much rather *not* look at such fantasticals. Here, however, I did look, with closeness and satisfaction; but, really, I cannot say how far my taste was shocked or satisfied in the contemplation. My thoughts, indeed, were too active for my tastes. It was enough to conjecture that, in the walks of this very garden, Washington himself must have walked frequently. His eye rested on these very objects. His hands pressed these very trees. Nay, from some of these shrubs, his fingers may have disengaged the fragrant blossom, while he mused upon the growth, the beauty, and the stature of his country; and, possibly, with prophetic heart, upon her miserable strifes, and the sordid struggles, in which, under false and fatal impulses, so many thousands of her sons are now engaged. Here he dwelt, at the time when the clouds were gathering o'er the opening scenes of '76. Had he then, and while in these peaceful walks, any prescience of what was to follow? Did he think,—think you?—of what he was to be,—to do,—to suffer, and become,—in the seven years sad apprenticeship to war, to which himself and country were destined? How interesting if this question could be answered! How much more vital would all these walks become!

Thinking these things, I scarcely note the interesting and elegant objects of sense by which I am surrounded. How completely the moral nature lifts us above the physical,—even above its beauty, its sweetness, and its majesty! All things here, for this reason, are subordinate to the man—the mighty memory—the hallowing and endowing Genius of the Place. Yet the garden is well kept, is very spacious, and on any other grounds, would no doubt be sufficiently attractive. Some of the most delicate tropical fruits are here to be met with—the product of a close and careful hot-house cultivation. Among these are the orange, the lemon, and many other choice exotics, which our capricious climate renders so uncertain of growth, even where the utmost solicitude is addressed to their protection. Perhaps we should look in vain, through this well-displayed and large variety, for any marked deficiency which wealth or taste would judiciously supply. The mere eye would be satisfied, and the nostrils,—but the visitor at Mount Vernon, whose eye and nostrils would be most active any where else, is required here to gaze with other organs, and feel with superior senses. Memory must be the eye and thought, and the objects of sight must be those which Conjecture brings before the vision, from that palace of a thousand chambers, where Contemplation is the moon-eyed Sovereign.

A summer-house, of limited dimensions, is here pointed out as the favorite retreat of Washington. It is in ruins, slightly elevated, and the steps gone by which you ascend it. We

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made out to scramble up, and look around us, but without seeing anything to please, or anything to inspire;—but something to offend us. Though we might easily persuade ourselves to believe that this was a favorite retreat with the chief, from the press of company, or the cares of State; yet all that was venerable in the spot has been effectually banished by the wilful obtrusion of vulgar spirits. The sacred shade withdraws itself from the temple which its presence cannot exorcise of what is vulgar; and here, accordingly, they come, and here they accumulate; and over the walls they scrawl uncouth combinations of letters, vowels, and consonants, which, in every day language, are the names of every day men. Here is a place to make happy the souls of the innumerable families of Smith and Thompson. Here they riot and ramble. Here is the German text, and the Roman, the Italian, and every form of penmanship, enlisted to show how small are the persons who still wish to fasten themselves to the garments of the great. When will the English and the American people have done with these pitiable little varieties?

The reader is aware that there are two vaulted apartments at Mount Vernon, which are each known as the Tomb of Washington. The first of these, which is the more ancient, stands obliquely from, but in front of the mansion, and overlooks the river. It is a very plain fabric, with a very common door of wood, and is now falling into ruins. Nothing can be more humble or unpretending. Yet, within this simple structure, the earthly remains of Washington lay, for some time, prior to their transfer to the stronger, but scarce more imposing fabric, in which they now repose. It was from this vault that the felon, who sought to carry away the bones of Washington, appropriated, in mistake, those of another member of the family. This attempt, most probably, hurried the transfer of the sacred deposite, to a more secure place of keeping. The motives of the robber were undoubtedly of a mercenary kind. He was a foreigner who had been in the employ of the family, and who calculated, most probably, on making a great speculation in Europe by exhibiting his awful treasures.* What a cruel and shocking indignity would this have been! Would we have felt it as we should? Would we have made it a national point to have recovered these remains? Should we have seen the spectacle,—such as we have recently witnessed in France,—of the entire people, assembling, in pilgrimage and procession, to recover the unconscious dust of our national hero?

At length, I stood before the sanctuary—the last home of the Genius of the Place. An old negro, whose venerable gray head was strong evidence in his behalf, and who proclaimed himself to have been "body servant to the General," directed our steps. How greatly does such a claim elevate its asserter. To have been the associate of Washington, is certainly to have enjoyed great privileges; but this old body servant had even greater. He saw his master at all moments—in all moods. The great man was unbent before him. The great soul was in *dishabille*. The mind became relaxed—the form composed—the undress of temper—the relaxation of muscle,—the spirit in repose, or even at play;—and no doubt this old negro more frequently beheld the smile of Washington than many of his dearest friends. Nay, was he not one of his dearest friends? The privileged attendant of one's walks, however humble, cannot be otherwise. For this reason, our dog is not only our most attached, but our most attaching companion; and in his loss, the best of us feels, that he could "better spare something better." I assure you, that, taking for granted that the old negro told us the truth, I regarded him with infinitely more veneration than I am accustomed to pay to most white men.

But, standing before the tomb, we soon forgot all minor considerations. It rests upon a small eminence, partly hidden from persons below, by the surrounding foliage. It is not very large, and is almost as unimposing as the ancient vault. It is of brick,—entirely covered round with earth,—the very plain square front alone excepted,—and having, on all sides but that of entrance, the appearance of a small hill. An iron door, of strong and simple workmanship, conceals and closes the entrance.

And this is the earthly tenement—and in that small and humble mansion abide the mortal and decaying relics of one whose memories are immortal—whose name is a sound to call together the striving nations, and to impress the hearts of struggling empires with a general sentiment of peace. I sat down before the simple mausoleum, which, in its very simplicity, corresponded with the pride of such a sentiment; and, musing on

* This wretch had actually possessed himself of certain bones, a scull, thigh-bones, legs, etc., of one of Washington's ancestors;—these he had secreted in his bedding. Other motives than those assigned in the text, have been urged for his proceeding; as an Englishman, governed by an insane as well as fiendish national hostility, it is suggested that his purpose was no other than the gross exposure and desecration of these remains to insult and indignity. But cupidity seems to have presented the most probable, though scarcely more creditable, incentive. The circumstances which led to this detection are unremembered.—EDITOR.

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the scenes, the memories of the man by whose association it was hallowed, I felt how becoming and just was the determination of his descendant, Mr. John A. Washington, to reject the application of Congress, which Body had resolved to transfer the bones of his ancestor to the Capitol. What would such transfer do for the renown and memory of Washington? Would he become dearer to the American people, taken from the quiet repose of the family vault to the national thoroughfare? A distinction such as this could confer no honor upon him, whose monument is the great empire at large, through its vast extent, for which he has done so much. Better by far, if we could persuade the people to go aside, once in a season, to make obeisance to his memory, than that we should,—consulting what, without disparagement, we may term the popular convenience,—put his bones into the market-place;—making that which is the theatre, hourly, of the most humiliating strife and tumult, the abiding place of all that was once great, glorious, and good. There is a holy seemliness in the quiet shades of Mount Vernon, for the repose of him, who, of himself, so much desired the shelter of its hallowed precincts;—and, in thus consulting his wish, in this particular, his descendant has determined as was equally becoming in the sight of propriety and veneration. Let Mount Vernon —*semper viret*—still be the shrine, set apart and sacred, at which those who truly venerate the memory of the national saint, may bow themselves in his honor;—where no voice of ambition may break the serene quiet—no unhallowed strife of party or of power, disturb with its wild rant, the pure atmosphere of patriotism and liberty.

If, however, it be thought necessary to do him a more especial honor, let us build the monument over his remains. Let it be one that all eyes shall behold from Mexico to Maine,—and yet, even were this possible, how very idle, how very unnecessary would be such a memorial. In vain, with a dull, unseemly labor, suited indeed to our capacities but unworthy of his, would we raise our admiration, in stone, to his greatness.

"*His* monument must be his name alone!"—and when the stranger shall ask,—"On what lofty eminence, in what more favored state than all the rest, stands the column which commemorates the worth of the great American?"—he shall be told, that, conscious as we are of the inadequacy of any human tribute to record his worth or to requite his services, we have been content, in compliance with his own will, to leave to the moral architects of society—Justice, Gratitude, and Memory—to build for him, among the affections where they keep their abode, a trophy more lasting and more intelligible than the Pyramids. And are they not even now, in some measure, doing this duty and performing this office? Delivered up as we are to the narrowing influences of trade, are there not some sacred moments, in which Washington stands before us, compelling our homage, and prompting us to noble performance? Can he be utterly forgotten when we behold him in the very peace and happiness which we enjoy—in the triumph which attends our progress by sea and land—in the security that waits upon our footstep, and the respect which bows before our flag? He stands before us in all the trophies which tell of the greatness and glory of our nation. All of them are but trophies of himself, in his own honor, of his own erection. He is not merely an American —he is a part of America—its soul, its saint, its hero;—and let me add, in more frequent and familiar accents, its ever-venerated Sire! What need hath such a man for any monument, and where shall we build it,—and who will venture to write the inscription!

We may place no laurels upon the brow of Washington, but we may leave them upon his tomb. They will say nothing for his greatness, but something for our devotion. Europe, if, in musing his praise, we forget not his lesson. Enough, if, in the offer of our homage, we prove that we have not forgotten the examples gathered from his life, and honored at his grave. Without a due regard to these, our homage would be idle, and our offerings unworthy. In a spirit, warned by a survey of his life, to something like a corresponding elevation, can we alone hope to do honor to his memory! Let him who has made this survey,—who has attained this elevation, render this tribute. The *genius loci* will be happy to recieve it. But let him take off his shoes as he approaches—let him bring no dust, no earthly taint upon the sacred mount, for it is holy—where the bones of our national saint find repose. The spot is dear to man, it is consecrated to liberty! It is dear to all the people, to the remotest nations of the earth! I should have no fear that any foe would dishonor it. I cannot think—I will not believe that any invader —however deep his hate, however deadly his hostility to our country, would knowingly profane with unhallowed hand or footstep, the tomb of the American Washington. The name alone would arrest his progress, and prove its protection. The immortal spirit should still, even from his tomb, subdue the invader;—and he who came as an enemy, to destroy and desecrate,

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would bow down as a worshipper to honor and to bless.*

But to the American citizen—to him who calls himself the countryman of Washington, how abundant in glorious recollections, pure lessons, and patriotic counsels, is the name that, once evoked, like a spell of power, summons up, in a single instant, all these associations. How many noble lessons may he gather at the tomb of the departed! How many degrading impulses discard—how many loftier and purer ones acquired! Will he not learn here,—and the lesson is, at all times, in our country, one of awful import—in the language of him who has done so much for the noble edifice of our union,—"to frown upon every attempt which would separate the sacred bands which unite us as one people;"—"however,"—to employ the words of another patriot, whom we also delight to honor,—"however imposing the sanction, or under whatever high name, the design may be entertained?" The tomb of Washington, as a place of patriotic pilgrimage, would, more than any other object in our own country, teach and enforce this lesson. And how much need have we for its enforcement now!—how, when strife is every where active in the land;—when laws, as well as men, seem to have lost their virtue;—when bankruptcy, following years of profligate and wanton expenditure, is no longer a reproach;—when selfishness and recklessness seem to have taken possession of the Capitol;—when brutality displays its filth and insolence, at the public cost, and in the public presence, and holds its head unabashed, and with bold assurance, as if challenging attention, and claiming applause for bestiality;—when faction takes up arms at the slightest impulses, and murder brandishes the dagger on the smallest provocation;—when fraud is universal, shame banished, patriotism dumb; and when, if Virtue be not openly banished, she is, at least, put hourly to the blush by the audacity with which vice huddles on, and swaggers in her garments! Could we have but one spot made sacred,—rendered sure,—venerable by reason of the past,—holy by reason of its present guest,—to which the pure in heart might yet turn,—gathering courage for the future,—having visions of new hope;—cheered by the holy assurance which we gather always at the mansions of the mighty dead, that nations are never entirely deserted by the natural nature;—that fresh spirits dart every now and then from her regenerative womb, to set things right, to awaken the slumberer, repel the intruder, replenish the exhausted fountains of virtue—and purge the impure avenues of the continually lapsing heart of man. The tomb of Washington is full of cheerful promises. Each age must, and will, have its Washington;—all not equally great, but equally adapted to the purposes for which they are required. The youth of our country would do well to go, at least, once in their lives, on a pilgrimage to this tomb. In its simple aspect—in the peace which surrounds it—in the memories of greatness which it recalls, it will teach the noblest lessons; lessons of lofty purpose, unrelaxing endeavor, manly constancy, virtuous consistency, inflexible truth, a patriotism that was never more singularly selfish than when it least appeared to think of self—a habit of working without reward, and of enduring without complaint! If the maxims of Washington, so happily illustrated by his example, are not wholly forgotten—and they cannot but be remembered at his tomb,—we shall never have occasion to feel for the honor, and tremble for the safety of our country. If we ourselves tear not down from its high place, the household divinity of our nation—that liberty which each man may set up in his own dwelling, then shall it flourish as a green tree, yielding fruit and shelter to the innumerable thousands that gather in amity beneath its branches. Served by such a spirit, our free institutions, glorious in design, and admirable in execution,—shall, of themselves, form the most fitting monument of that hero of civilization who is our noblest national theme;—surviving, as they must, the struggling and surrounding empires,—beautiful as nature,—imperishable as truth.

W. G. S.

* Have we not already, indeed, realized the truth of this conviction? An anecdote is told, though, just at this moment, we cannot lay our hand upon the authority—which illustrates very happily the moral influence of Mount Vernon upon a national enemy. The British army sacked the Capitol, but spared the tomb of Washington. When apprized that they were passing the Mount Vernon Estates, the British officers uncovered themselves in silence. Such an occurrence was as honorable to the foe, as it should be grateful to the people, whose hero's shade was thus properly honored.—EDITOR.

CONVERSATION calls out into light what has been lodged in all the recesses and secret chambers of the soul. By occasional hints and incidents, it brings old useful notions into remembrance: it unfolds and displays the hidden treasures of knowledge, with which reading, observation, and study, has before furnished the mind. By mutual discourse the soul is awakened and allured to bring forth its hoards of knowledge, and it learns how to render them most useful to mankind. A man of vast reading, without conversation, is like a miser who lives only to himself.

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Original.

LAURA LESTER.

BY MISS J. W. H. GEORGE.

"HAPPINESS! how universal and all absorbing its pursuit, and how diversified the ways in which it is sought!" mentally exclaimed Mr. Lester, as he sat silently regarding his lovely daughter plying her needle by the evening fire, in their cottage home. "Ah, happiness," he continued, "thou hard sought treasure of the human heart, thou divine visitant from Heaven sent; thou 'cometh neither from the east or from the west,' but maketh thy dwelling in the dove-like breast of those, whose souls calmly reposing 'neath the smile of hope, diffuse around them the sweets of a loving temper; and in that quiescent beauty which is Heaven's own heritage, submits without repining to changes and privations, to sorrows and bereavements which unnerve the strong, proud natures of those who breast the billow, and brave the peltings of the mountain storm, unshaken and unmoved."

Thus mused Mr. Lester, as the evening hours deepened into night, and Laura sat busily absorbed in her work, till the clock chiming the hour of midnight, warned them to retire. And pulling aside her work-table, and bidding her father good-night, she was soon wafted by the arms of sleep, in forgetfulness of weal or woe.

Mr. Lester, however, continued his station by the fire, and indulged the dreamy musing we found him engaged in at the commencement of our tale, till "tired nature" at length bade him seek repose.

"Thy mercies are fresh every evening, and renewed every morning," saith the Psalmist. And bright as a lark Laura Lester joined her father at the breakfast-table, which had been prepared by her own hand, and her face, radiant with health, hope, contentment and youth, sat expatiating on the brightness of the morning in that gleeful tone which told the heart from which it emanated so free from aught in the shape of care, that Mr. Lester was drawn away from himself while listening to her, and his speculations and his theories were, for a time, alike forgotten.

The breakfast things were scarcely removed, when a carriage drove up to their door, and a young lady, about twenty-five, alighted from it, and in a few moments was locked in the warm embrace of Laura, whose heart dilated with delight at beholding one whom she so much loved.

Miss Palmerston, for that was the lady's name, had been a schoolmate of Laura's, and though some years her senior, the intimacy commenced in the oft thoughtless period of school-days, had ripened and deepened with time, into what promised to be a true and lasting friendship.

"Oh, Catherine, how I have longed to see you, to show you our sweet cottage," said the enthusiastic Laura. "We have such sweet flowers, such sweet walks, such sweet birds, and oh, such sweet sunset evenings, I do not a bit regret, as you told me I should, leaving town, for the country is so much more to my taste."

"You will be glad, however, though I hope to make an exchange now and then, in order that your whilom friends may know you are in the land of the living, by seeing your bodily presence," replied Miss Palmerston, "or they will be under the same impression as I am, that you are dead and buried in this secluded nook. But where is your father? I suppose he wanted to hide himself from all human eyes, and, if possible, conceal his very existence from the knowledge of every one; and for him it might be rational enough; but to forget the requirements of youth, in the gloomy despondency which he has indulged, because, forsooth, the riches which I suppose he fancied, once gave lustre to his name, have taken to themselves wings and flown away, is neither wise, merciful, nor just, and so, Laura, notwithstanding your beseeching looks, I mean to tell him."

"Not for the world, dear, dear Catharine," said Laura; "his own afflictions are enough, without allowing a thought of my unhappiness to add to them, even if it were the case, which is not, especially now you have arrived."

"Well," said Miss Palmerston, "we will see about it," and giving the necessary directions to her footman, as to when the carriage should come for her again, she followed Laura to her own room, and disclosed the object of her visit, which was nothing more or less than to obtain her father's consent to return with her the following day to town; for that her birth-day came round the next week, which her mother proposed celebrating by a ball and supper, when, of course, putting off her bonnet with its waving plumes,—"you, Laura, must be present."

Laura's eyes sparkled with pleasure at the thought, and her lively friend continued,—"Oh, Laura, I have no patience with your father for bringing you to this out-of-the-way place. I thought my people would never find it in the world. Eglantine Bower, forsooth, a fine name, but people can't live on romance now-a-days.

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The long and short, however, of the matter is, you must come and live with us, and your father, if he chooses to live here, must do without his daughter."

Laura smiled as her friend rattled on with her decisive measures; but the lessons of filial duty and affection so sedulously inculcated by her excellent mother, were too firmly rooted in her mind to concur in the wishes of Miss Palmerston, however her youthful desires might have prompted. So smilingly leading the way, she descended to the parlor, followed by her friend, where they found Mr. Lester, waiting to receive them.

"Ah, Miss Palmerston," he exclaimed, advancing towards her with extended hand, welcome to our snug and world-defying retreat. Laura told me she had written you, informing you of our whereabout, but I did not much expect you would have been able to find it. I rejoice, however, that you have done so, for we shall look forward to hearing something of the gay doings of the world, though we may not participate in them, shall we not, Laura?"

"Ay, indeed," replied Miss Palmerston, answering for her friend; "and something more than that, I hope, Mr. Lester, for if you, with your tomes of philosophy and metaphysical speculations, find your heart and mind overflowing with enjoyment in perspective, which the meed of fame, perchance, is to award you, remember, your daughter has not discovered the philosopher's stone, which these resources contain for the experienced in such matters, and therefore will need a different aliment for the development of those faculties, in which lie the germs, or tastes, as you may please to phrase it, which are to fashion her future happiness or pursuits."

"Indeed!" Mr. Lester replied, looking at his daughter wonderingly, as Miss Palmerston concluded; "indeed," he again repeated, but added nothing more.

"You do not comprehend my meaning, Mr. Lester," she replied. "The residence you have chosen for yourself is altogether too retired for Laura, and her young and happy years; and I come with a proposal from mother, for her to return with me to-morrow, to stay some time; in a word, I would like you to allow her to remain entirely with us, where she might partake in those pleasures natural to her age."

Mr. Lester's brow darkened, as Miss Palmerston ceased speaking, and for some moments he was silent, for her remarks had wounded him deeply. Mr. Lester had indeed chosen his present abode from the motives Miss Palmerston had ascribed to him, namely, to hide himself from all and every one who had previously known him. Beneath the smile of prosperity, he had lived surrounded with the society of the gay, the rich, the noble and the talented; amid which, his own talents had shown with that peculiar lustre, which superior minds ever disseminate around them in their bold and upward march to the temple of science. But in the shadow of adversity, his proud, ambitious spirit feared and shrunk from the tones of sympathy and pity which he knew his changed circumstances would elicit, and gathering up the remnants which the wreck of his property presented, he sought an abode which would shield him alike from the eyes of the prying, and secure to him that retirement which was now so necessary to him in the pursuits he had marked out for himself; and from which he one day looked forward to raise to its former eminence, the fallen fortunes of his house. Mrs. Lester had been unable to bear the shock; her health naturally delicate, gave way beneath the appalling prospect of poverty for those whom she so loved. For herself, she could have borne the change unrepiningly, but she knew the soaring spirit of her husband, and shrunk at the thought of the mortification that was before him, with that feeling of tender concern which had ever marked the amiable tenor of her life; and made to Mr. Lester, the most affectionate and devoted of wives. The wreck in her daughter's prospects she did not feel so keenly, for the lessons of duty and submission she had stored her youthful mind with, had, as it were, become a part of her being, and her happiness would result, more, she knew, from the sweet exercises of those feelings and precepts, which formed the bases of her character, than from any of those extraneous circumstances which, to too many, are the only aims and solace of their lives. And happy was it for her, that it was so; for when her angelic mother died, and her father renounced the sphere in which she had been brought up, and commenced his recluse life, all the sweet self sacrificing nature of her character became necessary, and to filial duty and affection yielded without a murmur, the pleasures of early friendship, pursuits, and gaieties, and to her father's happiness resolved to devote herself, and to use every means in her power, to render his home comfortable and conformable to the plans he had marked out for his future years.

The cottage Mr. Lester had selected for the scene of his literary labors, was situated about thirty miles from London, and about twelve from

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the main road. It was quite a rustic habitation, in outward appearance, when he purchased it, but a small outlay converted it into a pretty tasteful residence; and in the course of a year, with Laura's taste and love of flowers, it assumed a sweet flower-like appearance, and she besought her father to give it the name of Eglantine Bower.

Mr. Lester smiled at his daughter's request, and indulged her wish. And while, from day to day, her time sped on, amid the delights which her happy and contented spirit shed around her, her father devoted himself to the arduous pursuits of literature and science.

She was, therefore, necessarily much alone; but the music of her well-stored mind, yielded its harmonious numbers beneath the sweet influences of nature's loveliness; and her poetic temperament saw beauty in every zephyr that fanned the foliage of the wooded glen, every flower that op'ed its petals to the sun; every mountain pass, and every flowing stream. All was lovely, all was beautiful, and her happy spirit bounded with delight, as o'er hill and glade she wandered in search of some new flower, to add to her floral family—already of a numerous class—in her tastefully arranged garden.

Mr. Lester looked on admiringly during his leisure hours; and the blooming, happy aspect of his daughter suggested the train of musing we have noticed at the commencement of our fair heroine's history.

The day with him was spent in laborious study and scientific investigation; and the evening hours usually found him at the work-table of his daughter; when he would sit calculating on the wonderful mechanism of mind,—its springs of thought,—its aims,—its energies,—its vast and unbounded stores;—on the grasping nature of some, and the quiescent beauty of others. "Here is one," thought he, "happy without any visible cause; while I, in incessant toil, pass my life, buoyed up only by its perspective."

Mr. Lester was a very logical reasoner, and could trace cause and effect with the greatest accuracy, he flattered himself, in most things; but in the present instance, although he beheld the living impersonation, he often wondered at the existence of such perfect content, when he considered her absolute separation from all those pleasures she was brought up to imagine she would partake in, and her education had formed her to enjoy and adorn.

All this was very true; and to most young ladies her present destiny would have been fraught with misery and repining; but Laura Lester had been taught in what lay the chief happiness and concern of an immortal mind. Religion was to be the staff and comfort of her youthful years; and in sacred communings with the God whom she loved, in the great book of nature, and in the volume of inspiration, her spirit imbibed its mines of love, its supporting strength, its faith, its hope, and reliance under all that appeared to her like privation, sorrow, or bereavement. This it was that gave its happy tone to her mind, and induced the dutiful tenor of her active life. They had only one menial, but the domestic arrangements of their house was a pattern of comfort and economy. For her father's income was now so exceedingly limited, that, without her superintendence and thrifty management, there could be little to support that social order, that high-toned minds so necessarily require; and that aspect of things generally which refined and elevated tastes so naturally prompt. But without and within, evidenced the minds of the owners; and to Laura, in particular, gave the highest satisfaction.

Things were in this position on the day of Miss Palmerston's arrival, who resolved, if possible, to take Laura from a situation which she considered was entombing all the hopes and enjoyments of her youthful years. And her reasoning was undoubtedly plausible enough. But Mr. Lester they offended beyond measure, though he half owned their truth; and without accomplishing her purpose, the third day after her arrival, saw her on the way to town, in high dudgeon at what she considered his unwarrantable obstinacy.

A year passed away, and still beheld Mr. Lester at the task he had imposed on himself, of composing a work by which he hoped both to immortalize his name, and replenish his sunken coffers. Another source of profit was also opened to him. A young gentleman, destined for holy orders, wished to put himself under his tutorage for a year, prior to going to the University, and he had yielded to his solicitation from the handsome terms proposed for his sojourn. A short time therefore after, saw Selby Mountfort (the young gentleman's name) an inmate of Mr. Lester's Cottage, and, in addition to his literary labors, the mental improvement of his pupil required his direction and supervision.

Selby Mountfort had just attained his nineteenth year, and to the instructions of a neighboring clergyman owed his education so far. The literary attainments of Mr. Lester had acquired, during his residence at Eglantine Bower, a far greater celebrity than he himself

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was aware of; and the father of Selby Mountfort resolved that his son should, if money could procure it, receive the impress of so learned a mind, ere he contended at the University for those laurels which were to be the precursor of that eloquence he hoped one day to listen to from the pulpit, though his choice of a profession for his son had been of a different nature. For the law he had destined him, but Selby's own mind had dictated the clerical profession, and he had indulged the wishes so ardently expressed by his only son, and his education had been, and was still prosecuted with that end in view.

Selby Mountfort became, under the severe discipline of Mr. Lester, a deep student; and in abstract sciences, theological, philosophical and metaphysical studies, and Latin, Greek, and Hebrew translations and compositions, the task-work of the brains became a heavy, up-hill labor; and with all his fine natural capacities for thought and investigation, he would almost have sunk under the rigorous system his tutor had enjoined, had it not been for the flowers that, with their refreshing beauty, recreated his over-wrought faculties, and soothed the burning brow of the delver for mental lore in the labyrinths of the grasping mind of Selby Mountfort.

These way-side flowers were emanations from the softened elegance of manners, and poetic beauty of Laura Lester's sentiments. And while listening to her the weary student imbibed renewed energy for his mental toils, and renewed delight in the perspective of beholding himself the possessor of a handsome living, and the lovely daughter of his tutor the sharer of his happiness.

To Laura the arrival of her father's pupil was a new epoch in her existence; and her imaginative turn of mind pictured at once an increased happiness in their secluded home. Not, however, she thought, so much for myself as my father, who, before he came hither, was accustomed to so much society.

Thus ever dictate affectionate minds;—in seeing those they love happy, the sweetest sensations of the soul are experienced; and in forgetfulness of self, when the heart goes forth with its seraphic wings to minister to the delights of another the boon it ensures for itself, is of a nature akin to what angels feel, when earth's way-worn pilgrims are gathered by the arms of love to that everlasting rest of peace and joy, where the eye is for ever undimmed by tears, and sorrows can never come.

The thought of her father's increased happiness gave a new bound to her feelings; and her blythesome steps and laughing face indicated the inward satisfaction she felt. The meal times, too, were so much happier, their tea-hour particularly; when the gleams of wit, and sparkling vivacity of the fair president at the tea-table elicited, in return, the flowing rhetoric of the delighted student.

How strongly and deeply is the desire of companionship engraven on the human heart! Laura, amid her innocent and varied pursuits, ere Selby Mountfort's arrival, fancied herself happy as the day was long; but now she felt a new charm was added to her existence. Her books and flowers, too, were invested with a new interest, for in his hours of leisure, the mind so deeply exercised when in abstruse studies, delighted to unbend itself for her gratification; and amid "delicate imaginings," called up from a wish to please his fair auditor, as well as those excited by the objects themselves, the sweet return of evening, beneath the long summer twilight, found them wandering by purling streams or flowery dells, brimful of happiness; now poetizing, now moralizing on nature's stores of loveliness, and blending sweet thoughts of gratitude and love to the giver of all things.

Thus their days flew on without a shade of care. Meantime, Mr. Lester remained absorbed in his studies, and even the evening hours now found him at his task; for Selby's instruction broke in on the usual day's uninterrupted train of thought, and therefore, his hours of studious occupation were necessarily longer. The outward world engrossed little of his attention; but the creations of his mind were a world of themselves; and a glorious stream was, he imagined, to be poured forth, with that dear idea of an author's heart—to benefit, improve, and elevate his race; by giving publicity to the gatherings of a spirit, reared and fostered by the high and lofty communings of mind with mind, in books, or with those of his fellow-men, who, like himself, had soared above the multitude; and through that divine essence implanted in him by his Creator, sought to rise in the scale of intelligence to that majestic height whereby no fellow-worm should look at him and say, I am thy superior! Yes, a twofold ambition lured him on. Wealth and fame,—those shrines to which so many victims have been sacrificed;—those desired havens for which so many have sighed to reach in vain. But man's course is an onward one; and who shall say, thou foolish and unfruitful plodder to his studious brother? The millions who traverse this mighty globe, are but instruments in the hands of the great mover and

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architect of the whole; and he who adds but a tythe to the general improvement, by the labors which whole years of intellectual exertion may have required to bring to a conclusion, may be considered a benefactor to mankind.

The mind! how few pause to consider its vast stores,—its complex movements,—its curious structure,—its infinite value, and its sublime and beautiful capabilities. Ah, here the Creator has been bountiful indeed! But a skilful hand is necessary nevertheless, or the intellectual garden will become, instead of a smiling bower of roses, a howling waste;—a worthless and unsightly wilderness, where thorns and briars, for want of culture, will usurp the place of all others; and its possessor become, in consequence, the scoff and ridicule of those whose compeer he should have been, in the grand race for improvement which lies before every mortal gifted with a human soul.

But to return to my story. Mr. Lester's work was at length presented to the world, but without his name. He wished the opinion of the public before he ventured to own himself the author, for well he knew the partiality with which persons were wont to regard their own performances. Its title was "Philosophical dissertations on men and things;" and its perusal certainly gave ample evidence of the talents and research of the writer; but still the sanction of that many-tongued and mighty monster, the public, did not appreciate its worth to Mr. Lester's satisfaction; and his bookseller's communication was to that effect. This considerably damped his literary ardor; for he had fancied and reckoned on a far different result: and so doubtless have a great many before him. But authors are not often gifted, even the most learned, with that peculiar something, which all feel but few can define, and which is so difficult to acquire,—namely, the power of *interesting* the reader's mind, as page after page is scanned in the feelings which led the writer on in his visions, his theories, and investigations, to the close of many a laborious year, in the completion of a work.

This was Mr. Lester's case. His volumes boasted great learning, great depth of thought, and great perspicuity of style and reasoning; but in no one instance were the feelings enlisted in the varied disquisitions of the author; though it must be confessed the judgment was often informed by them. In short, Mr. Lester's tone of mind was not the one for a successful writer, and his ambitious mind quailed beneath the lash of disappointment, that succeeded the sanguine expectations he had indulged.

Meantime his pupil, Selby Mountfort, continued with him, and his mental improvement promised the highest gratification to his friends; for it had been very rapid under Mr. Lester's instruction, and at the end of the year he was to leave him and proceed to the University.

Yes, he was to leave Eglantine Bower, and its sweet inhabitant, and continue his race on scholastic ground, till he could divest himself of its trammels, by rising to the highest prescribed, through the medium of application and industry, and then enter on the duties of his holy calling.

It is, in my opinion, an exceedingly rare thing for persons of real congeniality of mind to be thrown together; in other words, to meet in this world. It is so often the case that one has to fit into the other, and hence it is, I suppose, that there are so many unhappy unions or marriages in the world; though I have known cases where dissimilarity has resulted in a very agreeable marriage condition, and the contrast in their dispositions produce that pleasant kind of excitement which secured them from monotony.

But in the case of Laura Lester and Selby Mountfort, a perfect agreement existed where their feelings and tastes were concerned;—the really momentous points. For the province of man and woman being different, their minds are individually trained for each respectively; and the truest and happiest unions of heart and feeling must ever be, when meeting in those paths, minds of a high order strike out for themselves; and when, duties performed, they turn to elevated thoughts and sentiments, or to some beautiful pursuit, and there pour forth that melody of the soul which is, as it were, a foretaste of heaven's own happiness.

Their tone of mind was precisely the same, and their impressions of things generally so similar that each met the other in the expression of their sentiments; save in that delicate tinting, which belongs so peculiarly to woman, whose real province is poetry itself, and her affections, under the dominion of a well regulated mind, a pure and holy sanctuary, whose fragrance sheds around her a halo of delights, revivifying and blessing all within its reach.

Selby's mind was deeper toned, and strong for action in the paths of learning; and with Laura Lester at his side the future was sketched, a bright and glowing scene, whose loveliness can be imagined only by those who have felt as they did; affection purified, exalted, and refined, and tinging all things with the radiance of almost unearthly beauty. Alas, that such happiness should so seldom live but in the poet's dream!

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The year at length waned to a close, which was to be his last beneath the roof of Mr. Lester; but ere he left, Selby Mountfort found words to express the ardent affection which had so long engrossed his soul, and awaited with tremulous anxiety the answer which his heart had a thousand times assured him, could not be doubted. But, however the heart may feel assured in such cases, the intervening moment between an avowal and its answer, is fraught with an anxiety a lover can only understand. To Selby Mountfort it was the most momentous period of his existence, ere the downcast eyes were timidly raised, and the little hand was placed tremblingly in his in token of her acceptance of his suit. And this was not all;—the tear, and the murmured avowal of her own long treasured feelings, were elicited by his earnest pleading; and ere that blissful interior had ended, vows of eternal constancy were pledged; but without any reference to Mr. Lester's sanction, both judging that it would be time enough when Selby should have left College, and had his ministerial office in view. Meantime they would correspond. The day after, Mr. Mountfort, Selby's father, visited Eglantine Bower for the purpose of accompanying his son to the University; and the sunset found Laura seated 'neath a tree at the end of their favorite walk, weeping the loss of a companion in whose society she had enjoyed so much.

Ah, life! thy summary is a succession of lights and shadows, of smiles and tears, of hopes and disappointments, of joy and gloom; but amid all, the syren hope flutters around us, kindly soothes our sorrows, and wipes the tear from our weeping eyes; and weaving some fairy scene of future bliss, bids the present, with its Cypress hues, subserve to the happiness the coming years will bring.

Thus it breathed in the heart of Laura; and when she joined her father at their evening meal, smiles had usurped the place of tears, and Mr. Lester fancied, that for once in his lifetime he had been mistaken. For the thought had more than once occurred to him, that his pupil and Laura might have conceived an attachment for each other; but her smiling face was proof positive, he concluded, that it was not the case. That point settled, he turned to the moody musing which had succeeded his defeat in successful authorship; and he thought, as he mused,—

"Well, if the boy had become attached to Laura, I should not have regarded it; for, living in the seclusion my circumstances in all probability, during my lifetime will require, it is not very likely that suitors will be numerous. However, she is a good girl, and with her happy disposition, will be contented anywhere."

But he sighed as he thought of his low circumstances and gloomy prospects; and he missed, too, the society of his pupil. The evening passed dull indeed, for Laura preferred revery to talking, and Mr. Lester's gloom waxed darker and deeper as he indulged in thought. Indeed, his moodiness increased daily. He had been disappointed in his dearest and most fondly cherished hopes; and a life of obscurity and sorrow, he imagined, now only lay before him. And these thoughts, to one of Mr. Lester's character, were as gall and wormwood to his soul.

Many months passed on in this manner, during which both Mr. Lester and Laura had received letters from Selby Mountfort. The one to his tutor, gave an account of his progress and application, and its end;—the one to Laura, breathed only of the feelings of the mourning heart,—of the now unenjoyed evening hour, and the musing interchange of thought and sentiment;—of their happy twilight rambles;—their happy social circle, and the loved presence that now never met his view. All this was descanted on in that peculiar strain of eloquence which was so familiar to the heart to whom it was addressed, and fettered, if that were possible, still deeper the tie that bound her soul to her absent lover.

Mr. Lester read his pupil's letter, and felt a momentary gratification in his improvement; and a moment after forgot there was such a person breathing as Selby Mountfort; so engrossed was he with the sorrows which wounded ambition had inflicted, and which ate like a canker-worm into his very soul.

It is said that when things come to the worst they mend. And at a period when Mr. Lester had wrought himself up to a paroxysm of despair, and was deliberating on riddling himself for ever of earthly sorrows, by putting an end to his existence, a letter arrived for him, from his attorney, informing him of the demise of a distant relation, whose will he had drawn up, by which instrument he was put in possession of a considerable property, amounting in nett value, of houses, lands, goods, chattels, and money, to two hundred thousand pounds sterling.

The current of Mr. Lester's feelings at once underwent a sudden change. From the depths of despair he was raised to the very pinnacle of human happiness; and visions of splendor and renown danced before his mind's eye in quick succession.

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Changes of habits, thoughts, and positions, are soon effected with the aid of money, and a few short months sufficed to remove from Eglantine Bower, and take possession of a handsome house in Portman Square, London. Mr. Lester here commenced a brilliant career; and if he had been an unsuccessful candidate for an author's laurels, the meed of praise was not withheld by the brilliant coterie of which he formed the centre. His conversational powers were of a high order, fascinating and elegant in the extreme; and his house became, in consequence, the resort of fashion, talent, and wealth. But still the chief charm of Mr. Lester's elegant mansion was his lovely daughter; and her suitors soon became both numerous and distinguished. But, undazzled by either the brilliancy of her position, or the admiration she excited, her heart remained firm in the bonds of unchanging love; and with Selby Mountfort's name were coupled those visions of future bliss, which love delights to weave, and hope to blend, with the hues of a near and dear reality.

But what would have appeared a very advantageous match to the father of Laura, 'mid the seclusion of Eglantine Bower, to the dweller of Portman Square, seemed quite another thing; and he had decided within himself, that when she married, a coronet should adorn her fair brow, and his son-in-law's name blazon in the records of England's noble aristocracy.

Time flew on, and both father and daughter indulged in their different modes of thinking, till, one morning, when cards had just been issued for a brilliant fête, Selby Mountfort presented himself with learning's honors flush upon his brow, and a handsome living awaiting his acceptance, to Mr. Lester, as the suitor for his daughter's hand.

The young man's hopes beat high, for he had toiled hard with that one bright end in view, and in proportion to the joyous expectations that led him on, was the despair that overwhelmed him at hearing from her father's lips, that Laura's hand was already disposed of.

And unknown to Laura, the brilliant fête of the evening was in honor of her intended husband, the leader of fashion, the admired of clubs, the highest bidder at Tattersall's, and the most renowned in the records of turf prizes, was the selection made by Mr. Lester, for the future partner of his daughter's life. Ambition, how blinding is thy influence! Congeniality of disposition, taste, feeling, soul, are merged in the one sounding epithet, of empty vanity—a dukedom!

On hearing Mr. Lester's answer, Selby Mountfort left the house and the beloved object that had drawn him thither, with feelings better imagined than described.

In the evening, brilliant and beautiful, with hope still brightly beaming in her eye—for she had heard nothing of her lover's application to her father; Laura graced the splendid saloons, where wealth and beauty were congregated, and shone the gayest there; for a few days previous she had received a letter, informing her of Selby's intentions, and her heart was full of the thought of seeing him, and every hour, she fancied, was bringing her nearer to that long, long desired happiness.

Sweet one, alas! thy dream of happiness is in vain. He whom thou lovest is locked in the arms of fevered delirium, which the shock of thy imagined faithlessness has occasioned; while thy father's choice leaning on his arm, is making way through the festal scene, to woo thee for his future bride. His countenance is wrinkled by age, and bloated by dissipation, but then he wishes to confer on thee the title of Duchess, and thy father's ambition is gratified at the thought.

The Duke of B——— here engaged Laura for his partner in the dance; she was all animation, and he all gallantry, and ere the evening ended, he offered her his hand and fortune, and, much to his surprize, was rejected.

He sought Mr. Lester;—his brow darkened, but imagining he had but to command his daughter, and all would be right, he besought the stricken beau of fifty summers to be comforted.

Meantime, Selby Mountfort, to all appearance, was on his death-bed. His disease was of a complicated and fatal nature, and the shock which his nerves had received from some cause or other, the physician informed his father, had so disordered his system, that he judged it to be his duty, painful as it was to him, to prepare him for the worst.

The physicians fears were, alas, but too well founded; his end rapidly approached; but some hours before, his senses suddenly returned, and calling for pen, ink and paper, and dismissing all but his mother from the room, he besought her to write while he dictated, a letter to Laura. It was as follows:—

"Ere this reaches the most beloved of women, the heart that dictates these few lines will have ceased to beat; and the soul, which once held thee as the dearest of its earthly treasures, will have fled its fleshly tabernacle, to dwell for ever in those blessed regions purchased by a Saviour's love.

"Start not, my dear Laura, at hearing this; it is the will of Heaven, and therefore submission becomes those who call themselves the children of an Heavenly parent. But alas,

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while I thus preach, my human heart is sinking beneath its weight of woe; and long before you will read this, I shall have paid the penalty due to one so little schooled in bearing earth's trials with that becoming resignation my Christian patience, under tribulation, should have led me to adopt; and have soared to the haven of everlasting peace.

"Alas! a separation from one whom I have so loved, I could have borne, but the bare idea of beholding her another's chilled at once the vital spark of my existence, by closing the avenues of those sweet and tender hopes I had lived on so long, and which had buoyed me up under every difficulty, till I had run the race set before me.

"Laura, I impute nothing of this to you. Your father commanded, and as a dutiful daughter, you obeyed; farewell, then, oh, farewell! With my expiring breath, I pray for your earthly and everlasting happiness.

SELBY MOUNTFORT."

His weeping mother folded it up as she finished it, and in about an hour afterwards, he breathed his last. Laura received this startling epistle, on the evening of her birth-day, which Mr. Lester ordered should be celebrated by a ball and supper.

Her maid has just finished attiring her in a costly dress prepared for the occasion, at her father's desire; and as she finished, she exclaimed, "Oh, Miss Laura, you look like a bride with them beautiful roses in your hair." Laura smiled, but it was succeeded by a sigh, for the wishes her father had made known to her, relative to the Duke of B———, had filled her with the most wretched forebodings, for she thought the wishes thus urgently expressed, augured ill for the suit of her heart's cherished and chosen one, Selby Mountfort. But she inwardly resolved to be firm in the faith she had pledged to him. While these thoughts were passing in her mind, the letter from her lover was handed to him. She read it, but while doing so, a chill crept over her, and seemed to curdle up her veins. But she neither wept or shrieked. She sat thus motionless as a statue, till the sound of music broke on her ear, and her father's message came that she should come down. She obeyed; and entered with a visage so livid, that the guests were at once struck with it; she was utterly unconscious of every thing, and seeking a couch, threw herself on it, and sat gazing in vacancy on all around. The dancing commenced! the Duke of B——— asked the honor of her hand, but there was no answer; the music pealed, and twinkling feet answered joyously to its spell, and as Byron expresses it—

"All went merry as a marriage bell."

The Duke of B——— still stood beside his mute companion, till at length wondering at a silence so protracted, he looked into her face, and beheld a pale and ghastly corpse.

Thus ended the days of one of the purest and truest of God's creatures. Had she have survived, she would have been sacrificed upon the altar of Ambition and Vanity. Laura Lester and Selby Mountfort are united, for ever, in Heaven.

Original.

THE HUMAN MIND.

BY MRS. E. M. SHELDON.

I.

WOULD that my feeble mind could trace
The Human Mind's imaginings—
Now roaming throughout boundless space;
Now dwelling on familiar things—
Then calling up the long since past,
With hopes and joys too fair to last.

II.

Untiring Thought! how swift she speeds,
To brighter worlds, her star-lit way,
Plucks fairer flowers; walks greener meads;
Watches the silvery fountains play;
And listens with delighted ears
To the sweet music of the spheres.

III.

Then hasting, as on whirwind borne,
Back to this earth's unquiet strife,
Of all her proud aspirings shorne,
Stoops to the petty cares of life,
And studies how to gain and hold
Time's *sine qua non*, paltry gold.

IV.

Soon tired of reck'ning pounds and pence,
And building airy castles high,
And tired of all the joys of sense,
Thought—chainless thought—again will fly!
Through every scene of by-gone time,
From infancy to manhood's prime.—

V.

Lives o'er those sunny childhood's days,
Revives youth's bright, aspiring dreams,
When all the future's shadowy maze
Was lit by Hope's delusive beams,
And sighing o'er those vision's blight,
She plumes her wings for loftier flight.

VI.

Earth's joys are fleeting—hence away
Thought soareth for her native heaven;
Faith lights the path with changeless ray,
And whispers of past sins forgiven;
And traces with a well-pleased eye,
The mind's swift course along the sky.

VII.

On! on! she joins the ransomed throng,
And feels the rapturous bliss they know;
Catches the angels' triumph song;
Drinks deep where living waters flow;
And bows before the Eternal Throne,
In exstacy before unknown.

VIII.

Mysterious gift! the HUMAN MIND!
Its deep emotions who can scan?
An untold treasure! yet consigned
To the strange, wayward creature, MAN!
Oh! who can tell its mighty power,
Its boundless range in one brief hour!

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Original.

THE FIRST LOSS.*

Edith Grey was one of the loveliest and bewitching little creatures that the sun ever shone upon. She was the only child, and, consequently, the pet of her parents; her every wish was anticipated almost before it was expressed. Edith had just entered upon her sixth year, when one day she chanced to be looking over the paintings and drawings in her father's library,—her eye delightedly rested upon a book of birds of every species. Edith was enchanted with their beautiful appearance, and determined, in her own mind, to have one of them. She sobbed and pouted until her father gratified her wish by purchasing for her a splendid *Canary-bird* of the most beautiful texture that could be obtained. The care and anxiety that little Edith bestowed upon the darling of heart, were really surprizing.

It was one of those balmy days in June, which are so prevalent at that season of the year, when the summer is bursting forth in all its gay and enchanting attire—the family were assembled in the drawing-room, and had concluded dinner—Edith had retired for her usual walk in the garden. The afternoon was indeed a glorious one. She had not been gone long, ere her father exclaimed—

"Is not that some one crying? Can it be Edith?"

"I think not," replied his wife, "for I heard her but a few minutes since, singing at the top of her voice, and saw her running across the lawn."

It, however, proved to be Edith, who had come from the lawn into the corridor, and there beheld what would have drawn tears from many a heart, much older than her own. By some unforeseen accident, the door of her Canary's cage had been improperly fastened, and the poor little creature lay panting on the floor, in the agonies of death. Edith took him in her hands, warmed him, rubbed him, breathed into his mouth, but all in vain; he opened his beak, his head fell back, and all was over.

"Who can have done this," exclaimed Edith, sobbing; "his feathers are ruffled, and some of them torn off."

As she uttered these words, Miss Puss darted from a corner, and rushed across the corridor. Her guilty looks would alone have betrayed her, but her guilt was made still more plain by a feather which hung upon her lower lip.

"It was you, wicked Puss," exclaimed Edith, and burst into a fresh fit of tears.

Her parents had watched her, but deemed it more expedient to let the first feelings of grief have full vent before they attempted to console or even soothe her. When these had subsided, they began to caress and to reason with her; they assisted in smoothing the poor bird's feathers, and after laying him in a box, her father promised to bury the Canary the next morning, under a little tree near the fountain. They made Edith walk out with them, called her attention to the last rays of the glorious sun, tinting the trees with his purple, crimson and golden hues, to the odor of the night-scented flowers, which, shunning the broad glance of day, sprout out at the dusk of the evening—thus proving that night or day, all creature have a season of rejoicing. The sight of so many happy creatures could not but stifle some of the sad thoughts in Edith's heart, for she was a merry girl herself, and so full of love, that she was never so glad as when she beheld others enjoying themselves. She felt that to indulge her sorrow, was but selfishness, and she tried to be cheerful in order to convince her parents that she was grateful for their kindness in trying to lighten her grief.

The next morning she had the mournful pleasure of putting away the cage, and attending the funeral of her poor Canary. She and her parents proceeded to the spot; the grave was dug, the box laid in it, and Mr. Grey took care, as he replaced the turf, to raise it, so as to point out the remains of Edith's favorite. During this time her tears fell incessantly, and her parents, taking her by the hand, instead of proceeding directly to the house, led her to a shady seat, where, placing her by their side, they eventually succeeded in soothing her sufficiently as to induce her to go home; but through the day, however, it was natural enough that she should appear sad and dejected.

Days elapsed, and Edith gradually recovered from the effects of the death of her bird. It is true that she thought of him very often. She would have been a flighty, inconstant girl, if she had not,—but she continually talked about him; and one day, after having enumerated many of his perfections, she asked her mother where Canary birds came from.

"From the Canary Islands," replied Mrs. Grey, "as their name implies, and from other islands in that part of the Atlantic, where they fly about as sparrows do here. They are not as yellow in their wild state as they are in captivity,

* See Plate II.

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but are of a greenish hue. They are easily tamed, but I am afraid that those which are made to perform so many tricks, are urged to do so through hunger, if not sharp bodily pain."

The only portion of her feelings which Edith could not conquer, was her resentment towards Miss Puss, who had been the sole cause of her grief. She had once been a great favorite, and Mrs. Grey, thinking it wrong that she should cherish anger, reasoned with her.

"If she had known that it was wicked," said her mother, "then you would be right in thinking her so; but as it is in her nature to eat birds, and the Canary happened in her way, I dare say she thought she had a right to feast upon him."

"Well," replied Edith, "I suppose, mother, that I must take Miss Puss into favor again, and positively I cannot help it—she appears so kindly towards me. I never will have another Canary; but should I have any other, I will try to teach her to keep from the cage."

A few months after the death of the bird, Edith saw some remarkable instances of the powers which may be acquired over the nature of animals by man, thus fulfilling one of the first laws of creation. In one cage were cats, dogs, birds, and snakes, all living in perfect harmony—the effects of a plenitude of food, patient treatment, and habit. No fear could have operated upon them so constantly as to have produced this mutual safety; and it was one of many proofs that harshness and violence, which are too often exercised against animals, are not of such avail as kindness and gentleness.

Original.

EPITAPH.

FOR THE TOMB OF MRS. LOUISA A. HENRY.*

BY JOHN C. M'CABE, M. D.

Sleep on and mingle with thy kindred dust,
Angels shall guard the slumbers of the just!
Sleep, till the thrilling trump shall bid thee, "rise,"
Then soar to claim thy mansion in the skies!

* Verses upon whose death appeared in the February number of this Magazine.

Good Breeding, like charity, not only covers a multitude of faults, but to a certain degree supplies the want of some virtues; for in the common intercourse of life it acts good-nature, and often does what mere good-nature cannot always do; it keeps both wits and fools within those bounds of decency, which the former are too apt to transgress, and which the latter never know.

Original.

THE EXAMPLE.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

"Leaving us an example, that we should follow his steps."
St. Peter.

I.

He taught us how, with many a sigh,
With many a smile of holy ray,—
Sweet parable, and precept high
He lur'd us to the narrow way.

II.

He went before:—the path he chose
Of flinty poverty to tread,—
And dwelt in brotherhood with those
Who had not where to lay the head.

III.

He crushed within their dark retreat
The lust of power, the thorns of pride,—
And 'neath his bare and bleeding feet
Ambition's trampled laurel died.

IV.

To prayerful Olivet he turned,
His garments bathed with midnight dew,
While gazing stars, astonished burned
The meekness of their Lord to view.

V.

He walk'd upon the raging deep,—
Where vengeful passions boil and toss,
And bade their crested billows creep,
In silence, round the blood-stained Cross.

VI.

So teach us, Lord, in faith to live,
In hope to toil, in love to bear,
Nor like the frail disciple strive
Without thine aid the wave to dare.

VII.

So guide us o'er this treacherous shore
Where rocks are strown and surges break,—
That all our pilgrim wanderings o'er
Thy fold we reach, thy rest partake.

Note.—"It is reported in Bohemian story, that St. Wenceslaus, their king, one night going to his devotions, in a remote church, barefooted in the snow, and sharpness of unequal and pointed ice, his servant Podavius, who endeavored to imitate his master's piety, began to faint, through the violence of the snow and cold. Then the king commanded him to follow him, and set his feet in the same steps that his feet should mark for him. The servant did so, and either fancied a cure, or found one,—for he followed his prince, helped forward by zeal, and shame in his imitation,—and by his having formed footsteps for him in the snow. In the same manner doth our blessed Saviour, for since our way is troublesome, obscure, full of objections and dangers, he commands to tread where his feet have stood, having thus trodden down much of the difficulty, and made the way easier, and fit for our feet. For, knowing our infirmities, he hath proportioned a path unto our strength and capacities, and like Jacob, marched softly, and in evenness with the children, and the cattle, to entertain us with the comforts of his company, and the influences of a perpetual guide."—*Bishop Taylor.*

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Original.

THE UNREQUITED.

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN, U. S. A.

I.

He left her in her beauty's pride,
Sadly to sit alone;
He that had worshipped at her side,
And trembled at her tone.
But when in halls of glittering light,
They met as once before,
Altho' her lip smil'd *very* bright,
It smil'd for *him* no more.

II.

He left her—and with murmurs weak,
Above another hung,
While yet the flush was on her cheek,
The greeting on her tongue;
But when upon her face to gaze
He came a later day,
The eye whose glance he lov'd to praise,
Was coldly turn'd away.

III.

He left her—as the fickle wind
Leaves flowers that scent the lea;
While every word was welcome kind,
And look—as love's should be:
He came once more—and bid her cheer
His heart with music's strain;
But, ah! the songs he lov'd to hear,
She never breath'd again.

IV.

He left her to the cold applause
Of Flatterers smiling gay,
He said he did not know the cause,
And still he roam'd away:
Perhaps that Time may yet restore
Her image to his brain;
But he has lost what never more
Shall beat for him again.

Fort Ontario, March, 1844.

When a nation changes its opinion and habits of thinking, it is no longer to be governed as before: but it would not only be wrong, but bad policy, to attempt by force what ought to be accomplished by reason. Rebellion consists in forcibly opposing the general will of a nation, whether by a party or a government. There ought, therefore, to be in every nation, a method of occasionally ascertaining the states of public opinion, with respect to government.

Original.

THE BRIDE'S SOLILOQUY.

BY MRS. E. M. SHELDON.

Have I no more a place in that dear home,
Where tiny footsteps and the merry laugh
Of childish glee, bade slumb'ring echoes wake?
Shall I not haste with brother to the brook,
To watch its sparkling waters dance along
Its gravel path, glad as our own young hearts—
Or call our sister, and then wander on
To rob the green robed meadows of their flowrets
Fair, carolling, meantime, wild gladsome notes,
Such as the young bird's warble?

Nor at eve,
'Neath the embowering eglantine, gaze out
On all the beauties of the western sky;
And as the hour of twilight hastens on,
Join my sweet sister in our evening song—
Then as the last faint ray of day departs
Come to the nightly off'ring, bow the knee,
And pour the heart's deep gratitude to Heaven?
Ah, yes! 'tis ever thus—and yet it seems
A dream, the little past, the speck of time
Which such change hath wrought in my existence!
My future home is now in stranger-land,
With but one heart to love me, one to soothe
My spirit, to gently murmur on my ear
Affection's tones.

I loved my parents' cot,
And very dear is every scene, where erst
Young Hope entwined my brow with rainbow wreaths;
Yet I would not exchange the quiet peace
Of my new home, his smile, his tenderness,
Who hath my plighted vows, for all the joys
I in the days of childhood ever knew.
In this calm spot my heart's affections rest;
Nor founded are its joys on the frail basis
Of terrestrial hopes—God hath our vows,
And all we have and are is consecrate.
To Him the morning and evening praise
Ascends, from hearts he hath so richly bless'd.
Oh, it were base ingratitude, if thou,
My soul, should fail to bless the boundless grace
Which giveth happiness like this to earth!

Home of my early days, and dear tried friends,
Guides of my infant years, guards of my youth—
Farewell!—Often we may not meet, yet I
Shall live in your affections—ye in mine.
My sister and my brother, o'er your path
Will I beseech a Father's bounteous hand,
To scatter thick the brightest flowers that bloom
On this earth's sterile soil—and be ye bless'd
As she, who is a grateful, happy Bride.

Jackson, Michigan.

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Original.

THE LIBERATED PRISONER.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

I took a poor fly from a vase of ink,
Upon my feathery quill-top, which I turn'd
For his relief,—as erst old Egypt's scribes
Revers'd their stylus, for the benefit
Of critical remark.—I thought at first,
The luckless wight was dead. But lo! an arm
Quivering. did stretch itself, as if in act
To implore my pity.
So,—with gentle hand,
I laid him on a paper in the sun.
There to revivify. With sudden spasm,
Convulsion shook him sore,—and on his back
He lay discomforted. Close by his side,
I strew'd some sugar,—and upon his breast
Bestow'd a particle,—thinking, perchance,
The odor of his favorite aliment
Might stimulate his palate, and uncoil
His folded trunk.
But, strait, a troop of friends
Gather'd around him; and I thought how sweet
Their sympathy must be, in the dark hour
Of adverse fortune. Yet, behold!—they came
To forage on his stores,—and with such zeal
Did help themselves,—that o'er his back they strod
And trod upon his toes, and rudely turn'd
And toss'd him o'er and o'er.
Incens'd to mark
Their want of kindness, and of courtesy,—
I drove these venal people all away,—
And shut a wine-glass o'er him, to exclude
Their coarse intrusions.
Forthwith, they return'd,—
And thro' his windows peer'd,—and round and round
Gadding,—admission sought,—but all in vain.
And then a mighty buzzing they set up,
As if in envious spite to see him there,
With such a pile of sugar at his lip,
And they, themselves shut out. But he, alas!
Like a sick king, in sumptuous palace inur'd,
Unable was, to taste the luxury,
For which they long'd and fretted. All at once,
His head he raised, and thrusting forth a paw,
Lean'd on a chrystal fragment of his hoard
Like fallen Marius, 'mid the broken fanes
Of ruin'd Carthage. Then, with slender voice,
Piping and weak, he seem'd to moralize
And warn the young fly-audience not to plunge
With rash ambition in some Stygian pool.
But ill at ease he was in his discourse,
And little gesture us'd, and slight regard
Won from his hearers. Then, with pain he rose,
And dragg'd his palsied body slow along,—
Marking out sinuous lines, as on a map,
Of coast, creek, harbors, and promontory,—
All with as black a trail as poets say
The serpent left in Eden.
The sad state
Of my poor friend, attracted other guests
To his glass-palace,—while my daughter's glance
More quick than mine, detected eyes and wings
Blinded and pinioned by the glutinous dregs
Of the dire ink-flood. A nice bath she made
In a small, silver-spoon, and help'd him plunge,
And cleanse his prison'd pores.
Thence, he came forth
Most marvellously chang'd,—stretching amain
All his six legs uncramp'd and flapping wide
His gauzy wings, appearing to approve
Her medication, and to add his mite
In heart-felt praise of water and the bath.
Then, quick, with light proboscis, he essayed
The sweet repast, that he had shunn'd before:—
While in this renovation of the life
Of the frail, helpless insect of a day,
I felt a pleasure that could ne'er have sprung
From taking it away.
These mystic gifts
Of breath, and motion, and the beating heart,
Shall we not guard them for the humblest thing,
From reverence to the Power that bade it run
Its little race,—and love the fleeting life
That He bestow'd?

Original.

TO A ROBIN.

BY HENRY M. PARSONS.

We welcome thee, bird with a drooping wing,
For thy carol so merry and sweet—
We welcome thee back, e're the blossoming spring,
With a greeting as hearty as meet.

The voice of thy song at the blushing of day,
Is a pledge of the warm south breeze
That will ripple the waves of the beautiful bay,
And sweep o'er the tall forest trees.

Thy coming reminds us of opening flowers,
Of leaves for the leafless bough,
Of the charming suns and the gentle showers
That mellow the earth for the plough.

The frost-work of winter you tell us, repairs
To the loneliest clefts it can find,
Nor longer displays its impertinent airs
As it peeps through the window-blind.

Your resting place shall be in the shade of the wood,
On the moss by the mountain side,
On the river's brink, which the torrent's flood
Has gem'd with its ebbing tide.

For the message you bring, you shall feather your nest,
Unharmed on the garden tree,
And your nestlings lead where it pleases you best,
To the grove or the spreading lea.

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LILLA'S A LADY.

POETRY BY T. HAYNES BAYLY.

Allegretto e Leggiero.

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

Scherz.

The Church bells are ringing, the

Sva.....

Ped. Con espress. Ral. Ped. *p* Ped.

vil - lage is gay, And Lil - la is deck'd in her bri - dal ar - ray; She's woo'd and she's

Ped. Ped. Ped.

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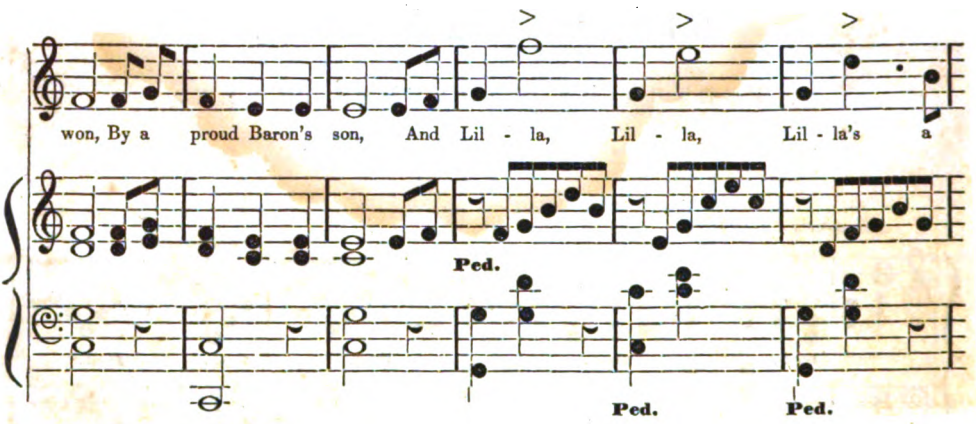

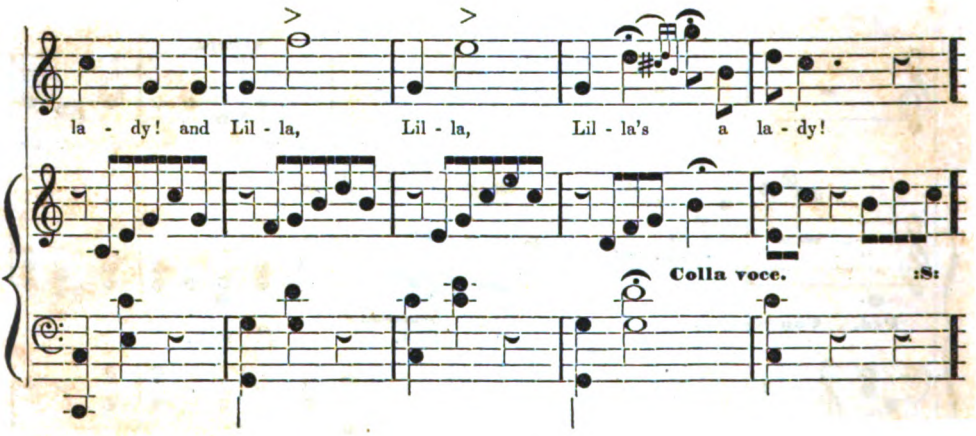

And see o'er the valley who rides at full speed,
A gallant young knight on a spirited steed;
And why starts the youth,
When they tell him the truth,
That Lilla's a lady?

He's smiling in scorn, or he's smiling in jest;
While three snow-white lilies he takes from his breast:
"A poor maid," says he,
"Gave this token to me."
But Lilla's a lady!

These sweet little lilies that grew in the shade,
Transplanted to sunshine unnotic'd may fade,
Though mere words of course,
You may yet feel their force,
Since Lilla's a lady!

I came here misled by a false woman's vow,
I'll stay to drink health to the Baroness now;
And oh! it will be,
Quite as pleasant to me,
Since Lilla's a lady!

Believe not I'll pine, no I travell'd so far
For the girl that you *seemed*, not the girl that you *are*;
You are woo'd, you are won,
By a proud Baron's son,
And Lilla's a lady!

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EDITORS' TABLE.

To the Reader.—In bringing to a happy close the *twentieth* volume, or the *tenth year* of the existence of the Ladies' Companion, (the first number of which Magazine was issued in May, 1834,) the undersigned feels himself called upon to say a few words expressive of his gratitude, for that uniform kindness which has ever been extended to the work, by those who have so generously, and he may add in all sincerity, *universally supported* the Ladies' Companion from its first introduction to the world. At its commencement, but *one* competitor had succeeded in braving those storms, which had previously proven so fatal to literary enterprises. The friends of the undersigned endeavored strenuously to dissuade him from the undertaking, as futile and preposterous. Their argument was that the taste of the country did not flow into that channel,—but although their advice was received with the consideration that long intimacy demanded, an adverse decision was adhered to,—and the subsequent success of the Ladies' Companion is evidence that their views, although conceived in a spirit of friendship, were incorrect. From the first month of its publication, the Magazine commanded a very large circulation—at one period, it enrolled the names of *seventeen thousand, seven hundred and fifty* paying subscribers. Then one engraving was considered as an extraordinary event in the annals of periodical literature; but how changed is the age at this day. The public now look for, and expect from *three* to *five* highly finished engravings, and even then imagine that a Magazine should be embellished more gorgeously. The age has degenerated, however, and the mind is only satisfied and tickled by gold and tinsel.

In the conduct of the Ladies' Companion, the undersigned flatters himself that he has endeavored, (with what success it is for the readers of the Magazine to determine,) to provide liberally for all tastes, regardless of expense or exertions. The expanding minds of the grave, the gay, the frivolous, and the wise, have been amused, and it is hoped received instruction from the perusal of its pages, as well as from the pictorial embellishments. The most eminent authors of America have contributed the emanations of their genius, while many of equal celebrity across the Atlantic have added the outpourings of their well-stored minds to increase its value and interest, to the general reader.

The undersigned claims the honor of being the *first* to introduce to the public the plan of issuing a Magazine, composed entirely of original articles—also *new plates*, engraved expressly for the work. Previous to May, 1837, the contents of our literary works were made up of *selected* as well as of *original* articles. *Old* engravings were then considered "good enough" to satisfy the "craving appetite" of the community and the patrons of literature. At this day a subscriber receives a Magazine, embracing *fifty pages* of reading, with *three* new engravings on steel, and one piece of music, for the paltry sum of *twenty-five* cents. The advancement of the age must be kept pace with in literature, as well as in mercantile pursuits. If it is necessary to dazzle the eye in preference to "ministering to the mind," it fully proves upon what a flinty basis the generation in which we live, is founded. If the shades of Shakspeare, Sheridan, Milton, Pope or Scott could rise from the tomb to realize the lamentable state of the desecrated age—then all might hope for "reform."

The twenty-first volume commences with the *May number*—the first of the eleventh year. The plates preparing are of the richest character, and far superior to those which have heretofore embellished the Ladies' Companion: articles from powerful pens will grace its pages. The assistance of most of the talented writers of the day has been secured, to infuse into its pages renewed vigor and interest.

With the *May number*, the "Ladies' Companion and Literary Expositor" commences a new series—the right, title and interest of the Magazine having been *purchased* by a company of gentlemen, who will continue its publication for their mutual interest. The successors of the subscriber are fully determined to spare neither expense, labor, nor attention to maintain the hitherto enviable position of the Magazine. It has ever been denominated a *National Standard Magazine*. With that proud appellation they enter the field of literature, confident that they will ably sustain the literary character of the "*Ladies' Companion and Literary Expositor*." As the undersigned continues his connection with the *editorial department*, he appeals to his friends and those who have so nobly encouraged him through *ten long years* to extend the same patronage and support to his successors, which they have so disinterestedly lavished upon him.

WILLIAM W. SNOWDEN.

Hudson River Steamers.—We learn that the most extensive arrangements have been made to accommodate the public, upon this beautiful and unsurpassed "*arm of the sea*." The *People's Association* will run three distinct lines each day—at *seven* in the morning—*five* and *seven* in the evening—thus affording the traveller for pleasure or business, every facility that could be desired. The line will be composed of the following boats—Knickerbocker, Captain St. John; Rochester, Captain Houghton; South and North America; Columbia and the Curtis Peck. The other line will comprise the splendid steamers Empire and Troy, as day boats. The commanders are all gentlemen in the broadest sense of the term. If the above magnificent "*floating palaces*" are countenanced in preference to every paltry opposition which may be placed upon the river by some adventurer for the purpose of extortion, our word for it, that the public at large will derive great benefit, in comfort and convenience.

"Our Fashions" for April will be pronounced by every connoiseur of the arts, the most finished and unique of any plate that has yet ornamented the work. "The Albania" and "The First Lost," are engravings of deep interest and reflection.

Music.—We have received from J. L. Hewitt & Co., and Firth & Hall, several most admirable compositions—"The Rising Sun," words by Henry John Sharpe—music by Henry Russell. "Sleeping I dreamed, love"—music by W. V. Wallace—words by Mrs. M. E. Hewitt;—this lady has repeatedly contributed several of the best poetical effusions to the Ladies' Companion, that have ever appeared in its pages. "The Conscript's Return"—the words translated by the same lady. These pieces are presented to the public in a beautiful and chaste style, reflecting great credit upon the publishers.

The Opera—the Drama.—The taste for music in this country is certainly in the ascendency. The *Italian Opera* has succeeded beyond the anticipations of its warmest admirers and supporters. The operas produced have been eminently successful. Borghese and Majocchi are both chaste and beautiful singers. The acting of Borghese, however, we consider at times somewhat extravagant—but it is of the Italian school, and therefore *fashionable*. What *slaves* this simple word *fashion* makes of its votaries! *The Park* has re-opened its doors, with bright prospects for the season, which possibly may be a a short one. Macready, Wallack, and the Sequin troupe, will all appear. The prices are reduced, and it is the intention to produce a series of interesting and splendid dramas, interspersed occasionally with operatic pieces. If the latter course is pursued with *energy*, the Park may look forward to happier days. *The Olympic* is still wending the "even tenor of its way," regardless of rival establishments. Mitchell's "Cinderella" has produced quite a sensation. It is well done, considering the capacity of his house.

Martin Chuzzlewit.—*Lea & Blanchard*.—This mirth-moving production of Boz progresses, sustaining the same interest which acquired for it that universal demand at its commencement.

The Illuminated Bible.—This magnificent work has met with an unprecedented sale. The first number was no sooner issued than the edition was exhausted. The same can be said of the second, although every precaution was taken to guard against disappointment to the subscribers. A fortune will be realized from its publication.

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SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND.—For the information of our readers we annex a list of the "Sovereigns of England," with their individual reign: it is very valuable as a matter of reference:—

First, William the Norman: then, William his son;
Henry, Stephen, and Henry; then Richard, and John.
Next, Henry the third; Edwards, one, two, and three;
And again, after Richard, three Henries we see.
Two Edwards, third Richard, if rightly I guess;
Two Henries, sixth Edward, Queen Mary, Queen Bess.
Then, Jamie the Scotchman; then Charles, whom they slew,
Yet receiv'd, after Cromwell, another Charles too.
Next Jamie the second ascended the throne;
Then William and Mary together came on:
Till Anne, George and William all past,
God sent us VICTORIA,—may she long be the last!

William I.	1066 to 1087
William II.	1087 — 1100
Henry I.	1100 — 1135
Stephen	1135 — 1154
Henry II.	1154 — 1189
Richard I.	1189 — 1199
John	1199 — 1216
Henry III.	1216 — 1272
Edward I.	1272 — 1307
Edward II.	1307 — 1327
Edward III.	1327 — 1377
Richard II.	1377 — 1399
Henry IV.	1399 — 1413
Henry V.	1413 — 1422
Henry VI.	1422 — 1461
Edward IV.	1461 — 1483
Edward V.	1483
Richard III.	1483 — 1485
Henry VII.	1485 — 1509
Henry VIII.	1509 — 1547
Edward VI.	1547 — 1553
Mary I.	1553 — 1558
Elizabeth	1558 — 1603
James I.	1603 — 1625
Charles I.	1625 — 1649
(Commonwealth	1649 — 1660)
Charles II.	1660 — 1685
James II.	1685 — 1689
William III. and Mary II.	1689 — 1694
(William III. alone	1694 — 1702)
Anne	1702 — 1714
George I.	1714 — 1727
George II.	1727 — 1760
George III.	1760 — 1820
George IV.	1820 — 1830
William IV.	1830 — 1837

VICTORIA MDCCCXXXVII.

DEFENCE OF THE WHIGS.—*Harper & Brothers.*—This work, although well written, is, as its title indicates, a one-sided affair. It does not, however, condemn the opponents of the Whigs. It lauds to the skies many of the warmest Whig partizans. The following we quote as a specimen:—

"Still, the Whigs will pardon much to Daniel Webster;—more than to most other men. They will pardon much for the sake of his past history: a history full of glorious remembrances; redolent with the odor of Constitutional Liberty. They will not easily be driven to forget that, in the weary days of their adversity, his firm foot was planted upon their ramparts, nor withdrawn as long as danger threatened: that in the murky night when the enemy was creeping toward our Citadel, he stood faithful upon guard, with a constancy that 'outwatched the Bear:' that in the assault his voice of exhortation rang like a clarion: that in the mêlée his stalwart form rode on the tide of battle where the heaviest blows were struck; and whether the issue were defeat or victory they were ever accustomed to find him at hand ready to console or applaud. While such recollections cluster around his name the Whigs will forgive much to Cœur de Lion—forget much.

They know his dogged, moody temper; his intractable self-will; his fretful waywardness. They have often seen these scowling on his broad brow, and flashing in the awakened fire of his eye:—seen them often, not without a sigh. But they know that his faults are not the faults of a temper which deals in dissimulation or meditates over schemes of treachery: the faults, rather, of a mind that will not brook delay, which has not trained itself to patience, which thinks of its hopes 'not wisely, but too well.'

They will pardon much to Daniel Webster."

Then again, in speaking of Mr. Clay, the author endeavors to be particularly eloquent, in relation to that distinguished statesman:—

"The time is nearly come when we shall raise our banner in another Presidential contest. We shall take care that there be no mistake in our men. In part, it may be said, we have already taken care of that. The Whigs, with one consent; with a unanimity, almost without parallel in history, have turned their eyes to one man in this nation who will, assuredly, if Providence spares him for the contest, be the Leader of our Host.—Even he The Dictator,—the great Champion of Constitutional right,—the personation of every public Virtue,—genuine image of the Whig Sentiment—THE MAN OF THE UNION,—HENRY CLAY, will lead our Host. To him the hand of the general Whig Party points, as to our Cynosure: Hand guided by the Heart of every Whig of the Land.

Our adversaries, in reproach, call him THE DICTATOR. We take the word, and will turn their reproach to honor.—Happy is it for that nation that holds within its confines one man, in whose sagacity and pure purpose there is such pervading faith that his counsel shall acquire the authority of a dictate; to whom such general trust abounds, that the volunteer public deference shall receive his advice as a parental command! Glorious reward of stainless patriotism! Happy homage to Wisdom and Virtue!—Dictator, such as this, the Country once had—but once.

What more enviable chaplet can be woven for man's brow than such a testimony? That Henry Clay, a private tiller of the soil; unostentatious citizen; with no official power; all the power of the Executive government,—the Gift-giving power—arrayed against him; simply attired in his own virtues, illustrated only by his deeds—should thus sway the affections of the Republic, thus move 'the wilderness of free minds!'"—What richer memorial of a patriot's worth than this?"

We have come to the conclusion that the entire work, without taking sides ourselves, is a pretty fair exposé of the mechanism of party.

BANGS' LIFE OF ARMINIUS:—*Harper & Brothers.*—This is a finely condensed summary of the life of the great reformer, by James Nichols. The compiler, Dr. Bangs, has discharged his duties with no inconsiderable skill, who says in his preface that "It is not a little astonishing that so much apprehension has prevailed respecting the sentiments of Arminius. He has been represented as denying original depravity, justification by grace through faith in the atoning merits of Jesus Christ, and other Scriptural truths, in so much that, as Mr. Wesley says, you might as well cry 'mad dog,' as to call a man an Arminian.'" The work throughout is replete with interest.

M'CULLOCH'S GAZETTEER.—The Harpers have just issued the tenth number of this great work. It is one of the most valuable Gazetteers that ever appeared from the press. Every person desirous of possessing information about the world at large, should have a copy in his library.

GIBBON'S ROME.—We spoke at some length of this admirable work, which is now in the course of publication by the Harpers, in our last number; so much so, that we consider it only necessary to state that the sixth number is now ready. The low price at which it is published, should secure the work an extensive circulation. The notes are by the Rev. H. H. Milman.

THE GRUMBLER.—*Harper & Brothers.*—This is one of Miss Ellen Pickering's best works. It is replete with interest. It should be extensively read. The Grumbler forms one of the cheap series.

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